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World War II's Strangest Dogfight:

A RUSSIAN MAJOR vs. AN AMERICAN LIEUTENANT

TRUE
Book
Bonus

THE SERGEANT WHO DECOYED THE NAZIS' FRAULEIN WEREWOLVES

(PLEASURE AND DEATH WAS ALL AROUND THE YANK WHO WAS BAIT)

THE ALLIED SABOTEUR AND HIS GEISHA GIRL RIOTS

(WITH THE AID OF A BROTHEL MADAM, HE TURNED THE ORIENT'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAY DOLLS INTO A SAVAGE ANTI-JAP BRIGADE)

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JULY, 1960
VOL. 11, NO. 7

stag

LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND—THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE FRESH, NEW STORIES YOU WANT TO READ. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

TRUE BOOK BONUS

THE SERGEANT WHO DECOYED THE NAZIS' FRAULEIN WEREWOLVES
James Collier......12
He was the dupe in the CIC's war against the savage German resistance movement.

TRUE

"ONE LAST FIGHT, ONE LAST DRINK, ONE LAST WOMAN"..........W. J. Saber......16
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Aided by a brothel madam and a bandit leader, he set out to destroy the Jap army.

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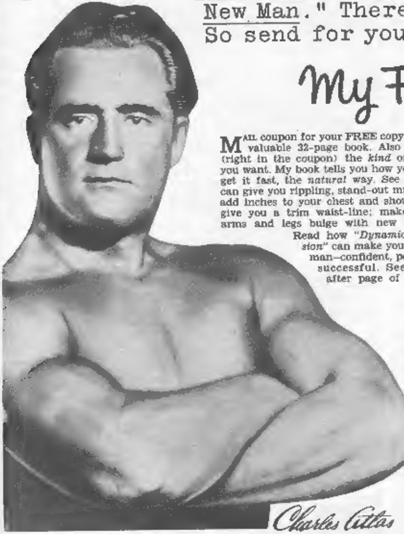

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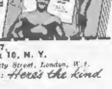

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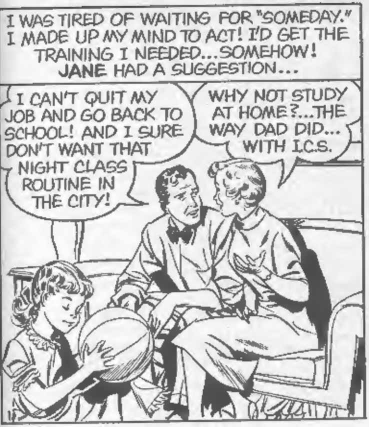
I WAS TIRED OF WAITING FOR "SOMEDAY." I MADE UP MY MIND TO ACT! I'D GET THE TRAINING I NEEDED...SOMEHOW! JANE HAD A SUGGESTION...
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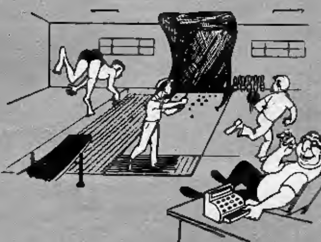

A MAN'S WALLET

INSIDE FOR MEN

STAG CONFIDENTIAL

A MAN'S WALLET

BEST REASON OF ALL FOR BUYING STOCKS: It'll take your savings account money 23 years to double itself; the value of your stocks should double every five to 10 years . . . IF YOU'RE SHOPPING AROUND FOR A HOT INVESTMENT, dump your cash into a local recreation of some sort—bowling alley, pitch-and-putt course, private swimming pool, golf-driving range. This country is going to be fat and rich for at least another ten years, and Americans will be starved for after-work fun . . . Florida house hunters are given ONE WEEK FREE STAY AT A FLORIDA MOTEL while they're poking around for a house to buy—around the Ft. Lauderdale area . . . Chicago drive-ins charge less for small cars . . . Favorite trick of the Las Vegas gambling cheats is to drop a chip on a winning roulette number AFTER THE WHEEL STOPS SPINNING. There's a new electronic gadget that prevents this now . . . France's notorious Devil's Island is UP FOR SALE, along with 43 old French jails. Suggested they be used as "amusement parlors", resorts, bachelor hideaways . . . If you've got 'em to sell, people WILL BUY CRICKETS BY THE BOXFULL AS GOOD LUCK CHARMS . . .

Reason most new businesses fail is guys don't go into the line that they know. Gas station guys will go into the shoe business, call-girl will head for the car-wash business. MOST FORTUNES IN THE STOCK MARKET WERE MADE BY PEOPLE WHO BOUGHT AND THEN HELD ON FOR DEAR LIFE. If you plan to get in and out, in and out, YOU'RE GOING TO GET CLOBBERED. In the early days of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, employees got stock as part of their pay. THOSE WHO HELD ON TO THIS ARE MILLIONAIRES . . . You can set up a two-station radio system now for under $100, between two cars, or between your home and a car; she'll work in an area of two or three miles, maybe five to 10. For a Citizens Radio System such as this, you don't have to pass a code test or technical exam. JUST KEEP THE MESSAGES SHORT AND DON'T USE ANY DIRTY WORDS . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

IF A WOMAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE RAPED, REALLY DOESN'T, and resists with all her might, it's only in a rare circumstance that she will be raped. Rape happens much more often, say cops and headshrinkers, when she has an unconscious desire to be assaulted. . . . Alarming development is the "concentration camp" nightclub in parts of East Germany. Group of lovely frauleins in lingerie are the "prisoners" and the customer pays to play "commandant," is allowed to order the girls to do anything. Customer pays for each order, and highest-priced, of course, is the one ordering fraulein to a room upstairs above the club . . . When comedians throw pies at girls on TV, they use blackberries, flour and water for blondes, and for brunettes, lemon meringue, flour and water . . . Some of New York's weirdest beatnik girls will only allow seduction on a speeding motorcycle . . . Hungarians so insanely jealous of their

Continued on page 40

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LAST LAUGHS

PREPARE FOR THE END OF THE WORLD
LAST CHANCE!

Two men were traveling on a motorcycle on a winter day. One of them put his overcoat on backwards to keep wind from the opening. A few miles on the motorcyle hit a tree, killing the driver and stunning the man with the reversed overcoat. When the coroner visited the scene, he found a rookie policeman standing nearby. "What happened?" asked the doctor.

"Well," the officer replied, "one of them was dead when I got here, and by the time I got the head of the other one straightened around, he was dead too."

◆◆◆

A farmer bought two hammers at a general store. Within a short while, he returned to buy four more. Still later, he returned to buy eight and then to buy sixteen. This time the merchant asked him what he was doing with all the hammers.

"I'm selling them," replied the farmer.

"What are you getting for them?" asked the storekeeper.

"A dollar and a quarter."

"Man, you can't make any money that way," protested the merchant. "You're paying a dollar and a half for them."

"True, but it still beats farming," he replied.

The bald barber was trying to sell his customer a bottle of hair tonic.

"But how can you sell it when you have no hair yourself?" he was challenged.

"Nothing wrong with that," came the answer. "I know a guy who sells brassières."

◆◆◆

Cathy tried to engage the services of a lawyer for a seduction suit against her employer. The attorney told her that she had insufficient facts to support the action. She left dejectedly, but returned triumphant the following morning, to report, "He did it again last night."

◆◆◆

The doctor put down the stethoscope, patted the boy on the back, and in a pleased voice said, "Son, you're all right. Blood pressure, chest, eyes, lungs, heart. All in excellent condition. Nothing I need do for you."

"If that's the case," answered the boy, "gimme my five dollars back."

During the war, a young American pilot landed his plane on an aircraft carrier and rushed up to the skipper.

"What a day I've had!" I shot down seven Jap planes, sank a destroyer, and left a cruiser listing."

"You rucky fryer, Yankee," hissed the skipper, "but you make one ritter mistake."

◆◆◆

Dolly, Joe, and daughter Denise were sitting in the parlor one afternoon, when Dolly said to Joe, "Dear, I think that you ought to have something done to our front lawn. It's all dried up, and it's turning brown."

Joe replied, "I guess you're right. I'll have the men spread some manure on it tomorrow."

Just then Joe was summoned to the telephone, and after he had left, Denise said to her mother, "I wish that you would teach Daddy to say fertilizer instead of that awful word, manure. After all it isn't dignified."

"Dear," Dolly replied, "I believe in letting well enough alone. It took me nine years to teach him to say manure."

"Actually, I got it very reasonably . . . there's supposed to be a curse on it."

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but, sorry, no returns either.

STAG
True Book
BONUS

EXCLUSIVE REPORT:

On April 12, 1945, a battle-weary GI picked up a girl in a Hannover cellar—and overnight became an innocent dupe in CIC'S raid on WW II's savage Nazi Die-Hards.

THE SERGEANT WHO DECOYED THE NAZIS' FRAULEIN WEREWOLVES

by JAMES COLLIER

TERRANSKI got his bullet on April 8, 1945, while lugging his BAR through a hayfield about ten miles northwest of Hannover, Germany. The slug, fired from a barn roof, ripped a hole in the sergeant's thigh and dropped him out of the happy dash for Berlin like a stone.

He lay in the wet grass, clutching his flesh wound and cursing, while the rest of the 84th Division, 335th Infantry, scythed down the hayfield's Nazi defenders and disappeared in the distance. Within a month, they —with other elements of the 9th Army—would be drinking beer and shaking hands with Russians in the German capital, celebrating the official end of World War II.

But for Paul Terranski, the war seemed [illegible] have ended with [illegible] mouthful of hay. After a while, some medics wandered over, mopped up his blood, cauterized the hole and carried him on a litter to the rear.

"How do you like that?" he complained to his bearers. "I go through the Bulge without a scratch. Now, when everyone's starting to cheer us, I had [illegible] get clipped. Can you beat that luck?"

The luck did seem bad. In Warendorf, Herford and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Ruth was bathing when the three Nazis appeared on the bluff. Terranski shouted, "Run!" then jerked up his BAR.

Art by Mort Künstler

Editor's Note: After his discharge in October, 1946, Sergeant Paul Terranski (left) took an auto mechanic's course under the GI bill, then opened a service station outside of Buffalo, New York, his home town. Aside from brief vacation escapades, he says he "stayed away" from blondes for quite a while, and never met another like Ruth Suttner. He married the former Pat Bilks—a brunette—in 1950, and is the father of two sons. "Good they're too young to read my story," he says. "I still feel sort of sheepish."

GERMANY'S FRAULEIN AMBUSH

Bielefeld, the racing 84th had sprung thousands of POWs from barbed-wire compounds. At Salzwedal, two of the Division's GIs had stumbled on a concentration camp containing 3,000 female prisoners. They broke the gate open and let the hysterically cheering girls loose, finally had to break away and run from the frenzied kisses showered on them. Terranski would miss future scenes like this.

On the other hand, he was about to be plunged into one of the wildest and woolliest adventures of World War II.

At a field hospital, his wound was found to be the kind that stiffens the leg temporarily but does not otherwise impair movement. While he lay on a cot, his buddies secured Hannover and turned it over to an Allied Military Government unit which, along with a CIC detachment, was quartered in a barn near the Zweig canal.

On April 11th Paul Terraanski, up and about, was assigned to this AMG unit for casual duty. He drew an issue of new gear, hitched a ride on a weapons carrier and rode into Hannover, prepared for a siege of unearthly boredom.

There were, however, two facts of which Sergeant Terranski was not aware. One was that on April 1st, at seven P.M., a voice had suddenly come on the radio on 1339 kilocycles, announced that it was the station of the German Freedom Movement, and then said: "Beware you Britons, Americans and Jews. Beware you Bolsheviks, you OGPU butchers. The Werewolf will know how [illegible] reply to every crime against the honor and life of the German people. Woe to the enemies who want to torture and oppress the German people! But thrice woe to Germans who put themselves at the enemy's disposal. Over them hangs the sword of national revenge."

The so-called Werewolves were not kidding. Two days before they had shot and killed Franz Oppenhof, British-installed Burgermeister of Aachen.

The second fact that Paul Terranski did not know was that four days before Hannover fell S.S. Obersturmbannfuhrer Rentsch, Hannover's Gestapo chief, had sworn seven trusted agents to the German resistance movement. Each was to operate with three people under him; they were to poison German public opinion against the

Like Terranski, many GIs mingled with German girls whose towns they occupied as the 9th Army raced on to Berlin.

Allies, organize resistance, and engage in sabotage. Obersturmbannfuhrer Rentsch was not kidding either.

Towards evening of April 12th, Paul Terranski took a jeep from his company C.P. near the Zweig Canal and drove into what had been the center of Hannover. The town was nearly 70 percent destroyed. The buildings were merely shells, and the streets were thick with rubble. In the rear of his jeep were a stack of notices, which he was supposed to post wherever he could. The posters listed instructions to the populace concerning health. Hannover had no water. Diphtheria, scarlet fever and T.B. were in evidence, and a few cases of typhus had cropped up. Terranski had been given the job posting the notices because his high school German was in fair condition, and he could get whatever directions he might need.

It was nearly dusk. Though theoretically the city had been cleared of troops, Terranski played a large flashlight on the rubble in front of him and drove cautiously in second gear. He had a gun on the seat next to him.

He turned onto Podbielski Strasse. The street was silent and empty except for an occasional German civilian slinking by in search of food or a place to sleep. As he passed each one, Terranski flashed the light full on him for a moment, making the German jerk back in sudden fear. Terranski was taking no chances.

Finally he reached a block where a few buildings stood intact. Assuming that there would be people around, he stopped the jeep, got out, and reached for his posters and tack hammer.

Then he saw a girl, standing perhaps ten yards from him, her body half-lounged against the side of a building. She was surprisingly well dressed. Over her slim body she wore a yellow raincoat, but beneath the bottom edge Terranski could see the hem of a red dress. She had short-cropped yellow hair. She wore short wool ankle-socks, and a pair of fairly decent low-heeled shoes. When Terranski played his light on her, she took a cigarette from her mouth and blew smoke in his direction.

Terranski grinned. "Hello, ruinenmäuschen," he said.

German cities were full of "ruined mice," homeless girls who lived by their wits—and the deals they could make with lonely but relatively well-heeled G.I.'s.

The girl moved slowly forward down the flashlight beam toward Terranski, then leaned nonchalantly on the fender of the jeep. "Cigarette?" she said.

Terranski shook a butt loose from his pack. She placed it behind her ear, but made no attempt to move away.

Terranski gestured at the houses. "Anybody living around here?" he said in a business-like manner.

The girl nodded. "Many." She shrugged. "Fifty, a hundred in each house. But you don't go in. They have scarlet fever."

Terranski eyed her.

(*Continued on page 86*)

At Erbach, Werewolf saboteurs crashed a train into a roadway, blocking a supply line. CIC's job was to ferret them out.

Hell-Raiser Pat Maguire:

"ONE LAST FIGHT, ONE LAST DRINK, ONE LAST WOMAN"

The red-haired, derby-wearing Irishman bluffed down Pancho Villa, led a harlot rebellion in Panama and wound up the century's wildest soldier-of-fortune career by stealing the holiest emblem in all Islam.

As Berbers and legionnaires shot each other down, Maguire grabbed the embroidered flag. "Let's go!" he yelled. "I got God's whiskers!"

Art by Bruce Minney

by W. J. SABER

HE STOOD alone out in the middle of the Zocalo, Mexico City's main plaza. He seemed as high and as wide as the Cathedral behind him and both of them dominated the great square. The sun blazed off his white uniform, the usual costume of a Mexico City policeman; but his barrel chest, cliff-like shoulders and mountain height showed he was not native to the country. His red face shone like a sunset over his tight collar.

The city itself was very quiet. Windows were shuttered, doors locked, store fronts barred. The population sat behind thick walls and waited and wondered while Pancho Villa's cavalry jammed the Calle de Los Plateros from edge to edge. The clatter of their hoofs was the only sound.

The riders themselves were quiet, awed by their own power and the sudden taking of the capital of the country. Most of them had never seen the city before. They were men from the provinces, desert men, mountain men, peons hardened to toil. They knew how to fight but they were ignorant of such things as books and laws and politics. So this, what should have been a triumphal march, made them nervous, and their nervousness showed in their trigger fingers.

They watched their leader—lean, scarred, molded to his saddle. His outfit was typical: tight chapperos, short jacket, wide straw sombrero. Six-guns rode on each hip. The butt of a Winchester rested against his saddle pommel and full bandoliers criss-crossed his chest. He was ready for trouble but he didn't expect [illegible] find it in the middle of the Zocalo.

He watched the cop; the cop watched him. The fractional second the horse's hoofs left the Calle and touched the square, the cop's hand shot up.

"*Alto!*" he roared.

The cavalry leader spurred forward, (*Continued on page* 42)

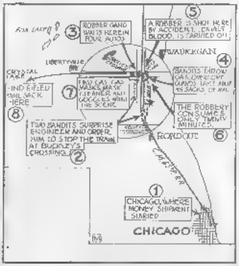
Post Office Scandal:

HOW A CITY COP BROKE A $2,000,000 MAIL ROBBERY

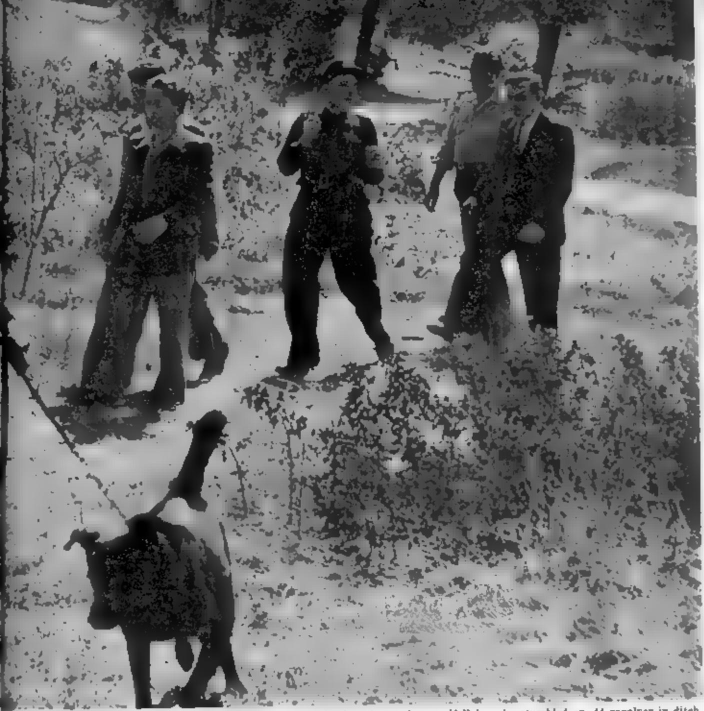
It started when six hoods in gas masks lifted 45 sacks from a train just 32 miles out of Chicago. By the time [illegible] ended, the U.S. Postal Service had been rocked by the slickest inside job in history.

Top sleuth on the Rondout case was Postal Inspector Bill Fahy, who worked alone.

Diagram shows bandits' well-planned, step-by-step heist of the 45 mail sacks.


FOX LAKE
③ ROBBER GANG WAITS HERE IN FOUR AUTOS
⑤ A ROBBER IS SHOT HERE BY ACCIDENT, LEAVES BLOOD, IS CARRIED OUT
WAUKEGAN
④ BANDITS THROW GAS, OVERCOME GUARDS, TAKE ABOUT 45 SACKS OF MAIL
LIBERTYVILLE
CRYSTAL LAKE
⑧ FIND RIFLED MAIL SACK HERE
⑦ FIND GAS, GAS MASKS, MASK CLEANER AND GOGGLES NEAR THE SCENE
THE ROBBERY CONSUMES ONLY TWENTY MINUTES. ⑥
② TWO BANDITS SURPRISE ENGINEER AND ORDER HIM TO STOP THE TRAIN AT BUCKLEY'S CROSSING
RONDOUT
C.M.&ST.P. R.R.
① CHICAGO, WHERE MONEY SHIPMENT STARTED
CHICAGO

Capt. Shoemaker of Chicago police department had reason to mistrust Fahy.



Though bloodhounds were walked up and down scene of crime, it was lone wolf Fahy who stumbled on .44 revolver in ditch.

by CAMERON CHAMBERS

IF a movie had been made of it the director would have shown a long shot of the train roaring through the night; then a close-up of piston rod and shaft churning the huge driving wheel at such speed that its flanged spokes appeared to be revolving backward; and, above the hissing steam, the long, mournful blast of the whistle.

And that's approximately the way it was when the all-mail train—number 57 of the Chicago, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad—swept through the small town of Rondout, 32 miles northeast of Chicago. The time was approaching midnight.

A routine run? Well, hardly, for tonight the registered mail car carried the equivalent of a king's ransom in cash, jewelry and securities—$8,100,000, to be exact.

A yellow glow from the open fire box revealed the sweat-lathered face and brawny arms of Fireman Eddie Dibble as he fed coal to the hungry flames. But his action stopped in mid-swing as a voice roared in his ear, "Drop that shovel! Get your hands up and stand away."

The astonished Dibble saw a tall figure holding a rifle pointed at his stomach. He dropped the shovel and backed off. The other man kicked the fire door shut.

Synchronized with this maneuver was the appearance of another figure

(*Continued on page* 70)

The Allied Saboteur and His Geisha Girl Riots

Italian by birth, Chinese by adoption, Jap killer by preference, the double-agent set out to destroy the invaders' army with the aid of a brothel madam and a bandit leader.

by J. J. CONNAUGHTON

MINUTES before the Tienstin-Mukden Express was dynamited, three men and a naked young woman were sitting around a small table in a special compartment of the seventh car, drinking tea and watching each other with silent attention. The engineer had just blown three long blasts on the whistle, which might of course have meant nothing, but only one of the men could be sure.

He was Colonel Tanaka, head of Japanese Military Intelligence for Manchuria, and pimp to 10,000 women. His companions were Hamlet Vespa, Italian-born chief of Marshal Chang Tso-lin's personal intelligence corps, and the most dangerous man in China; and Vespa's chief,

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

Art by Samson Pollen

Vespa cradled the dying Chang in his arms as the prostitutes fled in terror from the wreckage.

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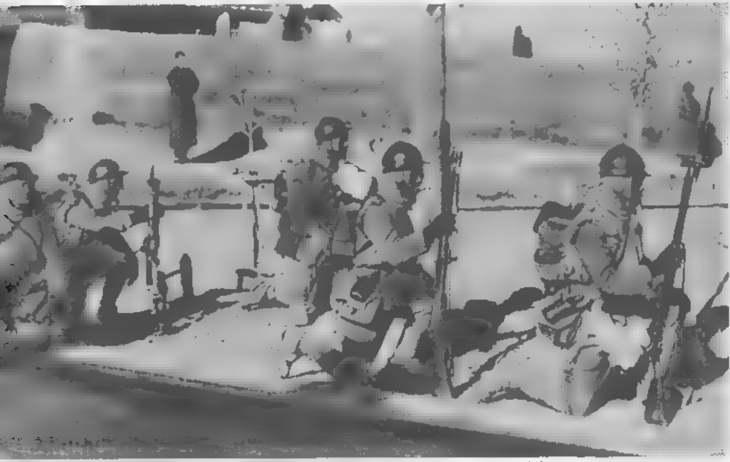
Japanese police rounded up scores of young Korean girls to service Manchurian Army brothels.



Troops of Japan captured Tsitsihar, Manchuria, in 1931 after bitter house-to-house fighting.

Marshal Chang himself, warlord and governor-general of China's northern provinces.

The naked young woman was one of Col. Tanaka's girls. He had a hundred more in a car behind them. This one was a very pretty Japanese, painfully embarrassed, obviously not an experienced pro. Tanaka was absent-mindedly fondling her and watching the other two men. For their part, they did not try to hide their contempt for him.

In ten minutes the train was due to arrive in Mukden, but intelligence agents of at least five nations were making book that it would not do so. It was 9:04 in the evening, June 4, 1928, and the long northern twilight flooded Manchuria's hills with pearly gray. Night had not yet closed down.

When the engineer sounded his three long blasts on the whistle, the express was passing under Hankow Road Bridge, just south of Mukden. Colonel Tanaka stood up, saying, "Permit me, gentlemen! I must get my hat and sword. We arrive in a few minutes. . . ."

He bowed, smiling and sucking his breath politely, a short-legged, heavily muscled man, officer by appointment only and not of the ancient *samurai* caste.

At a glance from Marshal Chang, Vespa rose and said, "Colonel Tanaka! Our agreement was that you would remain in the compartment until we reached Mukden . . . !"

"And as you can see, Mr. Vespa," the colonel replied, teeth bared in a tight smile, "we are now passing under Hankow Road Bridge. The railroad yards of Mukden are just ahead! My hat and sword are in my aides' compartment, only the next room. . . ." Then, with deliberate rudeness, ignoring Vespa, he addressed the marshal directly: "Your honorable permission, Marshal Chang?"

Marshal Chang Tao-lin's face was a lean, hard mask of inscrutability as he stood up, tall and arrogant, and granted his permission with a slight bow.

"Thank you, Marshal!" the colonel said softly, backing out of the compartment and closing the passage door behind him.

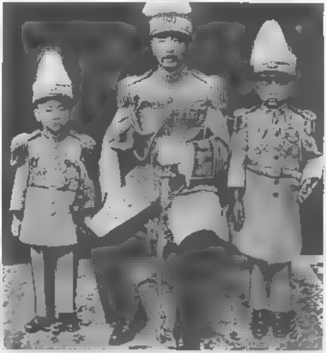
Vespa looked to his chief for an explanation. Marshal Chang said, "Quickly, my friend! Follow him!"

Vespa moved with cat-like speed. In the passageway he saw only Japanese military guards. Tanaka had disappeared. Vespa knocked sharply on the next compartment door. No answer. He opened it, found it empty, and stepped inside.

If the colonel wasn't in the toilet cabinet, he might be back in the next car with Mimi Chosen and her new shipment of girls. Vespa knocked hard on the cabinet door. Again, no answer. Alarmed now, he yanked the door open. . . .

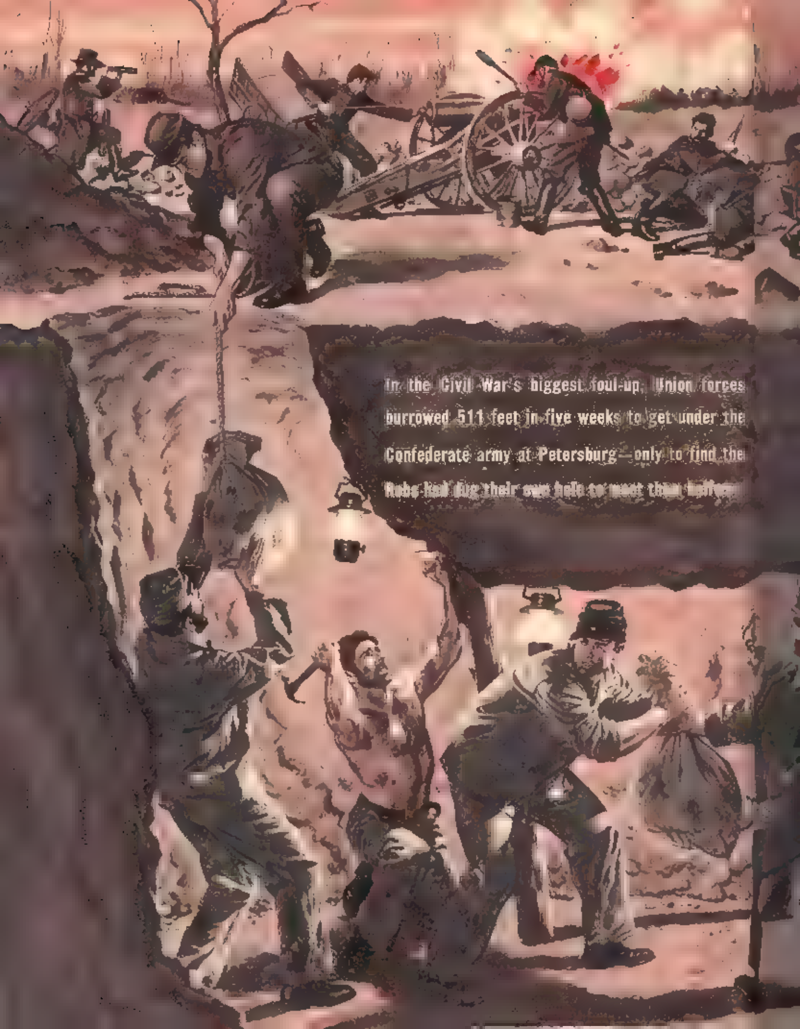
He was thrown forward as if struck on the back by an immense weight. From very close by came a tremendous roar of sound, like a high-explosive shell bursting. The toilet door slammed shut behind him. Another explosion followed, and another. Vespa felt the cabinet rise, hover dizzyingly, and fall; the car struck the ground, smashing him against a wall. With a *(Continued on page 77)*

When Vespa caught smugglers, dope pushers or white slavers, he had them beheaded on the spot and their heads exhibited.



Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, Vespa's superior, posed with his two children just shortly before his assassination by the Japs.

After the war, Col. Tanaka, chief of the Japan's military Intelligence, was shot as a war criminal.



In the Civil War's biggest foul-up, Union forces burrowed 511 feet in five weeks to get under the Confederate army at Petersburg—only to find the Rebs had dug their own hole to meet them halfway.

THE CRAZY CIVIL WAR TUNNEL THAT WRECKED TWO ARMIES

by FRANK MULLADY AND WILLIAM H. KOFOED

As THE tunnel lengthened, the air became more fetid and noxious, and when the lamps sputtered out it was dark as a giant bowel.

The tunnel was only five feet high, and you had to stoop a little as you whammed away with pick or shovel. Getting up the shoring was no easy matter. But a lot of the guys had been coal miners and took it all in stride.

Below them, they knew, was a stratum of marble. Above, mostly clay, with a sub-soil of sand. And quite nearby—too close for comfort—were the Confederate fortifications.

They were working in fatigues, of course, and if it hadn't been for the explosions of shell and shrapnel above ground, and the occasional near misses that shook the shoring loose and sprayed dirt down on them, they would hardly have realized that they were in the army at all.

Their objective was to bore under the emplacements of Pegram's rebel artillery. Maybe it was a screwy idea, but you never argue with superior officers. And besides, there was a straight-shooter running the show, though he was doing it under protest.

At this stage, each shift was allowed in the tunnel for only 40 minutes at a time, but one night, about an hour before the first shift came on, eight men went down to reinforce the shoring at weak spots along the line. They over-stayed their leave. First one, then another folded up and fell flat on his face.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Art by James Bama

While the battle raged above, hunched-over men swung picks, shored up the roof and passed back sacks of dirt.

There isn't much warning in cases of asphyxia. Carbonic acid gas does a man in quick.

When the lead man on the night shift climbed down the shaft at the tunnel's entrance, carrying his oil lamp, he stumbled over the bodies on the ground, and when his own lamp began to flicker out because of lack of oxygen, he knew what that meant and got out of there in a hurry, shouting for help as he ran.

They had quite a time getting the unconscious men topside, and nobody knew whether they were dead or alive until they were carted off to the nearest field hospital. For a brief spell it looked as if the whole project would be abandoned—until the very officer who had been protesting the whole thing came up with a solution.

This was Operation Screwball, the wackiest undertaking of the Civil War, and the way it came about makes one hell of a story.

No more forthright character wore the uniform of the Union Army than Lieutenant Colonel Henry Pleasants, of the 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, a succesful mining engineer who, at 40, had chucked his career to get into the immortal scrap.

Pleasants was tall, angular, bony and loose-jointed, with black hair, snapping black eyes and a scathing scorn of military protocol. "To hell with it," was his stock answer. He always went hatless and was a non-conformist all the way down to his heavy, cross-laced boots. Though a punishing driver of men, they all swore by him and admired and envied his frankness with superiors.

When Grant's frontal assaults against the fabulous Confederate fortifications around Petersburg failed, Pleasants' professional experience proved invaluable in the building of Union entrenchments for the anticipated siege. Not until World War I would a similarly extensive series of earthworks, with supply and communication ditches and bombproof shelters, be seen again. More than 40,000 men were on the job and it was completed in jig time.

Along toward the end of June, 1864, Pleasants was sitting in his bombproof—a 9′ by 12′ dugout with dirt floor and thin boards shoring up earthen roof and walls. There was a table, two chairs, a cot, a foot locker, and an oil lamp and chimney to carry off the fumes. He looked up when a shadow filled the entrance.

Sergeant Henry Rees, a 29-year-old ex-coal miner from Scranton, stood there.

"Yes?" Pleasants said.

"Got an idea, Colonel," Rees replied in his slow drawl.

"Yes?" Pleasants repeated.

"Well, I know you're a mining engineer, and—like myself—a lot of us fellows have worked in the coal mines up home—"

"What's on your mind, Sergeant?"

"Colonel, we'll never take them rebel works head on. Why couldn't we mine underneath 'em and blow 'em to hell and gone? I don't think the distance between the lines at the nearest point is much more'n three hundred feet—"

Pleasants looked directly at him. "You may know something about digging coal, Sergeant, but you ought to brush up on your tunneling. How would you ventilate it? And I'd like you to show me any spot that is less than five hundred feet between our lines and theirs."

Rees shrugged like a man who gives in while still believing in his idea, saluted casually and shuffled out. Walking a transverse trench, his curiosity to eye-measure the distance between the lines overcame his better judgment, and he poked his head over the parapet.

Instantly a rebel sharpshooter's bullet tore a hole through his cap, knocking it from his head. Ducking belatedly, he cursed quietly to himself. Anything that stirred was a target for those guys. And if wagons or gun carriages tried to move along roads near the Union lines, Pegram's artillery, directly across the way, would blow them into a million splinters. That Pegram! He could pin-point his big guns as accurately as his fellow sharpshooters pin-pointed their little ones.

Rees picked up his cap and looked at the bullet hole in it before replacing it on his head. Then he grunted. Now he liked his idea better than ever, and the next day he repeated it to Lieutenant Jacob Douty.

For shoring timbers, Colonel Pleasants had a bridge six miles to the rear ripped up and carted to the tunnel by wagons.

Douty was 25 years old, a college grad and a go-getter. He had worked in the War Department at Washington, but the vacancies among lower echelon commissioned officers caused by Grant's unrelenting drive brought him ultimately into action with the 48th Pennsylvania.

Douty agreed with Rees and decided to go to bat for him. He sought out Henry Pleasants first.

"Colonel, why isn't it a good idea to tunnel under those works? What are we going to do, sit on our backsides in the mud for another year?"

Pleasants exploded. "Who the devil are you? Have they superseded General Grant with a boy? Tell me, how much mining experience have you had? And who in hell told you we were asking for suggestions on how to run the war?"

Douty didn't try to answer any of those questions. He got out while the getting was good. But, like Rees, the tongue lashing hadn't changed his opinion, and, as has been noted, he was a go-getter. Without further ado, he went straight to General Burnside, division commander.

There were many extraordinary characters among the brass on both sides in the Civil War, but few more unique or less efficient than this convivial soul who let everything drift and never had a solid hold on any of his commands. Stocky, with a fringe of reddish brown hair around a bald pate and those famous cheek whiskers—"sideburns"—which were named after him, Ambrose Burnside was sitting in his tent far behind the lines, a bottle of whiskey at his elbow and a deck of playing cards spread out on the table in front of him, when Lieutenant Douty was shown in.

Burnside listened to the plan to mine the rebel works, interrupting frequently and often talking right along while Douty talked, their words colliding and merging into sheer gibberish, which upset the young man but didn't bother Burnside in the least. He would pause from time to time to refresh himself from the bottle, then resume the conversation. At length he summoned a courier and sent for Colonel Pleasants.

When the colonel arrived and saw Lieutenant Douty there, he gave him a withering glance.

"Pleasants, this young man has an idea worth exploring," Burnside began.

The colonel said coldly, "Sir, it is not his idea. It came from Sergeant Rees of my command and I have heard all about it. I have been a mining engineer for many years, and—"

"Splendid! You have been a mining engineer. Many of your men have been coal miners. What could be more fortuitous! Say no more, Colonel. I shall try to get General Meade's permission at once," Burnside enthused while pouring himself a straight whiskey.

As he drank, Pleasants seized the opportunity to present his case before he could be interrupted. "Sir, if you will consult your history, you will find that at the siege of Delhi the longest tunnel ever to be essayed had to be abandoned at four hundred feet. It was impossible to ventilate beyond that point. I have made a careful check of positions here and I know we would have to burrow at least five hundred feet—"

Burnside had finished his drink. Now he reached for a pad and began writing. Signing the message with a flourish, he handed it to the courier. "Find General Meade and ask for an immediate reply," he directed. Then, turning to Douty, he said, "Return to your quarters, sir. We shall see what we shall see."

He lit a cigar and for a moment or two strode about the tent, relishing the smoke. He wore a double-breasted blue jacket with brass buttons and two stars on each shoulder, a stiff white wing collar and blue trousers with a wide silver stripe. The jacket was flung wide and his thumbs were hooked into his suspenders as he stopped pacing to eye the colonel quizzically.

As the re-spliced fuse sputtered toward the explosives, Rees and Douty turned and ran like hell back to the Union lines.

"Aren't you the sly one, Pleasants, saying this can't be done, yet you were out there measuring distances . . . and sampling the soil, no doubt!" He chuckled, then indicated the bottle on the table. "Help yourself to some whiskey and we'll play a few hands to pass the time."

"Sir, I don't want any whiskey and I don't want to play cards."

"The whiskey is optional, but the card playing is an order," Burnside said amiably but firmly.

They sat down. He shuffled the cards and dealt. As they played, he tried to draw out the colonel on the engineering problems involved in the scheme which seemed to have captured his imagination.

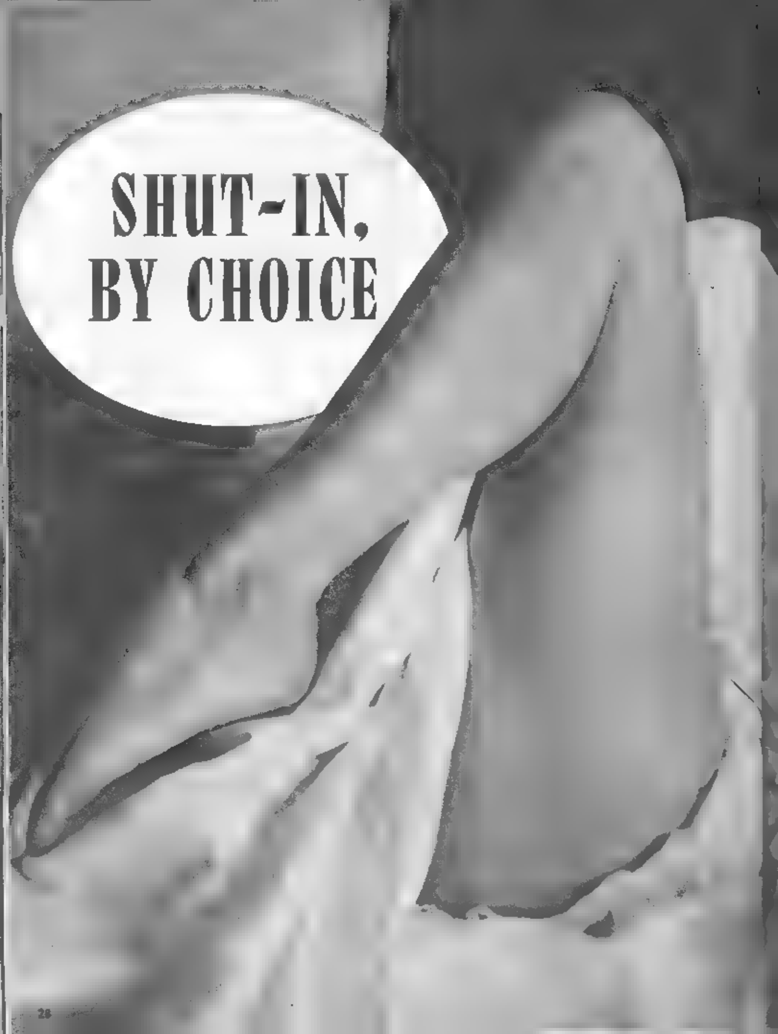
The colonel made the same answer to all questions: "It just isn't practical."

After what seemed like an interminable time, the courier returned with General Meade's reply. Burnside read it, then placed it face down on the table.

"Begin work tomorrow, Colonel," he said. "And aim the damned thing at Pegram's position. His artillery is the biggest single obstacle to ending this war. Call on me for anything you need."

It didn't make sense to Pleasants. Even if the tunnel were to be only half its projected length, he knew the army wouldn't or couldn't supply him with the tools and materials he would need. But, like any good engineer, when he gets an order—practical or not—he does his best to execute it.

He spent all of the (*Continued on page* 48)



SHUT-IN, BY CHOICE

[illegible] TV actress Vicki Dougan's [illegible]
[illegible] who insist on taking her money [illegible]

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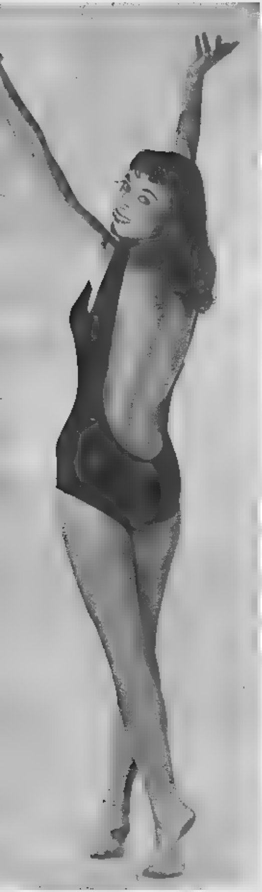


But the fact is Vikki
prefers to sit home alone,
listen to soft jazz
and write reams of poetry.
It's her verse that
comes out wild and free.

The year came on with Texas Guinan's gay, "Hello, sucker!" For the next 52 weeks, slaphappy Americans full of the old bubbly smoked $50 butts, stuffed $100 bills down dancers' bras, never got an even break—and couldn't have cared less

1927—America's Wildest Binge

by ALLEN CHURCHILL

IN a small downstairs supper club music blares and patrons happily pelt each other with cardboard snowballs. Thin paper streamers fly from table to table, festooning everyone, and in the smoky upper air brightly colored balloons bump against the ceiling. On the dance floor, now rendered almost negligible by the number of hastily added ringside tables, a near-naked girl entertainer is swinging into the conclusion of a buoyant Charleston. As the act ends, a large, blondine woman with a toothy smile takes the center of the spotlight. Thumping her hands together, she shouts in a clarion voice that hacks through the noise, "Give the little girl a great big hand!" The patrons do so, and the brassy woman's attention wanders. Seeing a new face at the entrance door, her attention focuses on it. "Hello, sucker," her raucous voice bellows. The prosperous-looking man thus hailed allows a beatific smile of pride and pleasure to spread across his countenance . . .

In Cicero, Illinois—near Chicago—a line of big, black sedans approaches the Hawthorne Hotel moving in slow, stately order, like a funeral procession. But when the first car reaches the hotel entrance resemblance ceases. One of the occupants of the car leans out and fires a revolver shot straight into the air. Its purpose is twofold: first, to frighten away innocent bystanders; second, to draw occupants of the hotel to doors and windows. Then from succeeding cars, now moving farther apart, comes a lethal barrage of bullets from sawed-off shotguns. A gunman gets out of a car, drops to one knee and calmly

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

The Guinan Club was like a three-ring circus. As Texas joked raucously with the customers, her nimble girls tried to elude the hoods until the bouncers arrived. ▶

Art by Walter Pope

From THE YEAR THE WORLD WENT MAD, copyright © by Allan Churchill, [illegible]. Used with the permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

empties his gun back and forth into the lobby of the hotel—as calmly, it has been noted, as another man might spray a hose over his backyard garden. In the hotel restaurant, where he had been stowing away a large breakfast, Scarface Al Capone slides ungracefully to the floor with the sound of the first shot. He lies unmoving under the table until the last of the black sedans is gone, then rises unscathed. The purpose of the bold daylight foray, as he and the world knows, was to rub him out. . . .

The gala opening of the new musical comedy *Rio Rita* takes place on the night of February 2, 1927. It is gala indeed, for this is the first production to grace the stage of the new Ziegfeld Theatre at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, in New York City. Ethelind Terry, J. Harold Murray, Gladys Glad, Wheeler & Woolsey are in the cast. Sumptuous settings by Joseph Urban. Especially it is a night of triumph for Florenz Ziegfeld, whose name up to now has been associated largely with the *Follies*. For his grand new theatre Ziegfeld has broken tradition by presenting the lavish book-musical *Rio Rita*, which the next morning will be called "a sensation" by critic J. Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times*. Before the curtain goes up, Ziegfeld himself steps to the front of the stage and reads a telegram of congratulation from none other than Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. At the end of the show, Coolidge's good wishes are amply justified, for a roaring ovation ends only when a slight figure in immaculate evening clothes leaps up from an aisle seat and, graceful as any song and dance man, makes his way to the stage. This is Jimmy Walker, Night Mayor of the city of New York, adding a memorable moment to a memorable event. Mayor Walker attends all the best opening nights, and in a short, witty speech pays gay tribute to an opening he never would have missed . . .

From the pulpit of the Calvary Church on West Fifty-seventh Street, the Reverend Dr. John Roach Straton brands New York "a feverish, overwrought, Sabbath-desecrating, God-defying, woman-despising, lawbreaking, gluttonous monster without ideals or restraint." Any day he chooses to walk the streets near his church, the clergyman continues, he can see rum-running trucks unloading wet goods at the delivery entrances of night clubs, in open defiance of the national law, and on Sunday, as his parishioners walk to church, they bump into faded revelers from these same night clubs, climbing into taxis or staggering along the street at the tag end of a night of whoopee. Dr. Straton has dreams of emulating Dr. Charles Parkhurst, who in the Nineties closed down the city's brothels. During the next week Dr. Straton dons a disguise and visits a speakeasy where he is without question served a potent drink. Next Sunday he reveals the tawdry episode from his pulpit and reluctant police raid the speakeasy. Owner and waiters are brought into court to face the charge made by Dr. Straton. With them they bring a canny lawyer, who puts only one question to the complaining clergyman. "You say you were served with a Scotch highball," he begins softly. "Now, did you ever in your life touch Scotch whisky?" "Certainly not," Dr. Straton virtuously declares. The judge regards him with disgust. "Case dismissed," he snaps . . .

It was a Barnum and Bailey world, as goofy as it could be. And in 1927 a considerable portion of its goofiness was furnished by the raucous, middle-aged person of Mary Louise Cecelia Guinan, known to all as Texas, or just plain Tex. Texas Guinan was the uncrowned, undisputed Queen of Prohibition Night Clubs, the Queen of the Night Club Era, and the Queen of the Padlocks as well. "If Jimmy Walker runs the city by day, Texas Guinan runs it by night," one commentator wrote, quite forgetting that

With the advent of 3.2 beer, Texas altered famous greeting to "Hello, mug!"

Ruby Keeler, then a Guinan dancer, married millionaire Al Jolson when just 17.

Another 1927 hoofer was Ruby Stevens, better known later as Barbara Stanwyck.

Mayor Walker also functioned better after dark.

The Broadway night clubs over which Texas Guinan presided were the most notable in the land, and were also the premises most often raided by police. Law enforcement officers changed frequently in New York City and seemingly the first official act of a new one was to raid a club run by Texas Guinan. It had reached a point where, if a customer-turned-law-officer suddenly rose in the midst of the revelry to shout, "This is a raid," the Guinan Club orchestra automatically swung into "The Prisoner's Song," a lachrymose song hit of the time. Meanwhile, Tex docilely allowed herself to be led to the nearest precinct station. From then on there would be a padlock on this night club door, but a short distance away another Guinan Club would quickly open, with the irrepressible hostess bawling out a song which ran:

> The judge says, "Tex, do you sell
>   booze?"
> I said, "Please don't be silly.
> I swear to you my cellar's filled
> With chocolate and vanilly."

Texas Guinan brought her boisterous talents to the El Fey Club, the Del Fey, the Club Intime, Club Abbey, Texas Guinan's, and (*Continued on page 62*)

Long before he bought his first fighter, George Raft did a fandango at Guinan's.

Singer of the year was playboy Harry Richman, who liked to squire mademoiselles to the beach, later flew Atlantic buoyed up by pingpong balls.

With coon-shouter Eddie Jackson (l.) and soft-shoe Lou Clayton, Jimmy Durante broke up patrons at Club Durant with a number called "Wood."

New York City's piano-playing mayor, Jimmy Walker, seen here with show star Colleen Moore, was apt to run to the bandstand on a night out.

FOR YOUR I

GAS PAIN—In mopping up the mess of WWII Germany, part of the garbage the Allies had to throw out was a pile of 28,000 shells containing a horrible gas called Tabun. The Nazis who developed it claimed a few of the shells could wipe out a whole city. They couldn't just be left lying around. Someone might set one off. They couldn't be buried, either. Someone might dig them up sometime by accident.

The simplest, most effective thing, the Allied generals concluded, was simply to dump them into the Baltic where no one would ever find them. The 28,000 were given the deep six somewhere off Kiel and forgotten.

Early this spring, however when people were remembering that 1960 was the 15th anniversary of Germany's surrender, some nervous Kiel councilman also recalled the tabu Tabuns. "How do we know," he asked in a meeting, "that the salt water isn't corroding the shell cases? How do we know one won't explode and set off a chain detonation that could send Tabun bubbling up over Europe?"

War-conditioned Kielmen needed no more. Newspapers and civic groups alike were unanimous in their sentiment: "Get those damned shells out of there!"

A few days later, divers began to carefully haul up the Tabun shells in small bunches. They were taken ashore, dropped into cement overcoats. The work area was conspicuously empty of people while this went on, and the city didn't rest until the cement hardened.

A freighter then shipped them out of the city, took them to the South Atlantic and dropped them back into the sea from which they were taken.

The war is finally completely over for Kiel, but once again just beginning in other former battlegrounds. From Normandy to Moscow, the Kiel affair has officials worrying whether the thousands of forgotten bombs and shells won't someday go off and finally finish the destruction that seemingly ended 15 years ago.

DOWN TO EARTH—Just as Everest challenges men to climb it, so does the English Channel challenge men to build tunnels under it.

Napoleon is supposed to have been the first modern-day dreamer to think of it seriously and is said to have proposed it to his marshals as a perfect way to bypass the British Navy and take England. Trouble at Moscow forced him to shelve the idea, and he never did find time for it again after that.

Queen Victoria, who would become violently seasick aboard every ship, was the next dreamer, and she actually had workmen bore more than a mile of tunnel into the soft chalk of the white cliffs of Dover. The London *Times* scared the pants off Victoria's subjects, however, by predicting that one day an enemy would use the tunnel as Napoleon had dreamed of using it. Public uproar forced Victoria into defeat on the issue.

Last summer, however, a group of Englishmen began dreaming of tunnels again. A study was made, and early this year, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, Permanent Undersecretary of the British Foreign Office, said strongly that it not only could be done, but should be done.

He outlined a five-year, $280,000,000 construction job for a 32-mile, two-track railway tube from Folkestone, England, to Sangatte, France.

Opposition based on a centuries-old tradition of insular isolation behind the British Navy would be tremendous. Said Christopher Powell, secretary of the Parliamentary Channel Tunnel Group, "The British love this hands-across-the-channel stuff, drinking champagne and all that sort of lark, but when it comes to turning harmless flirtation into actual marriage, the lights go red in the foreign office and there are hysterical shrieks about throwing away the sure shield of the Navy and all that sort of guff."

The hell with that old idea, the tunnel advocates say. Today with missiles, a Navy in the channel is about as valuable as toy ducks in the bath tub.

The tunnel, on the other hand, will reduce shipping costs for English goods, a reduction manufacturers need badly to stay in the competitive European market.

In the face of this, there is every indication that ships will lose out to shillings and England will get its tunnel.

NO BUTTS ABOUT IT—There isn't a kid in the country who hasn't had some adult yap at him about smoking stunting his growth, but a seven-year survey recently completed by the Massachusetts Health Department has come up with the shocker that it's more than growth that's stunted. It's life itself.

The survey added new facts to the growing volumes of cigarette cancer data, and they were grim ones: (1) The

INFORMATION

younger a boy or girl is at their first smoke, the more likely they are to develop lung cancer than those who start smoking later; (2) There were 140 cases of lung cancer per 100,000 adults who started smoking before age 10, only 25 cases per 100,000 among those who waited until age 20 or older.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?—Five years ago this summer, Argentina's oppressed *descamisadas* (shirtless workers) decided they'd had a bellyful of one Juan Peron and his promises of political reform and new shirts which never materialized. They threw up barricades and the revolution was on. Without his beautiful wife Eva (died in 1952) to patch up his bungles, Peron was nothing, and after a few days of bitter fighting, he was fleeing for his life with most of the Argentine treasury in his suitcase.

Where he is now: Still loaded, but very lonesome, 64-year-old Peron has hung his hat many places, but has always been asked to leave before he could call them home. His latest and perhaps permanent residence, if the authorities will let him stay, is Torremolinos, Spain, where he is still spending high, still dreaming of conquest, and still doing the one thing that makes him unwelcome anywhere: chasing around with girls who don't seem quite old enough for a man his age.

JEWEL HEIST AT 20,000 FEET—The airliner taxied up to the passenger terminal at Marseilles, France. Passengers said *au revoir* to the stewardesses and debarked. The cargo handlers opened the baggage compartment doors and prepared to unload. It was a flight that ended like thousands before it. This ending, however, had a twist.

There was a shout, "Let me out of here!" and a young handsome man in a wrinkled suit leaped out of the baggage hold. He bulled by the passengers and became just another face in the crowd. The baggage men were stunned, wondered how he'd gotten locked in. No one thought to chase him. A few minutes later, everyone was chasing him.

A $60,000 shipment of jewels bound for Algiers was missing. Also, a man-size packing case was broken open, and its contents, supposedly glassware, were also missing. This latter smelled ratty to the detectives, and they went to the address of the man on the packing case, one Ange Fernel in Marseilles. There was no Ange, but there was another package, a brunette named Andree, and from her they got the story of an amazing jewel heist.

Ange himself had put the crate aboard in Paris. In it was a friend, Fernand Romani, 31, with a loaf of bread, some cheese and a bottle of cognac to keep him from becoming weak. Ange also put an empty suitcase aboard, also to be shipped to his home in Marseilles.

In the same baggage hold was the $60,000 jewel shipment. How did they know the jewels would be there? Both were Air France freight expediters.

In flight, Fernand was to climb out of his box, stuff the jewels into the empty suitcase, climb back into the box. At the end of the ride, box containing Fernand and suitcase containing jewels would both be delivered to Ange.

The cognac was their undoing. Fernand, as police learned from Andree, got crocked. In climbing out of the box, he broke the top off and couldn't re-fasten it. The box was no longer good as a hiding place. All he could do was what he did at Marseilles—run and pray.

Ange and Fernand are still running, as far as anyone knows. An international alarm was broadcast. The jewels were recovered from a Turkish fence who paid only $200 for them. "A small price," a police lieutenant punned "for a deed of such great spirit."

◆◆◆

World War Two's Strangest Dogfight:

A RUSSIAN MAJOR
VS.
AN AMERICAN LIEUTENANT

The weirdest air duel on record was waged between allies, when an angry GI in a P-39 clashed with his cocky Red tormentor in an LA-5—12,000 feet over a division of waiting Nazi tanks.

by GLENN INFIELD

IT was a bad day for the heavy bombers of the Eighth Air Force. On the first leg of the Russian-Italian shuttle mission the weather was miserable. All the way from their bases in the English Midlands, over the North Sea and across the jutting strip of Germany which led to the Baltic Sea, towering clouds engulfed the formations. The sky cleared, though, just before they reached the initial point for the target in Poland and they made a good bomb run. With fast-emptying tanks the B-17s then turned southeast and headed for their designated Soviet bases.

Captain Harry Edgeworth, piloting a Flying Fortress of the Third Division which was going to a small airfield near Poltava, a few miles south of Kharkov, glanced across the cockpit at his copilot. "It won't be long now, Capper."

Riding the right seat of the B-17 was First Lieutenant Arthur Capper of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "The sooner the better," he muttered.

Edgeworth grinned at him. "Thinking of those Russian babes in their flour sack dresses?"

The lieutenant nodded absently. He had waited two long years for this day, two years of scheming, planning and sacrifice that had culminated with this assignment to the B-17 crew for the Russian shuttle run. Even now the odds in favor of his accomplishing what he had set out to do were overwhelmingly against him. But at least, with his feet on Russian soil, his chances would be better.

"Change to a heading of 130 degrees," the navigator called out to them. "We're passing north of Pinsk now."

"Roger." The Captain banked the bomber to the right and rolled out on the new compass heading. "Tell me, Capper, why in hell did you ever ask for a transfer out of P-47s to a heavy bomber outfit? Most fighter pilots would rather get shot down than have to fly copilot on a Fortress or Liberator."

Capper turned quickly and looked out the side window. "Just wanted a change, Captain."

Capper had flown P-39s with the 81st Fighter Group in the African campaign, winning a commendation for his action at Kairouan Pass in the Ousseltia Valley. Later he was shot down but managed to belly his Airacobra in on a friendly airstrip. After three months in the hospital he was assigned the duty of ferrying P-39s and A-20s to Russian pick-up points where Soviet officers accepted them under the wartime lend lease program.

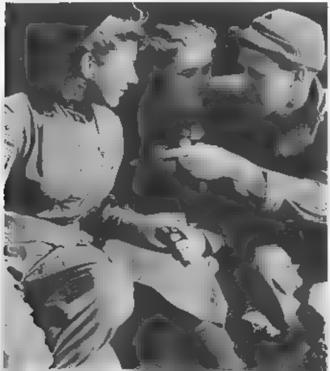
It was during his frequent flights to Alaska on A-20s that Capper's deep hatred for the Russians was born, a hatred that had made him give up his later assignment to a P-47 group in the ETO for the right seat of a B-17.

One hour and a half out of Pinsk the B-17s reached Kiev. "ETA Poltava 30 minutes," the navigator reported.

"You'd better be right," the pilot said. "We'd have to use an eyedropper to measure the gas right now."

For the next half-hour the Flying Fortresses flew over strange territory hunting their (*Continued on page* 58)

Though Titov made life hell for the American ferry pilots, they managed to find a few small blessings in the U.S.S.R.



Reds checked each delivered plane with such finicky precision only State Dept. orders kept GIs from blowing their tops.

MEN IN CRIME

NEW FOR MEN

wives they actually chain ankles together during wedding night . . . Some Singapore playboys are so nearsighted they've actually never seen any of the long procession of girls they've made love to. If their eyes were fixed, a Singapore saying goes, THEY'D COMMIT SUICIDE . . . If you dream of flying through the air, the analysts say you've an urge to DESERT YOUR WIFE . . . If your dreams are of cats, it's supposed to mean you're terribly sex-obsessed . . . Our government tells its Australia-bound employees to take along a huge supply of toilet paper . . .

With all the fright about air crashes, THE ODDS ON A SAFE ARRIVAL REMAIN 360,000 TO ONE IN YOUR FAVOR . . . A survey of sex offenders at Sing Sing PROVED THEY WERE UNDERSEXED RATHER THAN OVER . . .

Egyptian marital laws have really toughened up. If the Egyptian guy wants more than a few wives he's ACTUALLY GOT TO PROVE HE NEEDS THEM . . .

MEN IN CRIME

WRIST X-RAYS WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF FINGERPRINTS, for identifying criminals—much better . . . Utah is a state that gives a condemned man a choice—he can die by either hanging or shooting . . . The Los Angeles police department is small, but one of the best in the country, tough as hell to crack into. Pays very high police wages and its record proves that one sharp, well-educated, rugged cop is worth a whole squad of phonies . . . ONE REASON NEVER TO PLAY CARDS WITH A RED-EYED STRANGER is he may be wearing red contact lenses, enabling him to spot invisible markings on a stacked deck of cards . . . Last Christmas, for the first time in history, Alcatraz convicts got to buy a two-buck two-pound box of candy . . . These glass-covered banks are supposed to discourage bank robbers. Every move of his will be seen, say the planners. Actually, THEY LET A HOOD STAND OUTSIDE, CASE THE JOINT FOR WEEKS AT A TIME, planning his move . . . Hard to get witnesses to bank robberies. Many people are secretly glad some little guy was able to knock over a big, powerful bank that has plenty of money anyway . . . Eyewitnesses to any kind of crime ARE USUALLY SO FROZEN WITH FRIGHT THEY DON'T SEE ANYTHING. So one will identify the criminal as being a slim, bushy-haired guy and another will identify him as being heavyset and bald . . .

A poll of criminals in U.S. jails showed that of all crimes, most would probably try a bank job when they get out . . . Brink's armored cars actually look like pushovers. They get caught often in traffic, travel without police escort. YET NONE HAS BEEN KNOCKED OFF IN 33 YEARS AND IT TOOK A LANDMINE TO BUST INTO THE LAST ONE. Reason they're so tough is you can't burn, shoot, or gash your way out of one of them in any reasonable time . . .

NEW FOR MEN

GUN THAT CONVERTS FROM PISTOL TO A RIFLE IN 10 SECONDS . . . Chemically treated shirts that act as life preservers when they hit water with you in them . . .

Red-colored milk bottles (they screen out harmful sunlight, look "healthier") . . .

A signal for your car that shows you when hydraulic brake fluid falls beneath a certain level . . . A "tilt" alarm for your car. In case she rolls over in an accident, an alarm would sound and bring aid . . . Lawnmower that cuts under water (for clearing weedchoked streams) . . . Paper working clothes, soft and lightweight, treated to resist fire and water, PRICED AT LESS THAN A BUCK . . . MOTION PICTURE CAMERA SMALLER THAN A PACK OF BUTTS . . . A new insurance policy that gives a lower rate to the man who never touches a drop . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

ONE-HELL-OF-A-NERVE-DEPARTMENT: Some of the American GI turncoats who deserted to Reds during Korean War, then decided to come back to U.S. ARE ASKING BACK PAY FOR THE TIME THEY SPENT IN CHINA. The U.S. Court of Claims said "Hell no" and it's a good thing, too . . . We've got a new Army-designed mine to stop any "human waves" thrown at us in a future war. It sprays a blizzard of steel fragments over a giant area . . . The average man on the street in France and England thinks RUSSIA IS STRONGER MILITARILY THAN THE U.S. The West German is undecided and the average man in Italy thinks U.S. is stronger . . . Many Gestapo officers had machine guns built right into their desks. One false move by a visiting journalist and that's all he wrote . . . An Eastern farmer is suing the Air Force for $2600; claims his cow died after chomping down a hunk of B-47 stratojet bomber that crashed on his property . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

SPORTING CROWD

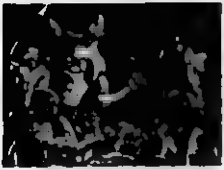
A MAN'S JOB

Brink's Armored Car guards get a $1000 bonus for shooting a bandit, $2000 FOR KILLING ONE . . . Those boys who compose jingles for television and radio get a flat fee of around $2000 for a good one. In England, the boys get only $150, but income through royalties on a good one, repeated hundreds of times over TV, CAN MOUNT UP TO $200,000 . . .

Pretty common practice for supermarket employees to "forget about" ringing up purchases made by their relatives. This is known as "brother-in-lawing" . . . Many companies make their employees take a lie-detector test now, FIRE ANYONE WHO REFUSES. They ask if you've ever stolen anything from your employer, ask girls if they're pregnant . . . THESE WILL BE THE BIG DEMANDS IN TEXAS FOR THE NEXT 12 YEARS OR SO: Petroleum workers, accountants, architects, chemists, statisticians and teachers . . . Texas, incidentally, IS TRYING TO GET ONE ENGINEER FOR EVERY 15 TEXANS, is nowhere near that target . . . YOUR STATE GOVERNMENT OFFERS MANY WONDERFUL JOB OPPORTUNITIES, especially in the highway program. Guys who did all the planning are dying off, leaving giant gap for draftsmen, appraisers, mechanics, operators of big road machines . . . One big reason for setting up your own business is to have something to HAND OVER TO YOUR SON OR SON-IN-LAW . . .

SPORTING CROWD

Don't fret about those cuts and gashes on fighters you see brawling on your TV screen. Most fighters are too keyed-up during a fight to feel any but the worst slash . . . THERE IS REALLY NOTHING IN THE WORLD OF SPORT TO COMPARE TO A MAN BEING HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD. Means he can look any man in the world in the eye and as much as say, "I can lick the hell out of you in a fight and we both know it." . . . ONE BIG, BASIC RULE IN PRO FOOTBALL, as rough a game as it is. There shall be no deliberate intent to maim. Knock a man out of action if you can, but don't ruin him for life. If a pro violates this rule, he knows he'll be playing same team again and someone will get him for sure in retaliation . . . Golf is a wonderful safety valve for potential criminals, gives a man the opportunity to bash a ball instead of bashing a head . . .



"ONE LAST WOMAN"

Continued from page 17

spoke rapid Spanish. "Are you loco? I've got 50,000 men at my back. Get out of the way before you get hurt."

The cop threw out his chest, clasped his hands behind his back, stood there unmoving, undisturbed, dignified. "My orders say no one comes through the Plaza. Now if you want to get to the other side"—he jerked his thumb backward—"you'll have to go the long way around."

"Well, your orders have just been changed," the rider said. "There isn't a police force left in the whole country. Villa's running things now."

"Ha! He's not paying my salary."

"He will."

"He hasn't up to now."

"I have 50,000 men."

"Around, man. Around."

"Look," the cavalry leader started reasoning. "I don't want to see you get shot to pieces. But these boys are mad, they're nervous, and they're trigger happy. Now I'm running Mexico City until Villa gets here this afternoon. Suppose I write you out a new set of orders?"

"And who might you be?"

Blue eyes stared into blue eyes. They both broke out in grins. "Gene O'Reilly from Texas way," said the horseman.

"*Arragh*, O'Reilly," spoke the cop in a thick brogue, bowing and swinging his cap in a low arc. "Why didn't ye say so? Pass with the permission of Patrick J. Maguire."

THAT was Pat Maguire—the Paul Bunyan of the soldier-of-fortune set. The stories about him are legion—and a good many of them are true. He made thousands of acquaintances all over the world and everybody who came in contact with him had a new tale of derring-do or a yarn about his Rabelaisian humor. For Pat was a wild giant who strode over the globe bringing laughter and humor into a pretty grim business—and laughing hardest at himself. Even Lowell Thomas, that raconteur of modern adventure and an adventurous character in his own right—has added to the legend of Patrick J. Maguire. His name crops up in the damnedest assortment of places. For instance, the next occasion where we can definitely place him is in Panama.

How did he get there? He walked.

His job in Mexico City came to an end rather suddenly. Pancho Villa had no intention of letting potential enemies run around with guns, so he fired all the cops, collected their weapons, and substituted his men to keep what passed for law and order.

"How about me back wages?" Maguire complained.

Villa stood rocking back and forth on his slightly bowed legs, thumbs in gun belt, one eye cocked. "What's he saying?"

"He hasn't been paid for two months," O'Reilly explained.

"Pay him!" said Zapata, the Indian general.

Villa shrugged. "I haven't got any money. You?"

Zapata shook his head quietly. "Not even for my men."

They both looked at O'Reilly. O'Reilly shrugged.

Maguire exploded. "You're the poorest damn bunch of bandits I've ever seen."

"You can have a job in our army," O'Reilly offered.

"Hell!" Maguire snorted. "An army without money is like a rooster without hens. Good for nothing, not even himself."

He went home and broke out his traveling clothes: a long black overcoat and a high bowler derby. Coffee mixed with sugar went into one pocket of the coat, salt in the other. A change of clothes was rolled tight into a back pocket. With a coffee pot in one big fist, he started walking south.

It's 1500 miles as the crow flies from Mexico City to Panama, and the one thing Maguire didn't have was wings. He had to cross rugged mountain ranges and steaming jungles and they were the least of the dangers. Man, as usual, was the greatest.

The primitive Indians of southern Mexico and Central America killed out of fear. They killed what they didn't understand. As recently as 1956, Arthur Sile, an American artist, met his death there, thrown from a cliff. These natives still don't speak Spanish—and Maguire didn't speak any one of the numerous Indian dialects. But he knew the universal language—laughter. He walked right through them and came out grinning on the other side, saying,

"Ah, they were fine boys. Always good for a drink and a song."

Maybe he was right. At least he didn't get into any trouble until he got amongst the white men in Panama. This was 1915 and the Canal was just completed. Hordes of hangers-on were still there: drifters, grifters, rough-necks, criminals—everybody or anybody out for a quick buck. At the foot of Balboa Heights was one of the numerous sheet metal towns hastily erected to house the construction workers. It wasn't really much of a town—it was more of an infection. The worst spot of them all was a joint known as The Big Cat, owned by a fat bawd who called herself Madame Balboa. The oldtimers still remember her as a straggly-haired, slatternly fleshpot who wouldn't let a penny come through her fingers until it gave change. And she never, never bought a drink. However, the booze was cheap, the company plentiful, and the girls were pretty. Naturally Maguire gravitated there, the iron man drawn to the magnet of wine, women and song.

He came striding into the place with a shoe sole flapping, elbows poking through his threadbare overcoat, his bowler perched over his eye and a big grin slapped on his face. He slammed a fist on the bar and groaned, "Serve me, man. I'm gasping with the thirst."

The bartender put down a shot glass. Maguire shook his head. "A drink, man. A drink."

The bartender held up a water glass for size.

Maguire looked forlorn. "Ah, lad, I hope your heart is bigger than your eyes. Find something suited to me proportions."

The bartender dumped a pint of rum in a stein. "How's that! Now what's for a chaser?"

"A quart of beer would do nice." The bar went silent as Maguire dumped the rum and threw the beer down after it. He let out an explosive sigh of contentment. The customers applauded. A little, well-dressed Colombian quivered with excitement.

"*Ah, toro*," he whispered as though admiring a bull. "*Muy hombre.* Senor, may I have the pleasure of buying you the next drink?"

"Why, *amigo*," Pat smiled happily, "you may have the pleasure of buying me this one. I'm broke."

The magic words were spoken. The bouncers moved in. Sleeves were rolled up. The Big Cat's famed floor show was about to begin.

Jimenez de Prado forestalled it with upraised hand—and a thick wad of bills. He slapped one on the bar. He stared haughtily at the bouncers. "Please. This gentleman does me honor."

"Bedad!" Maguire roared. "You'll be full of honor before the night's over. Set 'em up lad. The thirst is in me bones."

Quarts of rum and gallons of beer went south. By this time the audience was watching with awe as Maguire tossed off his concoctions. Cutting two chestnut fillies out of the herd, Pat perched them on the bar and kept things lively by war whooping up their flouncing skirts. Only their two steady boy friends objected and after two Maguire punches, they were counted out. Madame Balboa said, "Get this garbage off the floor." Senor de Prado kept murmuring, "*Muy hombre, muy hombre.*" All in all, it was a quiet night at The Big Cat.

At the end of it, Pat and the senor went off arm in arm. The Colombian cried over the magnificence of their friendship while Pat warbled to him how Mozart's Don Giovanni had had "a thousand and one women" in Spain. Jimenez offered the hospitality of his house; Pat offered him his—a comfortable palm tree and half the overcoat. De Prado insisted; Pat got stubborn. He plunked himself down under the palm tree, yanked up his overcoat, and reached to pull his derby over his eyes. He sat up suddenly.

"It's gone. Me beautiful hat is gone. We'll have to go back for it."

"It's only a hat, *senor* Maguire."

"Quite right. Me only hat. Back I go."

JIMENEZ spread his hands and followed. Pat hammered on the locked doors of The Big Cat; thunder rolled inside the tin shed.

"Open up! Open up, damn it! I want me hat."

"Go away!" Madame Balboa screeched from a second story window.

"It's me property your holding in unlawful bondage. How can I sleep without me precious bowler? Open up before I rip the damned joint apart."

"Get away, you drunken bum," Madame Balboa yelled, and pushed a shotgun out the window

Pat bowed "I temporarily submit to the weight of your arguments Come, man," he said, and walked around The Big Cut

At the back was a flight of stairs leading to the second floor The weight of the staircase had bulged the sheet metal siding away from the framing Right at the bottom, Maguire could just slip his fingers under He braced his feet and heaved. Studding nails ripped out of the four-by-four supports He heaved again, the opening widened and more nails flew

"Nip in there and get me bowler, man."

"Just a few inches more, *senor.*"

Pat put his back into it Sheet metal groaned and quivered under tension Nails zipped out as if they were threads pulled from a hem One ripping sound and the whole edge was out The sheet metal twanged free Without support, the second floor swayed dangerously, leaned downwards, started spilling men and women at Maguire's feet while he still tugged at the back of the shivering building

"Me hat!" he yelled "Get me hat!"

But Jimenez couldn't A rain of bodies stopped him They came rolling and sliding and cursing across the floor, then fell into the gap

THE second floor of The Big Cut was quite as popular as the first—more so It was a sporting palace for the bar girls and their favored customers These favored customers picked themselves off the ground and were all possessed of the same idea The girl friends got the idea and scampered into the building Besides, they didn't have anything on to protect them from the night air Neither did the boy friends but they mentally rolled up their sleeves and waded in on Maguire, *en masse*

There was nothing Pat enjoyed better than a good brawl Nor was there anything scientific about his style of fighting He just moved forward throwing roundhouse punches with every ounce of his close to 300 pounds behind them When he landed, a man went down. Trying to block a Maguire haymaker was like trying to stop a pile driver with a toothpick He could knock you out by hitting you on the shoulder The impact would snap your neck so viciously, you'd be unconscious The only chance a man had was to duck—and then he'd be likely to get pneumonia from the breeze

In about one minute Maguire was the only man left on his feet His opponents were sprawled around him, all bleeding, but none of them feeling the pain of their hurts With his eyes still raging with the battle madness in him, he stood tall and magnificent, muscles bulging, the urge to slaughter still working in his bloodstream

Jimenez de Prado stepped forward "Your hat, *senor.*"

"Ah," Pat commented, inspected it for damages, and perched it lovingly on his big round skull "Fighting is such thirsty work," he mused "Did you have the decency to cop a bottle?"

Jimenez gave a courtly bow "Your bottle, *senor.*"

"Arragh, yer a darling man," and Maguire pointed the bottle at the moon

The emotions of Madame Balboa had run the gamut. First she was going to shoot Maguire as a damned nuisance, then for wrecking her house However, the brawling participants got in the way and finally she became fascinated by the savage display of brute strength Noting that battle was the joy and breath of life to the giant, an idea rang the bell on the cash register she called a brain Avarice overcame her anger. On the spot, she hired him as the one and only bouncer for The Big Cut His job was to keep order both upstairs and down—that is, as soon as they tacked the joint together again

A SCHEMING woman was Madame Balboa Not only did she cut her costs on bouncers but her business boomed and so did her profits Maguire's fame spread Everybody who considered himself anybody came in to tear down the King of the Hill There were some aspirants for the Navy heavyweight crown There were construction men who could buck a ton of steel or muscle a cubic yard of cement into place There were hard boys who took pride in the fact they had made Panama the toughest spot on two continents They used everything, including fists, clubs and axes. They came in, spent their money, took their turns at Maguire—and were carried out

Once Maguire got his lunch hooks on anybody the fight was over After a month an unwritten law was established: no weapons The first man who used a knife on Maguire got his wrist broken, was hoisted into the air and had his face slapped so hard his skull swelled and his cheeks split Pat punched an ax man in the elbow and dislocated his shoulder An English seaman who thought he was handy with a club received Pat's fist over his head enough times to introduce his hairline to his eyebrows Nobody ever quite solved Maguire's style of fighting—but then the wheat never stopped the scythe, either

So after six months came the *Pax Maguire* At least as far as the regulars were concerned They only came to watch and to buy Pat a drink There were still plenty of ships coming through the Canal, though, and enough damn fools aboard to provide plenty of entertainment for the floor show There are any number of people in this world who can only learn from bitter experience, and those who sought Maguire's reputation the hard way. learned very well He was the undeclared, widely acknowledged champion of the Canal Zone Neither the Military Police nor the Shore Patrol bothered looking in on The Big Cut anymore The order maintained was amazing Furthermore, each and every member of the two service groups had been whipped by Maguire

However, while business was jammed on the first floor and the profits sumptuous. proceeds from the second floor fell off alarmingly. Madame Balboa couldn't understand it Surely with so many fine specimens of manhood crowding in, the second floor would be as popular as the Navy paymaster But no it was a barren desert as far as men went and a lush jungle of willing and available women More strangely, the girls seemed content with their idleness and lack of income

"Get out there!" Madame Balboa screeched at them "Drag those men up here. You're not amateurs. I don't have to tell you how."

And business declined

Wearily, Madame Balboa said. "Zita, you'll have to do your dance again."

Zita's dance had ruined more than one place She was a saraband specialist and the saraband was a gypsy dance designed to show as much of the female figure as possible without actually removing clothes It was also a psychological masterpiece in that it promised much and delivered little It was an hors d'oeuvre, a titillating taste tantalizer, a hint of spice that whetted the appetite for the main course. Usually men fought bloody brawls to be first in line for Zita's favors. and all the losers were in no condition for further business negotiations. So Zita's dance was banned in the interests of prosperity—until now

Zita was a lithe panther with wild shoulder length hair and glowing dark eyes A taut-breasted woman possessing hungry and passionate muscles, she stalked up and down the bar clicking her castanets for attention And she was a magnificent actress As soon as the customers' breathing became more rapid from anticipation, she turned haughty and proud

"Timba, Mommy and Daddy want to tell you something. You're not our real son—you're adopted."

and disdainful. Then, to the primitive accompaniment of the wooden shells she whirled into the saraband, twisting and writhing inside her dress, flaring her skirt until her columnar legs were displayed up to her muscle-dancing thighs, and just as the customers licked their lips, she'd snap to a stop and pull the skirt tight around herself. She'd flit towards a man, and as he reached for her, flirt away. She'd beg for money by bending far backwards over arching legs. As soon as bills were laid on each side of her chest she'd straighten slowly with the wooden clappers resounding and her whole body quivering, and gradually the bills slid into the bodice of her dress. Every man imagined Zita was dancing only for him, but it was only imagination—and Zita's art. She was the unattainable—so unattainable that every male with red corpuscles fired up his ambition to have what was so near and yet so far. The dance ended with Zita collapsing into sudden submission but still clicking those castanets insultingly. The bar went into an uproar.

That, thought Madame Balboa, should stimulate business for tonight.

Zita rose hurriedly and ran from the bar—still the unattainable. But she paused at the end, which was known locally as "Maguire's Spot," and stooped forward to adjust a garter belt, displaying to Pat the wares everyone yearned for.

"Patrice," she whispered, "you visit me tonight, yes?"

"Ah, darling," he roared, "I'll throw this herd out early and be up for a small visit. Any engagements you might make, make them for after I pay my respects."

"I wait only for you," she said and was gone.

MADAME BALBOA couldn't believe her ears. She was more thunderstruck a few minutes later when one of her better girls, called Ma Bel Amie, sidled up to Maguire and started the whispering routine.

"Patrice, I beg of you, do not shame me any longer. You promised to come to my room last night and did not. Please, please come tonight."

Maguire cradled her waist and crooned into her ear. "Ah, me darling's darling, how can I ever ask yer forgiveness? But tonight it shall be. First I have to take care of some pressing business, but right after that, it's for you I'm heading."

"I shall be alone, my Patrice—all night."

As soon as the bar closed, Madame Balboa clumped upstairs and entered the hidden aisle that ran behind every room. Lining it were a score of peep holes. They were handy for such purposes as blackmail, the badger game, and for those persons who preferred spectator sports—and were willing to pay a premium. With her eye glued to the spy hole of Zita's room she saw Pat barge in with all his usual delicacy—quite similar to a grizzly coming to feed.

Pat put one arm around Zita and grabbed for the waiting bottle. Zita spun out of his grasp coyly, forgetting Pat never played games. Besides, he was too much interested in the bottle. So Zita cast aside her kimono and stretched herself like some nubile feline.

"Watch, Patrice," she hissed. "I shall dance the saraband for you."

Pat roared laughter. "Never mind the gymnastics, me little wild bird. Come to your nest."

Zita ran into his big encircling arms.

A little while later, Pat stuck his head into Ma Bel Amie's door. "Have you been waiting long, darling?"

Ma Bel Amie jumped up. "Patrice, my life, my love. Come in, come in."

And a little while after that, he invaded Magda Ognescu's room. She went under the professional title, The Rumanian Leech, but when Pat asked, "Could you spare a wee bit of time?" she howled, "You glorious beast! Get in here. I die at the thought you do not 'ball' me."

Enough was enough, decided Madame Balboa. Her muscular bouncer had turned out to be a busy bee who flitted around at night collecting honey from her garden of flowers—to the detriment of the Balboa purse. And that was unthinkable.

Madame Balboa raged through the hall. She ordered all hands on deck and acted the Captain Bligh to each and every one. And as for Maguire—

"You!" she pointed. "Out!"

"Come, girls," Pat said.

They went to their rooms to pack.

"Wait!" Madame screamed. She hauled Maguire down to the bar and plied him with rum and beer. However, it was physically impossible for Pat to pass the uproariously drunk stage—he never grew stupid. He kept shaking his head stubbornly at the Madame's blandishments and waited while her offers increased from a train ride to the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, to a boat ticket to Europe.

"First class, of course," he suggested.

"Third!" she snapped.

"Much below me dignity. I think I'll stay. I like it here."

"All right, you damned pirate, first class then. And I hope the Germans torpedo the boat."

"Perhaps they will, but it's me future I must provide for. A long and salty voyage it is, I can tell you. The thirst and hunger would near drive a man mad." He rolled his eyes to the second floor and wiped an imaginary tear away. "A sad day it will be to leave this snug harbor with me pockets fair empty and a curse that drives me hence."

He snapped his fingers suddenly as though a great idea had struck him. "It's an inducement I need. A purse, say. A wee thing that will keep down this thirsty devil raging at me insides."

"How much?" Madame Balboa cursed.

"Well, now," Pat smiled happily—and like two conspirators they stuck their heads together and bargained till dawn.

It was April 16, 1916, when Pat set foot on the British Post Office vessel, *The Arcadia*. It was as though he stepped into an historical fog. He disappeared from the course of events.

THERE are no records of his landing in England. And we must remember that this was a Post Office vessel, that the British civil servants of that branch are immune to bribery. However, the English sense of humor is vastly underrated and there is nothing they enjoy better than a huge practical joke. One Patrick J. Maguire was wanted rather badly by the British Crown for various and sundry crimes committed against His Majesty's representatives in Ireland. But somehow, he got into England and somehow the standing £500 reward offered for him was never paid.

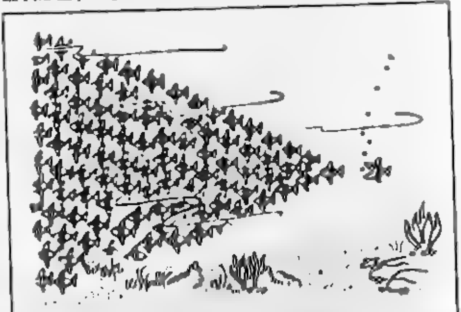
Those years, to the end of World War I, are blanks. However, both British and German records chronicle an event that has a bearing on the history of Patrick J. Maguire.

On March 21, 1918, Ludendorff's German Armies rolled forward like a great wave and drowned the Allies in the blood bath known as the Battle of St. Quentin. Only Byng's III Army stood firm at Arras. The wave surged at it—and broke.

Contemporary British dispatches continuously cite a Michael Murphy for "bravery," for "valor," for "courage far above and beyond the call of duty."

German contemporary records are most fully informative. They tell of a red-haired giant who rose out of the mud and ruin of Flanders fields. He came up bellowing and shouting with half a division behind him, and brought the bayonet right into the middle of the best-planned German attacks. Stolid Prussians broke when they saw the yelling fury bearing down on them.

The German tide split in front of Arras. Ludendorff's attack was disjointed, shifted, and eventually trickled out. No man can say that the Michael Murphy who had such a large share in the victory was actually Pat Maguire. It just has all the earmarks of the Maguire style.



"Who's the wise guy that yelled 'about face'?"

Immediately after World War I, a nasty little war broke out that grabbed few headlines in the newspapers. The Riffs, a Berber people of the Atlas Mountains, rose under Abdel Krim and launched themselves at the Spanish section of Morocco. The whole seven years of slaughter was kept sub rosa. The Riffs had no public relations experts and Spain wasn't talking to the newspapers. Yet she was bleeding herself white. At one battle alone, the battle of Melilla, 20,000 Spanish soldiers were lost. The flower of Spanish youth passed through the military academies, entered Morocco, and died. Every family in Spain was affected. Someone they knew, or were related to, was ground up by the meat grinder of Morocco.

There were two reasons for this. The Spanish were adhering to their "Blockhouse System," which was archaic in the Spanish-American war of 1898. Spain still hadn't learned any lessons regarding modern warfare.

Secondly, they were not fighting a barbarian native population. Abdel Krim had a European education. He had access to modern arms. His people were a fighting race, trained from birth as warriors. He, himself, was a man of immense vitality. He had a perfect tool for his soaring ambitions in the intelligent Riffs. They were devoted to this pudgy, dark-eyed leader who brought them success.

His methods were simplicity itself. Since every height in the Atlas mountains was controlled by a Spanish fort, his mobile army merely walked through the valleys unopposed. He could strike where and when he chose. And anytime he felt like it, he could seduce Spanish troops into the valley from which there was no return.

As soon as a "blockhouse" was put under siege, a relief column marched out from the cities on the coast. Abdel Krim chopped it to bits at his leisure. The Spanish were pinned down by their line of forts. Worse, Krim could shift the Spanish Army as he pleased, like pieces on a chess board.

The Spanish were forced into a reluctant decision. They had to abandon their blockhouse system or be slaughtered piecemeal. But then they discovered their troops were not capable of extended field operations. They had been cooped up too long, had been trained only in static defense, were incapable of maneuver. Indeed, the situation was so bad, the minute Spanish soldiers left their forts, they were going to their deaths. A line had to be established behind which they could retreat and be retrained.

A quiet call went out for volunteers.

On January 18, 1924, Patrick J. Maguire came strolling down the Bab-el-Kasir in Tetuan, Spanish Morocco. He had a fez on his head, was wearing a police uniform, and smelled highly of strong spirits. Putting his shoulder to a door marked "Spanish Foreign Legion," he nudged it as gently as he could. The door flew through a violent 180-degree arc, smashed into the wall. There he stood, thumbs in gunbelt, blocking out the doorway, blinking at the shadowy interior.

"Could ye be using a first class fighting man?" he thundered.

The two men inside stared in astonishment. Then the tall lieutenant smiled quietly and asked, "Maguire, did you ever collect your back pay?"

Pat looked, and as his eyes grew used to the shadows let out a roar. "*Arrgh*, O'Reilly, ye filthy Villista bandit. It's been ten years and more. Ye're a bad penny, man. Here in Africa, of all places."

RED SCHOOL FOR ASSASSINS

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"Hold your Old Home Week later," Captain Landon snapped. "What the hell kind of a uniform is that?"

"Ah," Pat explained, "I've been a cop until recently in the International Zone in Tangiers."

"Since when are you a Moslem?" asked O'Reilly. "The Treaty says only Moslems can serve in the police."

"Allah bless me," Maguire grinned happily. "They needed a good man and I needed a job. Now, speaking of jobs, what have you got suited to a man of me immense talents? Don't offer me a generalship right away." He held up a warning hand. "The pay's fine but it's a lonely damned position. I'll start at the bottom—colonel, or so."

O'REILLY nodded to Landon. "He's first class. He's what we've been waiting for."

Landon nodded back. "Go ahead. I've heard of him."

"Pat," the lieutenant explained, "we've got a lot of fine men out here. Ex-soldiers all. They're from Russia, Germany, France, England, America—just about everywhere. But they're still fighting World War I. They have no pride in the Legion. They're prouder of where they're from than where they are. Now we need a good sergeant, someone to whip—"

"Say no more." Maguire held up a fist about the size of a bowling ball and turned it slowly so he could admire it better. "It's sweet reason and light I'll use on them. Give me a week and the Roosians will be speaking Spanish. Where are they?"

In the hot courtyard he stared at the long formation of men. Physically they were splendid. Individually, each one had had military training. As a group they were hardened veterans, survivors of bloody campaigns that still rang in history. But they were not soldiers. Not yet. They were only a mob. They hadn't learned to work together.

Yet.

"Me name's Sergeant Maguire," Pat bellowed with his thumbs tucked in his belt. "I'm the best damned man in this army. I can lick you one at a time or all together. Now, is there any man—I said man—who thinks I'm a liar, let him step forward."

A huge ex-Cossack nodded slightly, stepped out. Maguire swung.

"All right now! Who's next? Come on, now. Come, come. Don't hide talents under a bushel basket. Let's see what ye're made of."

He stared at a bull-necked German. The German looked, yearned—forbore. A bearded Frenchman shook his head and laughed in Maguire's face.

Pat strode up and down the line, looking for takers. None of the men were afraid of him. Not even the jaw-smashed Cossack, who was just showing feeble signs of life. These men had faced death unafraid, had survived brutal and sadistic sergeants in a hundred different camps. They knew what Maguire was trying to prove—and they'd be happy to accommodate him. But the odds were too great.

Finally an American stepped out. Tom Langford, ex-soldier, ex-gandy dancer, ex-hobo, ex a lot of things. "So help me," he said, "I might die but I'll get one punch at your big mug."

"Ye'r a fine broth of a lad," Pat congratulated. "Goodby!" he added, swinging. "Now," he snapped, "are there any more damn fools present? No? All right, then. Attention! Right turn! Quick time, march! Or I'll burn the hides off yer backs. Close up, damn it. For the sake of your mothers, look like human beings."

They went swinging out the gate in the trained soldiers' long trail stride.

O'Reilly and Landon watched from an archway. Landon asked, "How long does it take to teach a 'Rooskie' Spanish?"

O'Reilly grinned. "A week," he said.

THE long line climbed out of the coastal plains and penetrated the High Atlas. Five thousand strong, the Spanish Foreign Legion led the way. Maguire had the point, and time after time proved he was a "first class fighting man." Behind the Legion came the two best divisions Spain had. They were newly trained, newly equipped, and rearing for a fight.

So were the Riffs. They came out of the rocks like jumping jacks and took their cracks at the battle column. They set sharp little ambushes, sent out raiding parties, laid fire in enfilade, moved in for dirty night fighting—they threw the works and tried to entice the soldiers deeper into the mountains.

The Legion broke up into combat teams and trickled through the hills like water. They'd catch Riff parties between teams and squeeze them to death in arcs of flaming steel. They outflanked the Berber warriors, outmaneuvered them, outshot them—but they didn't outfight them.

At the Tizi-i-Lasra (The Pass of Lazarus), the Riffs massed to stop the advancing army. The Legion grinned at the sheer-walled, narrow gorge—this was kindergarten stuff—and scaled the mountain on each side.

The trappers were trapped. The Legionnaires stared down at the packed troops thousands of feet below. They bombed the Berbers with hand grenades, held machine guns over the edge and ripped off belt loads. The Riffs melted out of the tizi, left their dead behind, were broken and scattered by the quick reverse of fortune. They fled for their traditional stronghold—the High Atlas.

Deeper and deeper into the mountains the Legion drove. They passed the line of forts. They passed the area of Spanish domination. Then, at the 10,000-foot heights, well into Riff territory, they opened out like a fan with Spanish divisions on each wing.

For two weeks they held that line against everything while the forts were evacuated behind them and the morale-crushed compeons marched back to the coast. For some of them, it was their first relief in five years.

Maguire pressed himself deeper into the shallow rifle pit. Behind him was his company; stretched on each side were the other companies of the Legion. They were defending the forward slope of a ridge—the backbone of the High Atlas.

He peered at the rock-strewn slide descending before him just lit by the dawn sun. There was a flicker out there, a sudden movement, a shifting as if among the rocks themselves.

"All right," he suddenly bellowed. "They're coming at us again. I'll break the bones of him who loses his head. Let them get close. Pick yer targets. No wasted shots, ye miserable arses."

The Riffs of 1924—unlike the French of 1914—came on in perfect battle formation: fast, scattered, and shooting. They took advantage of every rock and pebble. They'd sink into the ground and their dun-colored robes blended perfectly with the terrain. Locust-like, they advanced, wave after wave.

Machine guns from the ridge chattered, hosed lead at them. Then Riff machine guns opened on Spanish machine guns. They dueled with each other, and the Berbers, freed from the pelting fire, slammed home the attack. Their holy green flag waved and they went wild under it. They let off a massed volley and flew over the ground, straight at the Legion line.

Legion rifles roared and picked holes in the Berber ranks. Maguire emptied his rifle as fast as he could work the bolt. The barrel was hot in his hands. The rifle pit was filling with ejected casings. Riff lead whizzed and sang at his ears, kicked rock splinters at him, pulled at his clothes. The first wave of Berbers were down. The second was melting. And the third came on.

"Up!" he yelled, grabbing his rifle by the balance point, reversing it. He strode forward and the legionnaires followed him to a man. The Riffs screamed their centuries-old war cry, "Allah il allahu"—Allah is God—and hurled themselves at the thin line.

Pat chopped down with the rifle butt, smashed in a hawk-nosed Berber face. He grabbed the Riff's falling weapon, rammed it up into the chin of another charging warrior, snapped his neck like a dried straw. Then the two lines locked, chest to chest, knife to gut.

Maguire always preferred the butt to the bayonet for close-in work. With a rifle in each fist, towering over the smaller Riffs, trip-hammering the butts at them, he belted their skulls down into their brain pans. They couldn't get close enough with their two-edged, hooked stabbing knives before their faces were battered away. They pushed and struggled and heaved, trying to get closer, trying to sink that knife just once, and had their faces rammed back into their spines.

Slowly, gradually, the Riff line bent away from Maguire. The legionnaires felt the weakening resistance, sank their bayonets deeper and harder. Once the retrograde movement started, it swelled into a flood of retreat. The Berbers broke off, turned and ran, ran especially from the shouting fury holding aloft the two dripping rifle butts.

"Pour it into them," Maguire barked.

Bolts racked cartridges into firing chambers. Rifles blasted, bullets smashed into fleeing Riff bodies. Then the warriors sank into the rocks—to reform and return.

The legionnaires panted like spent dogs. "Burial detail!" Pat called. "Clean up."

He looked at the distant Riff camp. A half naked mullah, clad only in a filthy loin cloth, carried the green flag between the black tents, exhorted the warriors to yet another effort, chanted the glories that awaited in Paradise those who died fighting the infidel. The green flag waved and the Riffs roared. They fell into formation, started for the ridge again.

"Up!" Maguire yelled. "Up! Meet them head on and roll them back. Keep pressing. They'll break."

Wearily, the legionnaires staggered to their feet.

BY nightfall, there were twice as many dead as alive. Ammunition was low, water almost gone. Every man had a wound. Every man wanted to live, but knew he would die.

Lieutenant Gene O'Reilly expressed the thoughts of all. "We can't take another day's fighting like that!"

"It's the flag," Maguire said. "Every time they see it, they're madmen. It doesn't matter how many you kill. There's always more jumping over the dead bodies."

"We know this flag," a Spanish liaison officer explained. "It's the holiest symbol in all Islam, and everywhere it appears, it brings victory. Green—the holy color. And on it are words from the Koran woven with the hair from Mohammed's beard—Allah's command written with Mohammed's beard. Is it any wonder we cannot stop them?"

"So," Maguire rumbled, "we take the flag."

There was no call for volunteers. The hundred strongest were chosen. If they failed, everybody would die anyway. They stripped naked, blackened their bodies with ashes. Every man carried a six-gun and a knife.

"Remember," O'Reilly warned, "no shooting until we're discovered. Use the knife. The only chance we have is to get well into that camp before they know we're there. The flag is on a little hill right in the middle. Don't stop for anything. If you feel flesh, leave it alone. If you feel cloth—cut! Pat, you take the lead."

Down on their bellies they went, sharp pebbles scraping and tearing their nakedness. They snaked past the rifle pits, crawled over Berber bodies. Then they were in the rocks, the rocks where Riff sentries lurked.

One stood on guard, staring at the ridge, tense, alert. Had he heard something—the slither of flesh against stone? Or was a sixth sense warning him?

Maguire eased around a boulder, reached over, his huge hands opening. The left closed around the sentry's nose and mouth, the right around his scruff. Pat hoisted him bodily into the air, wrung his neck like a chicken's.

Playing in and out of the dark shadows, the giant passed from picket post to picket post, his terrible hands reaching, clutching, closing, crushing. Not a sentry cried; all died.

They came to the edge of the camp. As one they rose, collected into a compact knot. They went howling for the center of the camp, knives out, cutting down the few unwary stragglers, overwhelming them without a sound, racing directly for the flag as fast as their bare feet could carry them.

A Berber rifle barked and a lead slug thumbed into a naked body. Six-guns roared and blasted the rifleman. Riffs poured howling out of their tents. They hurled themselves at the whirlwind, were flung back with their guts ripped open. But more and more piled in as the camp went into a wild ululation. Dead bodies were held upright in the jam. The flying mass of legionnaires slowed; they shot and knifed and hit, trying to clear a path to the flag.

The Riffs stood solid around their holy symbol. The legionnaires hacked and stabbed and literally cut their way through bodies. Their only advantage was that they were naked and could kill anything with cloth on it. They started climbing over each other, trying to get at the flag. It was a wild struggling mass, a heaving scrimmage of tangled arms and legs.

Then out of the middle of the piled up bodies came Maguire's cry. "O'Reilly! O'Reilly! I've got god's whiskers."

O'Reilly went berserk and used his knife like an axe. He found Maguire doubled over, holding the flag to his belly, whispering "I've got god's whiskers. I've got god's whiskers." O'Reilly heaved him into the middle of the knot of legionnaires. They closed around him like a vise, protected him with their own living bodies.

As if by magic, the situation was reversed. The legionnaires tried to back out and now the Riffs wanted to hold them in. But their mullah went down screaming, their flag was gone, their symbol and their fighting courage disappeared together.

The legionnaires shot and stabbed their way out with O'Reilly and Tom Langford carrying Maguire between them. Only nine men returned to the ridge. They laid Maguire down by the fire and stared at him. His big hands were clutched over his belly, and green cloth peeked between them.

"Don't take it out," he whispered. "It's the only thing holding me guts in."

Then he started laughing and coughing gouts of blood. "I always said I'd die full of holiness."

The Escorial is Spain's national museum just outside of Madrid. Today, in the famed Room of Trophies, hangs a green flag. It's old and it's worn, and the words woven into it are hard to decipher through the brown stains. Those stains aren't time or rust. They're the blood of Patrick J. Maguire.

◆ ◆ ◆

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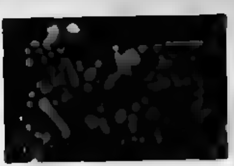

CRAZY CIVIL WAR TUNNEL

Continued from page 37

next day surveying the terrain with field glasses. The most advanced sector of the Union positions was on the lower slope of a hillside directly opposite the enemy redoubt which must be their objective. The task would be to drive a horizontal gallery 511 feet under the rebel works, then fan out into two lateral galleries, each about 38 feet long, where the explosives would be placed. Armed with these calculations, Pleasants reported to Burnside's tent along about 7 p.m.

He unfolded a paper and handed it to the general. "Sir, here is a list of the things which must be brought up at once."

"Fifty wheelbarrows, one hundred mining picks, ten wagon-loads of timber . . ." Burnside read aloud. "Colonel, I haven't the vaguest idea where you are going to get all these things."

[illegible] "Then how do you [illegible] to build a tunnel? [illegible] of the hillside with my teeth?"

"Your work will not be easy, I am sure," Burnside said, "but I expect you to proceed without further delay."

"Proceed with what? We must have tools, timbers. You told me yesterday to call on you for anything—"

"But that was just a manner of speaking."

[illegible] Pleasants was [illegible]

[illegible] General Meade's [illegible] and his chief engineer officer, Major Duane, agrees." He shook his head sadly. "There's no accounting for stodgy conformity, nor for lack of imagination, either, [illegible]."

The [illegible] Pleasants [illegible] to a [illegible]: "Sir, didn't you tell me last night that General Meade had approved? How [illegible] commanding officer [illegible] court-martialed?"

"Pleasants, let me warn you that I will not tolerate any shouting. Your manner is disrespectful. No, I did not tell you that Meade had approved. You assumed that. *But he did not forbid it.* And now let me instruct you as to your responsibility. You are supposed to go ahead on any project that your commanding officer approves—*and I am your commanding officer.* I don't want to see you court-martialed—" at this point Burnside's voice lowered—"but that is precisely what will happen if you don't get started immediately."

Pleasants subsided. Nothing [illegible] indignation would profit him anything. "All right. I'll do my best. But I must have an instrument with which to make the necessary triangulations. Can you obtain even an old fashioned theodolite for me?"

Burnside quickly recovered his equanimity. "I'll get it somehow. I have engineer friends in Washington." He reached for the bottle. "Have a snort before you leave, Colonel."

The next day, under a broiling summer sun, Pleasants had forty ex-miners digging like mad without knowing the reason why. Unable to obtain mining picks, the colonel took regular army picks and had them straightened on a blacksmith's forge. This was only the first and simplest of the material problems he would face.

Catching sight of Lieutenant Douty, he called him over.

"Lieutenant," he said, with great formality, "you are an ingenious man—so ingenious that you got us into this mess. Now suppose you take thirty men and get us some timbers."

Douty, who admired Pleasants and would have done anything to ingratiate himself, leaped at the opportunity. "Yes, sir. I'll choose the men and go to headquarters at once. May I have a written requisition, sir?"

"Headquarters! Requisition! Son, you had better learn the facts of life in this man's army. Stay away from headquarters. You won't find anything there but frustration."

"But where am I to get the timbers?"

"Select your men. We'll go foraging."

The colonel and his young subordinate rode out of these entrenchments at the head of eight army wagons. Six miles behind the Union lines they halted at a wooden bridge over a swift stream. "Tear it down and pile the timbers in the wagons," Pleasants ordered. The men went to work with axes and saws.

Douty was worried. [illegible] the fact that this bridge [illegible]

[illegible] Lieutenant [illegible] I thought you [illegible] Pleasants replied.

[illegible] Pleasants would [illegible] the hill to [illegible] Burnside."

The early stages of digging were not too difficult, for the operation was screened from rebel view and could proceed during the day. They sunk a shaft 20 or 25 feet straight down, then began work on the main gallery. Once this had extended beyond the Union breastworks, however, daytime activities [illegible] suspended and all work [illegible] was done at night.

On occasion [illegible] for hours at a time to pour shells into the Union defenses, the ground would tremble and the shoring in the shaft and gallery would jiggle crazily. The earth [illegible] pour down in [illegible] mounds and the men would freeze, expecting a slide.

Once a drinking [illegible] poured [illegible] of water into the tunnel, and [illegible] several days the men worked [illegible] in [illegible] and water up to their knees. But these were the least of Pleasants' troubles.

He went to Burnside again.

[illegible]

[illegible] Pleasants," the general said [illegible]

The colonel [illegible] "[illegible] General Warren [illegible] division to storm [illegible] blast an opening. Pleasants, [illegible] going to end this [illegible]. Hurry [illegible] back to Meade [illegible] I think I'll [illegible] the tunnel."

[illegible] and snipers too."

"You do indeed have a disagreeable task, Pleasants. [illegible] Burnside [illegible]

It was mid-July when Pleasants began raiding Union commissary depots. Douty was the man in charge and he was getting [illegible] Pleasants [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Colonel Pleasants [illegible] being observed. One day, standing on a ridge, with field glasses trained across no-man's land and Lieutenant Douty at his side, he gestured toward the distant figure of a confederate officer sitting the front lines.

"Get somebody up here who might recognize that officer," he said. "This is the third time I've seen him prowling around. He looks as if he'd discovered something."

Douty returned with a major—a West Point graduate—and Pleasants handed him the glasses.

"That is General Alexander, of Long-

(Continued on page [illegible])

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(Continued from page 48)

street's artillery," the major said "I knew him at the Point."

"He's an artillery officer? Not an engineer?"

"He's an engineer, all right, and a good one, though he's serving now as Chief of Artillery."

"I knew damned well that fellow was an engineer," Pleasants growled "And I'll bet he's wise to what we're doing."

Pleasants was right Confederate General Alexander, suspicious that a mine was being tunneled under the redan, already had sent his written conclusions to headquarters After studying them, General Lee ordered Alexander to lay plans for a tunnel to intercept the Union gallery This was done

On the morning of July 18th, Pleasants had left the tunnel for his quarters when he spotted General Alexander again He forgot about sleep, rushed a message to Burnside *I want a couple of sharpshooters and I want them in a hell of a hurry*

He hadn't long to wait Two sergeants from the 42nd New York came racing up

"See that reb on the horse?" Pleasants asked "He's just now lowering his field glasses."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeants, unlimbering their muskets

"Let him have it."

They did, knocking Alexander from his saddle to the ground with a severe leg wound Six weeks would pass before the injured rebel general would resume his duties, but it didn't stop the work on the newly projected Confederate tunnel

Groping along underground, the two dark passages slowly, blindly made their way toward each other

Pleasants was worn to a shadow from his long nightly chores in the five-foot-high tunnel where all work was done in a stooped position and the air was getting increasingly foul

Late in the afternoon of July 24th he was still in his dugout, resting, when Lieutenant Douty came barreling in, white with agitation and excitement

"Come at once, sir," he implored "Eight of our men who were strengthening the shoring before the night shift arrives, are unconscious in the tunnel—"

Pleasants took it on the run The men were brought up and army doctors summoned As the medicos worked over the silent forms stretched out on the ground, Pegram's batteries from the opposite bastion picked that time and place to lob over a barrage of mortar shells, smashing wagons and showering geysers of dirt and sand and tree branches on the doctors and their patients

The urge to break and run was overwhelming, but as the exodus was about to begin, Pleasants snatched Douty's pistol out of its holster and trained it on the group

"If anybody leaves here, by God, I'll blast the belly out of him," he roared

"Are you talking to me?" an army doctor inquired with professional hauteur

"Well, I'm not addressing the Virginia House of Delegates," Pleasants said "Keep working on these men I can't afford to lose a single one of them."

When the men were partially revived, they were removed to a field hospital As Pleasants was turning away, the haughty doctor accosted him

"Your name, sir," he demanded

"Why, I thought you knew," the colonel said with fine irony He turned to Lieutenant Douty "Douty, explain to the doc that I am really Secretary of War Stanton, down here on vacation."

The doctor went straight to General Burnside "If not temporarily unbalanced sir, he has, to say the least, a strange sense of humor I cannot overemphasize, sir that no human being should be allowed in that tunnel I went in for only a few feet and the air is so bad that a man might be overcome before he could call for help"

The general left his bottle and cards to hasten to the scene

And now it was Sergeant Rees who came rushing to Pleasants' dugout

"General Burnside is at the tunnel entrance, sir He wants to see you immediately."

For a moment the exhausted engineer remained stretched out on his cot, silent and unmoving The sergeant scraped his feet, coughed, shifted back and forth uneasily He tried again "Colonel, the General seemed to be greatly upset What shall I say? I'm afraid to return without some sort of answer."

PLEASANTS swung his legs over the edge of the cot "All right, Rees, I'll go with you," he sighed "Don't let it bother you that Burnside seems upset He probably wants the tunnel turned around and brought up on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, so the senators can come down here without getting their feet wet."

He was on the way when he stopped thoughtfully to study the entranceway "Sergeant," he said, "get a couple of men and take down that door and framework. When you're through, bring them to the tunnel."

General Burnside was pacing back and forth near the shaft Members of his staff stood about uneasily, and, behind them, was half the regiment Pleasants strode up and saluted

Burnside took the cigar out of his mouth "Pleasants, I guess you'll have to abandon this thing The doctors tell me it's unsafe Worse still, the rebels know about it Headquarters sent me a Richmond newspaper and right on the front page is a story saying that we are attempting to tunnel under their works Now, there's a surprise for you—"

"General, we know they are aware of it In fact, we hear them working every night They are down there digging, too, trying to intercept us Been at it for ten nights."

At this point Sergeant Rees and his detail arrived with the door and framework Pleasants joined them "Go find a piece of pipe—long enough to use as a chimney vent," he said

Ignoring Burnside, who watched with mild interest, the engineer put men to work installing the door at the tunnel's end. Next, he fashioned a metal fire box out of scrap materials

"What are you planning now, Colonel Pleasants?" Burnside asked

"I am going to cut an air vent over here, then install the fire box, light a fire and hope that the smoke goes up the chimney pipe Fresh air coming through the vent ought to be forced along by the heat."

It was Greek to Burnside, and he made no further comment while watching the men of the 48th work under Pleasants. The parapet surrounding the shaft had to be raised and strengthened to protect the

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page [illegible])

chimney pipe from rebel gunners, but at length the varied tasks were completed and everything in readiness.

When the fire box had been lit, Pleasants went down the shaft and entered the tunnel. He walked its entire length—now more than 500 feet—while up above the regiment waited nervously. Would he be overcome? Would he die down there? Would they get him out in time? Who among them would decide when to rush in?

After an eon of breathless waiting, the door opened and the colonel emerged.

He said, matter-of-factly: "The air reaches all the way down. There's nothing to worry about now. Douty, take your gang in and begin work on those lateral galleries."

All through the night and day of the 27th and 28th, they tore at the earth, shoveled it into boxes and dragged them to a point near the exit. For hours an artillery duel went on above them, rolling and crackling like thunder and shaking the earth until the timbers groaned, but the construction held. This hell-mad scheme, at which Pleasants himself had scoffed, had now become a challenge and an obsession.

Then suddenly it was done, and Pleasants went to General Burnside for the necessary 10,000 pounds of powder with which to mine the lateral galleries.

"Meade has ordered a cut in quantity. We can use only 4,000 pounds on each side, instead of 10,000," Burnside informed him.

"All right. Is the powder immediately available?"

"But of course, Pleasants. You know that I leave nothing undone."

Soon the engineer and his work crew were pouring black powder into empty cracker barrels. With the utmost care they transported these barrels over dark roads, muffling every sound and muting wherever possible the screaming complaints of over-burdened horses, for any sound or movement would bring star shells to light the area, then mortar and canister fire.

Early on July 29th, after almost five weeks of hard labor and incredible obstacles, the climax was at hand. The powder magazines, eight in number, had been placed in the lateral galleries and the fuse laid. As Pleasants paused for a last look, Union artillery above, without any thought of the mine, began blasting at Pegram's position. With shells crashing and burrowing into the ground, the sheeting buckled, and dirt and sand and clay showered down on the colonel's head and shoulders. Some of the timbers cracked, shifted position.

Pleasants was beside himself with rage. "God damn it to hell," he said, "they don't even know the meaning of coordination!" He rushed a messenger to General Hunt with caustic demands to cease firing, then, recruiting more men, hastily shored away for another two hours.

It was 6 P.M. when Pleasants came out of the tunnel to fling himself on the ground. After asking Rees to "Dump that bucket of cold water on me," he lay for half an hour, close to exhaustion. Then he went looking for General Ferrero, the man appointed to lead the assault as soon as the mine was touched off. Finding the general provided another stunning shock.

"We are not going to lead the attack," Ferrero informed him. "We are to be held in reserve."

"The hell you say! Your division has been trained especially for this. In addition to working my head off on that damned tunnel, I've spent countless hours with your men and officers, drawing maps, plotting the path they are to take. Who says your men are not going?"

"General Burnside."

That name was beginning to be anathema to Pleasants. Close to the breaking point, he went barging into Burnside's tent.

"What the hell is wrong here? We are ready to touch this thing off. General Meade has sent two whole divisions into a diversionary action to draw off some of the rebels, just to make the job easier for us. And now General Ferrero informs me that Ledlie's division will lead the attack? Why? They have not been prepared for it."

"Orders from Washington, my good fellow, orders from Washington. One doesn't argue with them, you know. I have been instructed not to send in Ferrero's troops. So I called in those other division commanders and let them draw straws. General Ledlie drew the short straw," Burnside explained.

"What the hell do I care about the games you play here. Ledlie drew a short straw! Why? I want to know why."

"I told you. Orders from Washington. Ferrero leads a division of Negro troops, as you know. If this attack should fail, Washington feels that we might be accused of deliberately sacrificing them because of their race and color."

"But they were trained for it. They want to go. They would like nothing better."

Burnside dismissed the matter with a wave of his hand. "It is not my decision," he said.

Pleasants stormed out and went on the prowl for General Ledlie. He found him asleep in his bombproof shelter.

After some harsh words, he convinced Ledlie that his division should be moved to the front immediately.

It was past midnight when those foot soldiers, without any real knowledge of the task ahead of them, took up positions in narrow defiles, ready to rush the expected breach in the rebel fortifications.

Pleasants sent a message to Burnside: *Will explode mine at approximately 3:30 A.M.*

Burnside's reply merely said: *Approved.*

As the entire Union army in that sector waited expectantly, Pleasants entered the long, dark tunnel alone on a final tour of inspection. It was precisely 3:[illegible] when he emerged.

"The fuse is lit," he said quietly to Lieutenant Douty.

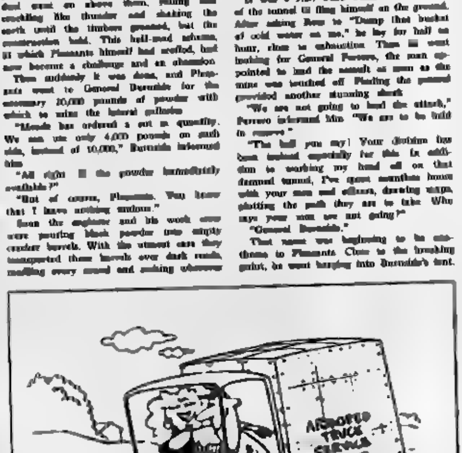
Douty's eyes [illegible].

BELIEVING that this was it, Colonel Pleasants hurried toward the front lines. He was now so closely identified with the venture that he felt impelled to follow up every detail. Perhaps he should have realized that the whole grand scheme, lacking integration, barely tolerated by the high command and cursed with ignorance, pomposity and indifference, must still compound aggravation upon aggravation until only colossal tragedy could result.

Searching for Ledlie, the directing general of the attack, Pleasants learned that he was not even on the field, but had returned to his bombproof shelter.

His uneasiness growing, the colonel sought out General Bartlett, leading the 1st Division of the 9th Corps. "The thing to bear in mind," Pleasants kept insisting, "is that after the explosion there will be a tremendous crater in the ground. The troops must stay clear of it. They must skirt either side to take full advantage of the surprise attack."

(Continued on page [illegible])



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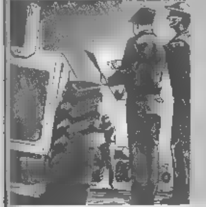

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(*Continued from page 33*)

All through the ranks the tension mounted as they awaited the explosion. Infantrymen shifted from foot to foot, looking at each other inquiringly. Artillerymen, with guns primed to unleash a tornado at the rebel lines, crouched, poised, behind their defenses.

A message was handed to Pleasants: *It is 4:05. What is the delay? Burnside.*

Meanwhile, back at the shaft, Lieutenant Douty and Sergeant Rees were conferring.

"Lieutenant, I think the fuse went out," Rees said. "I'll go down and see."

"That's pretty dangerous. I don't think we ought to do anything without consulting Colonel Pleasants," Douty replied.

"I'm going in, anyway, sir. The colonel is out on the line, waiting."

"Then I'll go with you. I got the regiment into this thing."

TOGETHER they entered the tunnel and, chills chasing up and down their spines, scrambled down to the lateral galleries. At any moment the boom might be heard and that would be the end of them. But their luck held. They found that the fuse had split and sputtered out. They spliced it, touched it off again and ran like hell. They had just cleared the shaft when Colonel Pleasants, his face white with frustration, arrived.

At that moment an explosion that sounded as if the very bowels of the earth had ruptured, hurled all three to the ground.

The earth moved the way it does in the first stages of a quake, then shuddered in horror. A sustained roar, rising in pitch until it tortured the eardrums, suddenly dominated the world, turning it into a hell of mad vibrations and reverberations that paralyzed the nerves. Then, lying prone, their eyes beheld the holocaust.

Five hundred feet away a gargantuan mass without shape or form but laced with red flames was hurled high into the air, propelled from below by lightning flashes and thunderous detonations. As it reached for the sky it twisted apart, fanlike, then merged into the contour of a giant mushroom whose stem was fire and whose head was dense smoke. Rising slowly now, the awesome configuration began to break up and fall back to earth in a rain of mangled human bodies, dead horses, timbers, guns, caissons and tree branches, followed by a cloud of gray dust that spread over the land, blinding and choking onlookers.

The rebel redoubt—Pegram's dreaded artillery position—had vanished. In its place was a crater 170 feet long by more than 30 feet wide and 30 feet deep.

This was the equivalent of the atom bomb of the Civil War. And now the way was wide open for a break-through. Stunned rebels, appalled by the explosion and not at all sure that another would not follow, raced from their front positions. The wedge that had been driven into the fortifications was undefended. Come on now, Burnside! Come on, Ledlie and Bartlett and Willcox and Ferrero! Get with it, and bring this damned war to an end.

That, of course, would be the Hollywood approach. Unfortunately, mankind being what it is, most people react in much the same manner, unless trained otherwise. So while the Confederates were fleeing the explosion, the Union forces were doing likewise.

EQUALLY stunned, and convinced that they would be engulfed in the fiery wreckage as it tumbled out of the sky, Ledlie's substitutes and practically every other Union infantryman waiting to crack the Confederate bastion got the hell out of there. And as the first groups broke, they all broke, until they were back in the trenches a good 200 yards away.

Almost an hour was lost before these troops could be reformed, and it was 5:30 a.m. when the forward elements came charging out of the trenches, headed for the breach.

But the Confederates had rallied, too. Down the Boydton Plank Road came Major John Haskell with two batteries of light artillery. They went into action with mortars from a ridge back of the crater. Soon they were joined by Captain Lamkin's forces, while a mile in the rear Major Ham Chamberlayne leaped out of a hospital bed to mount a horse and race for the front, commandeering cannon on the way, and Colonel Pegram himself broke up a staff conference ten miles away to rejoin his command. Many of his men and guns had been lost, but not all, and he had been known to turn defeat into victory before.

Back near the crater, Union General Bartlett, late but still hopeful, was leading the men of Ledlie's command toward that elusive breach in the rebel fortifications, while supporting artillery lobbed shells overhead. Before they were able to skirt the big hole, however, they found themselves whipsawed between enemy artillery which had been rushed up on either side and above them.

Exposed on the open plain, caught in the murderous cross-fire, Ledlie's troops were being slaughtered in droves. The only place that looked like cover to them was the pit and into it they rushed, falling, tumbling, rolling down its steep sides into its 30-foot depths—by the hundreds, by the thousands—seeking protection that didn't exist, impelled first by the illusion of fear, then by mass panic, and finally carried along by all the others, like lemmings in migrations of self destruction.

HIJACK AT THE U.S. MINT

The idea was born on a ride through downtown Denver, and nourished by greed and a lovely little Indian girl who didn't like to be left alone for more than five minutes. And when Harold Bern finally let his brainchild out of the bag, he unleashed a chain reaction that included blackmail, a $200,000 robbery of the U.S. Mint, and a treasure hunt that's still going on today. Next month's True Book Bonus

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For the pit was no protection. It was a snare and a delusion. Once in it, they couldn't get out and were confined to an area where every last man was an easy target for any kind of rebel fire from muskets to high explosive shells.

This was a scene right out of the macabre paintings of Brueghel, envisioning mystical souls in the torments of hell. In the pit they writhed and screamed and milled as exploding shells tore off arms and legs and heads and ripped open bellies to spill their bloody guts over the crater's floor. The smell of blood and the stench of death was everywhere. At the base of the bowl hundreds of men pushed and strained, trying to climb out again, sometimes getting a foothold only to slip back, or be plummeted down on those beneath when snipers' bullets smashed their skulls.

Frantic word went back for reinforcements, for even Willcox's 4th Division of the 9th Corps was pinned down on the plain, unable to advance. But fresh divisions made no better progress. And now Burnside, realizing at last the grim extent of the fiasco, sent in the reserves under General Ferrero.

These men, especially trained for the task, carefully skirted the rim of the horror crater and ascended the hill in the rebel center, making swift progress in their charge and so screening their movements that Confederate artillery could not effectively reach them. There was only one way for the rebs to deal with them now, and that was as foot soldier against foot soldier.

In a battle surrounded by great odds they were met head on by Mahone's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps, and fought them to a standstill, giving as much as they received, not yielding, holding the line for the help they expected momentarily.

It never came.

GENERAL Meade himself had arrived at the scene. After listening to reports and studying the situation, he decided that any further action would be pointless. The bunglers had blown their opportunity as high as Colonel Pleasants had blown his mine.

"Recall Ferrero's division, and see if you can't get the dead and wounded out of that hole," he ordered.

Later, working for hours under a white flag of truce, the task of the litter bearers and burial details was completed. The episode was over, but not its repercussions.

Union losses exceeded 4,000 killed and wounded, 3,000 of them in the crater. Enraged at General Ledlie directing his attack from a bombproof shelter, Meade placed charges against him. The general promptly resigned. Similar charges against Burnside met with delaying tactics, but ultimately led to his resignation, too.

The embittered Pleasants went back to leading his 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, and, after the war's end—which was delayed another eight months—was promoted to Brigadier General.

After Lee's surrender, Pleasants, with an engineer's curiosity, returned to the site of the crater and by careful inspection determined that the Confederate tunnel, aimed at intercepting the Union lateral galleries, had reached to within 15 or 20 feet of its objective when the mine was touched off. ●●●

Your Thinning Hair

. . . will you do something about it before friends begin to notice?

How thousands have used a home plan over the past 14 years to help solve this problem.

If your hair is thinning or hairline receding, *you* are the first to notice.

In the cycle of hair growth a few hairs fall every day, of course, and in normal growth their place is eventually taken by new hairs.

But when *you* discover *many* hairs in your comb, or when shampooing brings them out, that's "it"!

Generally *you* notice this hair-thinning about two years before your friends do, though they may be thoughtful and polite enough to keep quiet longer than that.

Eventually, however, they comment that "It looks like you have more 'forehead' than a year or so ago." Now the problem has become full blown and . . .

You wonder what to do

First, let's look into probable causes: In the hair cycle we've already mentioned, the hair roots, or follicles as they are called, produce hairs, then rest, and then produce again.

It is believed that thinning of hair, and balding, are caused in most cases because follicles do not resume their production after the resting period.

Here's how all this is technically described (underlining, and parenthetical phrases, are for explanatory emphasis):

"When a follicle approaches the end of its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed, leaving the follicle much shorter, and having a hair germ of undifferentiated cells (not of specialized form, character and function), which is the seed for the next generation of hair. When activity is set off again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb which then manufactures hair and the inner root sheath again." (When activity isn't set off again that's when hair thinning starts.)

These pictures are not posed by a professional model. They are actual "before" and "after" pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here.

"During its period of growth, a follicle produces hair to its fullest capacity and cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased hair production, then, can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

How can this be done?

How can this be done, you ask?

Consider the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage which have, in 14 years, helped thousands of men and women with scalp problems, including thinning hair.

The Brandenfels Home Plan for scalp reconditioning is the use, according to directions, of two liquid applications, in conjunction with a special massage method designed to help dilate blood vessels in the scalp so that more blood* will reach the area. All this is easily done at home, without expensive office calls.

While results vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, the Brandenfels Plan offers a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases.

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The four chief benefits specifically mentioned are:

- **Renewed Hair Growth.**
- **Reduction of Excessive Hair Fall.**
- **Relief from Dandruff Scale.**
- **Other Improved Scalp Conditions.**

If you, or someone you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp conditions, you owe it to yourself, your family and your business associates to get full information on the Brandenfels Home System. Every day you delay may make your problem just that much more difficult.

Remember that even on smooth bald heads hair roots may still be alive and capable of growing hair again after proper stimulation. "Increased hair production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles—preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

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* *"With ageing there is a progressive transformation of growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that produce fine, short hairs—as on the back of the hand). The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (supplied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."*

(Technical quotations on this page are from "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers presented at the London conference on The Biology of Hair Growth as edited by Drs. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis and published by Academic Press, Inc., New York and London.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD

SATURDAY IS BATH NIGHT—You'd think the last place that a class system would pop up would be in the bathroom. Yet back in the 1300's anyone in England could tell whether or not you were of royal blood merely by spying as you went to your local bathhouse for your weekly cleansing. If you were a commoner, you had to carry your bath towel draped over your arm. Only members of the royal family of England were permitted to sling their towels around their shoulders. It took indoor plumbing to make every man a king in his own tub.

◆◆◆

CASE OF THE NOSEY WITCH DOCTORS—Two things distinguish the Banvangis Tribe of Africa from all others on the continent. In the first place, the post of witch doctor is held by a woman, rather than a man. But what is more amazing is the method by which the witch doctor is elected to her office. All candidates for the position are lined up facing a group of men in the tribe. Each of the men holds a huge quantity of pepper under the nose of the woman in front of him. The woman who can inhale the pepper longest without sneezing is declared the winner and new witch doctor. According to tribal legend, the record for any nominee's holdout against a sneeze is 11 hours.

◆◆◆

SANTA GOES INTO HOCK—The man who became St. Nick, or Santa Claus of folklore, was quite a man in his own right—especially as far as the eligible young girls of his day were concerned! Bishop Nicholas of Lycia in Asia Minor, who has lived to this day as the jolly, bearded old gent who delivers presents on Christmas Eve, was an incurable matchmaker. Practically his entire life was devoted to seeing that a single girl did not remain in that condition too long. On many occasions he would use part of his enormous personal wealth to provide dowries for girls whose parents were up against it. However, not only husband-hunting females had reason to bless the philanthropic clergyman. He was quick to lend a helping hand to anyone in financial difficulties, his favorite form of aid being an interest-free loan which he rarely bothered to collect. Oddly enough, his family coat of arms consisted of three golden balls—which has become the accepted symbol of pawnbrokers all over the world.

◆◆◆

THE SPINNING BAWDS OF GIBRALTAR—It took a sadistic British Army provost to come up with one of the most diabolical penal torture gadgets ever used on criminals. Consisting of a wooden cage, six feet high by three feet wide, the contraption was designed to be spun about on an axle fast enough so that the prisoner inside would soon be reduced to a helpless state of nausea. Popular in the 1700's at the British Army base on Gibraltar, the spinning monster was used to break up the monotony of barracks life for the far-from-home English soldiers. As a special treat, the post commander would permit the soldiers to round up those local prostitutes who had stepped out of line, lock them in the cage, then spin them until they heaved themselves dry. For some strange reason, according to recorded accounts of the day, this was more fun than a USO show. However, the punishment was considered too degrading to be used on a member of His Majesty's troops, and no British soldier ever had to suffer such an indignity. If he broke any of the post regulations, he was allowed the more manly form of punishment—flogging.

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FOR THE RICH THEY SING—It requires a bird brain to pick a wife for a young man of the Nandi Tribe of Africa. When he is ready to settle down, he constructs a headdress large enough to hold dozens of birds, and fastens them to it by their feet. When the birds take flight—pulling his hat after them—the young man selects as his bride the first eligible girl over whose hut his flying hat soars.

◆◆◆

FEAST FIT FOR A KING—Thrones have been won by wars, assassinations, marriages and treaties. But only one man has ever eaten his way to a kingdom. In 1875, the widow of the last Maharajah of Baroda was authorized by the English to choose a new ruler from the young men of Kavlana, a village in the jurisdiction of the State of Baroda. Showing a wonderful sense of humor, the Maharani decided that the aspirants for the crown would engage in an eating contest—the winner to rule the territory. Since most of the men in the small hamlet had never eaten with utensils before, they were having a difficult time managing the fabulous feast laid before them. However, a waif named Gopalrao was smart enough to take his cue from the Maharani herself. Using whatever knives and forks she did, the boy managed to do himself proud and was declared the winner and new king. Considering that the personal wealth of the Maharajahs of Baroda has been estimated at more than $1,000,000,000, Gopalrao was probably the biggest chowhound in history. ◆◆◆

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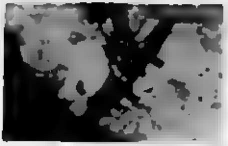

WORLD WAR TWO'S STRANGEST DOGFIGHT

Continued from page 39

designated landing areas. Then, just as the sweep hand of Capper's watch hit the ETA the navigator called again. "Field directly ahead. Just where it was supposed to be. No sweat."

Capper flicked the interphone switch. "For that job of navigating I owe you a beer."

The captain called for the before-landing check list and Capper read it off item by item. They were on the downwind leg at 800 feet above the ground getting ready to turn base when he first spotted the oncoming Red fighter plane. "Aircraft approaching at three o'clock level."

Edgeworth leaned across the cockpit. "I can't see it."

By this time the fighter was nearly on top of them. "I got it," Capper yelled, grabbing the controls. He pushed hard on the wheel and the B-17 nosed straight down. The Russian plane missed the huge tail of the bomber by inches. "That bastard," Capper muttered as he fought to level the Flying Fortress off before it hit the ground. The airspeed needle was hovering near the 300 redline mark by the time the plane was under control again and they were barely 100 feet high. The unexpected violent maneuver necessary to miss the Russian fighter had thrown the two waist gunners and the radioman up against the top of the fuselage and all three had deep lacerations of the head.

For the next ten minutes the rampaging Russian flyer put on an acrobatic and low level demonstration over the field that prevented the B-17s from landing. Finally, with the gas tank gauges reading empty, Edgeworth headed for the runway. "I'm going in and I don't give a damn if I have to ram the Russian on the way." And he almost did. Just as he started to break his glide about 30 feet above the ground, the Red fighter veered directly towards the B-17. The captain ignored it. Just when a crash seemed imminent the Russian pulled up and over the bomber and Edgeworth set the Flying Fortress down safely.

Two of the other planes were not as lucky, however. Prevented from landing by the wild-flying Soviet airman, their engines died as they circled the field and they had to crash land in nearby clearings. Six men were injured and two aircraft were badly damaged.

The Americans were ready to commit mayhem by the time they parked their bombers but an American embassy official from Moscow stopped them. "That was the Russian commanding officer. Let us take care of the matter through diplomatic channels," he pleaded. "We don't want any trouble while we are here if we can avoid it. We must get the aircraft serviced, repaired and out of Soviet territory first. Then we shall put the pressure on the Russian government for this pilot's action today."

The airmen were taken to their quarters at the west side of the field, a cold, drafty barracks which had been damaged by the Germans and had been only partially repaired. American ground crew personnel who had been at the base for several weeks quickly dispelled any hopes of luxurious living. "Our barn back in Indiana is better than these barracks," one sergeant bellowed. "If I was these Russian soldiers I'd take that damn Titov out and hang him."

Capper was getting a towel and a cake of soap out of his B-4 bag while the sergeant aired his gripes. At the mention of Titov, though, he straightened up so suddenly he bumped his head on a shelf above his cot. "Titov? Major Titov?"

The sergeant nodded. "Yeah, Major Titov. He's the commanding officer here."

The lieutenant sank down onto the cot and carefully folded and unfolded the towel in his hand several times. "A tall man, always bragging about how good a flier he is?"

"That's right. To hear him talk you'd think he saved Moscow all by himself," the sergeant muttered. "Say, lieutenant, how the hell do you know him?"

"I met him in Alaska while I was ferrying A-20s."

"Well, you can have him. I don't want any part of that guy."

The lieutenant dropped his towel and busied himself with his unpacking. "I want him," he said, more to himself than to the sergeant. "I want him bad."

Later, at noon, Capper and Edgeworth had just filled their trays and were placing them on a corner table when a hush fell over the room. Capper looked up and saw the familiar figure of Major Titov. Blonde-haired, tall and slender, the young Russian flier made a good appearance as he halted in the doorway and looked around the mess hall. His uniform was neatly pressed and spotlessly clean in direct contrast to most of the Soviet soldiers. Below the bright red epaulets on his shoulders was an impressive array of ribbons and medals. Capper recognized the Order of the Red Star, the Order of Lenin and above all of them, the Gold Star Medal.

WHEN Titov spotted the Americans he muttered a few words to his aide and walked directly towards the tables where they were seated. The Soviet soldiers resumed their eating and within a few seconds the room was filled with the noise of banging trays and loud voices.

The major stopped at the first table of Americans, made a short speech in Russian which was immediately translated into English by an interpreter at his side. It was a perfunctory speech of welcome that had no warmth or real meaning. Titov then turned and started to walk away.

"Forget how to speak English, Major?" Capper's voice cut through the hum of conversation and Edgeworth, startled, said, "What's the matter with you, Capper?"

The major pivoted, walked back to the table and looked at the Americans. He said something to his interpreter who asked in English, "Who spoke to the major?"

"I did." Capper stood up in the center of the room so the Russian flier could see him.

Titov stared at the lieutenant a few seconds before he recognized him. "Lieutenant Capper!" His English was perfect.

"That's right, Major Titov."

The major walked over to Capper's table. There was a sardonic grin on his handsome face as he looked at the lieutenant. "So you lived after all, eh American?"

"I lived."

"You are fortunate." His piercing blue eyes glittered with hatred as he stared at Capper.

The American grinned at him. "I don't figure it that way, Titov. I just think that they haven't made the Russian that can kill me, no matter how stupid he may be."

The major's face turned as red as the epaulets on his uniform. His aide motioned to three Soviet guards standing near the doorway and they hurried over but the major stopped them and barked an order in Russian. The guards retreated to the doorway again. "I will see you later, American. And remember, you are not in Alaska now. You are in Russian territory and I am the commander here." Without another word he turned and left the mess hall.

Two years before the Russian had walked out of Capper's hospital room in Alaska just as angry as he was now. Capper was more dead than alive that day, though, because of Titov. The trouble between the two men had started several months before. Major Titov was the ranking officer of the Russian unit which took delivery of the aircraft ferried to Alaska by the American pilots. Belligerent and overbearing, the Soviet pilot soon became a problem to the Army Air Force officials. He would refuse to accept a plane if the least little detail wasn't just right. Chipped paint, a soiled back cushion, dirty windshield—any small thing he could discover was cause for argument and the AAF generals and colonels had to take his insults and keep quiet because of pressure from the State Department.

The major's flying caused the most trouble. He personally test-hopped every aircraft that arrived for the Soviet Union and when the Russian took to the air every pilot in the area was in danger.

"This is the way we fought the Luftwaffe at Moscow," he would announce over the radio. Racing full speed towards another aircraft in the vicinity, he would laugh like a madman as the startled pilot dove his plane out of his path. "What's the matter, American? No nerve?"

Capper was delivering an A-20 when he first encountered Titov. He saw the oncoming Boston while on the downwind leg of the landing pattern and barely avoided it by diving straight for the ground. As he leveled off at tree-top height he heard the wild-flying Russian say, "You Americans are all alike. No backbone."

Despite a warning from the AAF colonel in charge of the ferrying operation, Capper hunted up the Red. "Major, don't ever try that again with me. If you do I'll ram my prop right into your cockpit."

The indignant Soviet officer said, "Don't talk to a Russian major like that, American. I am here at the request of your government and I expect to be treated with the respect due me."

The lieutenant exploded. "Request of our government! Like hell you are. You're here because you damn Reds are getting the hell kicked out of you by the Germans and you come running for help."

The Russian major reported him to the AAF officials and for three months Capper wasn't permitted to deliver any aircraft to Alaska. However, due to a shortage of ferry pilots, he was assigned an A-20 at Grand Island, Nebraska, to deliver to Alaska as soon as possible. With him went Lieutenant Robert Jackson of Augusta, Georgia, a friend from his cadet days. This time the lieutenant was ready for the Russian. Sure enough, the major was still at it, diving on unsuspecting aircraft and scattering them like a flock of wild geese. But Capper didn't run. Instead, he turned his A-20 directly into the attacking Russian and before the major realized he wasn't scaring this pilot it was too late. The two planes interlocked wings and tumbled crazily towards the ground. At the last minute Capper managed to partially level off his doomed aircraft and he bellied it in at the south end of the airfield.

Jackson was killed instantly in the crash landing and Capper was critically injured. Major Titov bailed out and didn't get a scratch.

Fortunately, the air inspector general saw the entire incident from the control tower. He had been sent from Washington to see what he could do about the rampaging Russian and this was his chance. After a hearing conducted in Capper's hospital room the American government requested the recall of the major and the request was granted by the Soviet Union. When Titov realized he had lost his enviable position in the Alaskan territory and faced the bleak prospect of going back to combat at the front he walked over to the hospital bed and shook his finger under the injured lieutenant's nose. "I hope we shall meet again, American," he said angrily.

"ATTENTION!"

When the sergeant near the doorway sounded off Capper snapped to attention, expecting a visiting general to appear in the doorway of the Russian barracks. Instead, Titov walked in. The lieutenant sat down on his bed and ignored him. The Russian walked directly over to him. "When a Russian officer enters the room, American, you will stay at attention until you are given permission to be at ease."

"Any Russian officer but you, Major." Capper stayed on the bed.

The two soldiers accompanying Titov looked questioningly at their commanding officer but he ignored them. "I understand, American," he said, strangely quiet now. "But I have news for you. I have just spoken to your Embassy official about you accompanying me on a reconnaissance flight tomorrow morning."

"A reconnaissance flight?"

"Yes. To check the route your bombers will take to Italy. Since you are the only qualified fighter pilot I selected you. You will go?"

The smile on the Russian's face didn't fool Capper. Anything could happen on such a flight and no one could ever dispute the

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major's report. German fighters, engine failure over the rugged terrain, anti-aircraft fire—any of them could be given as the official reason if Capper failed to return from the flight.

"When do we take off?" he said.

"At six in the morning. An Airacobra will be ready for you." The major nodded curtly and left the barracks.

A few minutes later the Embassy official visited with the lieutenant. "The flight is not necessary. Our routes have been thoroughly inspected and everything is all set for the flight to Italy. Major Titov requested that you go with him in the morning but I can't officially sanction such a flight. You won't go, of course."

"Thanks. But I want to go."

The diplomat stood up. "It's a very strange request. However, such a flight may help our relations with the Russians here at the base. I won't mention the flight but if you want to go I won't report it through official channels."

IT was bitter cold and still dark when the Russian orderly awakened Capper the next morning. He was already dressed and was checking his .45 automatic to make sure it was loaded when Edgeworth opened his eyes. "Don't go, Capper. You don't have to, you know."

The lieutenant stuck the black revolver back into the holster before he turned and looked at the captain. Later Edgeworth recalled Capper stared at him as if he had never seen him before. "The hell I don't. I didn't come this far to back down now."

"He'll kill you, Capper, one way or another, even if it takes the rest of his squadron to do it. You'll never get back."

Capper set his cap on his head and tugged hard on the long bill. The captain saw the determination in his eyes and knew nothing would stop him, not even an order from Doolittle himself. "Good luck."

He looked at Edgeworth a moment. "I got to do this, Captain." Then he was gone, swallowed up by the early morning darkness.

Titov was already in his flying suit ready to go when Capper walked into the brightly-lighted operations room. "Good morning, American. You are ready?"

The lieutenant nodded. "I'm ready."

"Good. We will head southwest towards Vinnitsa. There have been recent German bombing raids there and I want to check the airfield. One of your Fortresses may want to land there if it's in trouble. You must stay alert on this flight, American. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you." Two Russian pilots standing nearby in flight clothes laughed uproariously at the major's words.

The first thing Capper did was check the P-39 thoroughly. The 37-mm cannon and the six machine guns were in top shape and the feed belts were full. He then checked the trim tabs for tampering, inspection plates, control surfaces—all the little things that could cause an unexplained fatal crash. The Airacobra was touchy enough. He had discovered that while flying them in North Africa. He didn't want any additional strikes against him on this flight. Everything was all right, though.

Titov crawled into an LA-5, a single-engine fighter that had gained quite a reputation against the Luftwaffe. Yet, like other Soviet equipment, little was known about the plane. As Capper revved up the Allison engine on his Airacobra and started rolling down the runway he had little idea of what to expect from either the major or the fighter plane. The only certain conclusion the lieutenant had come to was that only one aircraft would be returning to Poltava after the reconnaissance flight and if the major had his way it certainly wouldn't be the P-39.

They flew directly to Vinnitsa where the major buzzed the airstrip once, then led Capper in for a landing. "We will refuel here and then I will show you some Germans," Titov explained. "You are not afraid, are you, American?"

"Whatever you say, Major." So that was it. All Titov would have to report when he returned to Poltava alone was that they had met the enemy and Lieutenant Capper had been shot down in action. It would look good on paper and no one would ever know if it was Russian or German gunfire that blasted him out of the sky.

Suddenly there was a roar and two more LA-5s crossed the airstrip, their props nearly digging into the ground. A few minutes later the pilots landed, taxied up beside Capper and Titov and cut their engines. When they got out the lieutenant recognized them as the two Soviet flyers who had been with the major in operations back at Poltava.

"After you refuel you will accompany the American and me," Titov said.

They both grinned and nodded their heads while Capper stared, feeling hopelessly trapped.

AN hour later they were in the air again. This time Titov climbed to 12,000 feet while Capper stayed on his wing. The other two Russian pilots flew formation about a half-mile to the right. The lieutenant kept swiveling his head, not only watching for German fighters but keeping his eyes on the Russians as well. He had just turned to take another look at the two planes on his right when Titov banked away and started a tight 360-degree turn. Before Capper was aware of what was happening the major's LA15 was on his tail.

"All right, American. Here's your chance. Let's see how good you are." To punctuate his words Titov fired a few bursts from his guns and the tracers converged ahead of the P-39.

Instantly Capper pushed the stick forward and to the right, diving underneath the two LA-5s on his right and forcing the major to stop firing for fear he might hit his own planes. With the needle on the airspeed meter hitting the red line, Capper pulled up sharply on the other side of the two fighters and at the top of the loop he rolled out. Titov made a wider sweep underneath the LA-5s and was just starting to pull up when the lieutenant turned into him with all his guns blazing.

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But the Russian was good and before Capper's guns did any real damage, Titov was diving out of range. Capper pushed the throttle forward to the stop and went after him and for the next ten minutes the two fighters staged an aerial dogfight that covered 100 miles. Neither pilot could gain the advantage until Titov's plane stalled out as he attempted to get above the P-39 in a steep pull up. The lieutenant swung into a sharp turn and dove, half-rolling to his right as the desperate major tried to escape. Stick forward, rudder pedals coordinating smoothly, Capper stayed inside his turn and got him dead to rights. Closing rapidly, he squeezed out a short burst and saw white flashes leaping all over the fuselage and wings of the LA-5. He was scoring good hits that were cutting up the Russian fighter.

"Get ready to die, Russian," he yelled.

A SPLIT second later there was a terrific explosion in the P-39 and the canopy dissolved before his eyes. Tiny particles of glass showered all over Capper. The Airacobra shuddered throughout her length and bucked wildly as explosions ripped her insides. A steady stream of machine gun bullets tore open the skin of the fuselage and exploded with steel-ripping force. Capper's ears were ringing and he was half-blinded by the concussion which whipped his head back against the rest.

"Quit firing. Quit firing. Get out of here," Capper heard Titov scream over the radio. "You stupid fools, get away."

Instantly the stream of bullets stopped and the two Russian fighters which had been sitting on his tail blasting him to pieces banked away. But it was too late. A gleaming tongue of flame licked at the lieutenant's feet and thick, billowing smoke choked him. Leaning his head out the side of the cockpit he picked out a twisting road on his left and with the flames searing his ankles, dove the doomed Airacobra towards it. He leveled off over a fairly straight stretch of the road and let the airspeed drop off towards stalling. Suddenly a tank appeared on the road directly ahead of his settling plane and he yanked back on the stick as hard as he could, barely clearing it. The swastika on the side looked as big as a billboard as he careened past and for the first time he realized he was going down in German-held territory.

The stick went dead in his hand. The fighter stalled and the Airacobra smashed down hard in the center of the road, bounced once, hit again, slid sideways, careened into a high bank and stopped. For a moment the stunned lieutenant sat there with the flames all around him, then he scurried out of the smashed plane and started hobbling down the road in the opposite direction from the German tank.

He was still looking for a place to hide when Titov's LA-5 raced past a few feet above his head. "You yellow bastard," Capper screamed, shaking his fist at the disappearing plane. Behind him he saw the tank bearing down. There was no escape, no way out, but the stubborn American refused to give up. He ran down the road as fast as his burned feet would permit.

Suddenly he saw something that made him op in his tracks. Titov's plane was head-g in his direction with the landing gear own! Skillfully, the Russian pilot followed e winding road, getting lower and lower til his wheels were only a few feet above e ground. "My god, he's going to land."

A half-mile ahead the road made a slight rn and then straightened out. Titov's hter touched down on the near side of e curve and bounced up the road towards e lieutenant at terrific speed. He held his eath as first one wingtip, then the other, arly ripped into the ground; the LA-5 reatened to flip over. The major, fighting e controls with both hands and feet, finally t the fighter stopped. Standing up in the ockpit he yelled, "Over here, American. urry up."

Capper raced over to the fighter and imbed up on the wing. The major motioned r him to crawl in. "On my lap. Hurry."

The lieutenant slid into the cockpit on top f the major and, leaving the canopy open, tov started opening the throttle. "Get your et on the rudders. I can't see," he said.

So with Capper ruddering the LA-5 down e road and handling the stick and Titov perating the throttle, the overloaded fighter ted from the ground just before it reached e tank. Nazi soldiers scattered in all direc-ons. Capper pressed the firing button on the ick and sent a burst of machine gun fire fter them..

"Good. Good," the delighted major ghed. "Just what I would've done."

It wasn't the first time, of course, that o pilots returned in a single-engine fighter. happened in Mustangs, Lightnings, Jugs d Spitfires. But as far as anyone knows is the only time during WW II that a Rus-an pilot brought back an American in his ane. Titov and Capper sat down at Vinnitsa d picked up a spare Airacobra for the eutenant. When the two flyers got back to ltava the major immediately jumped from plane and walked over to Capper.

"My wingmen did not understand it was fair fight, American. I shall discipline them verely for what they did." He stared at apper, his handsome face unsmiling and ary. "You are a brave man, lieutenant. A od pilot." He turned and walked away.

CAPPER started to call to him, then stopped. It was better to let him go. he Russian would never change. He had en taught to kill or be killed regardless f what tactics were necessary. If it was quired to ram a German fighter to knock m out of the sky, it was done. By trying scare the American pilots in Alaska, the ajor had only been practicing a maneuver couraged by his superiors on the Russian ont. He never intended to hit the other ane, only frighten the pilot. Until he ashed into Capper's A-20 that day he had ver had an accident.

Suddenly the major stopped and walked ck to where the lieutenant was still stand-g. "We could try it again tomorrow if u want," he said thoughtfully.

Capper stared at him in disbelief, then ng his arm over the major's shoulder and ghed uproariously. "I pity those Luft-affe pilots, major. They will sure as hell ver scare you. Let's get a cup of coffee."

The major had a puzzled expression on his e as they started for the mess hall and apper was still laughing ◆◆◆

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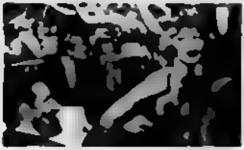

1927— AMERICA'S WILDEST BINGE

Continued from page [illegible]

a host of others Each in its turn was raided, but through it all Texas remained cheerful, for at bottom she was a show-biz personality who thrived on publicity. It was this fact which caused her places to be raided so frequently. The closings of the various Guinan spots were token raids to mollify a perplexed public which could not quite understand how a nationally famous person could so openly flout the law.

To show how she felt about the numerous closings of her clubs, Texas wore a necklace of tastefully small gold padlocks. From her charm bracelet dangled a tiny police whistle. Noise was the unchanging trademark of any Guinan enterprise. During her nights as strident mistress of ceremonies Tex also carried a real live police whistle, bestowed on her during a paddy wagon ride by a sympathetic cop. If things began slowing around her, Tex blew a piercing blast on the police whistle. "Come on, suckers, open up and spend some jack," she would bellow. Ever willing to oblige Good Ol' Tex, suckers opened wallets wide.

No one ever referred to the Queen of Night Clubs as Mary Louise Cecelia Guinan except (as a traditional) her elderly father, who spent much time around the clubs over which his daughter presided. The name Texas came from movie days when Mary Louise, born in Waco, had been an early cowgirl in flickering films. There she had been known as the female William S. Hart. Photographs of her at this point show a girl with dark hair and a wide friendly smile. She arrived on Broadway at the exact moment when a powerhouse personality was most needed, but in Hollywood the cowgirl had not been so fortunate. The movies of her day were silent, while Tex was loud. What her fate might have been in Talkie days is a matter of interesting conjecture, but when middle age approached, Tex was forced to abandon her career as a stunting cowgirl.

SHE had a raucous way with a song and, dyeing her dark hair a brassy blond, journeyed east to appear with De Wolf Hopper in a Winter Garden revue. One momentous night she accompanied friends to a supper club speakeasy. "It was dull," she would later tell interviewers, "and someone suggested that I sing. I didn't need much coaxing. I sang all I knew, my whole dozen repertoire. Then I started kidding around. First thing you know, the joint's alive. I feel fine, and everybody else in the place is having a great big wonderful time."

Day or night, night or day, Tex was flamboyant. At 40, she was buxom, yet surprisingly graceful on her feet for a woman of girth. Brassy in manner and resonant in voice, she radiated supreme confidence. She favored picture hats two feet wide, from which dangled ribbons of yellow, blue, purple and pink. Her big smile flashed like pearls; her laugh rattled the rafters. The bright blond hair was tightly waved, her mouth a smear of blatant lipstick. She wore colorful, expensive gowns, with roses pinned to a shoulder. On occasion she encased her still-shapely legs in scarlet hose. She was a connoisseur of furs, diamonds and, especially, pearls. Usually two huge ropes of pearls fell to her waist. Imbedded in one of her rings was another huge pearl. Sometimes she wore rhinestones in the heels of her shoes. But when Texas Guinan smiled, her fine teeth outshone the dazzling jewelry on her.

In addition to her raucous personality, Tex possessed a gift for imaginative insult. She called male patrons suckers and ordered them to spend money or get the hell out of her sight. They loved it. She thrived on noise and devised wooden clapper-klappers which patrons waved wildly in the air to create more noise. Her celebrated sticks had hard round knobs on one end, so that patrons could use them to whack the table for further racket. She was in her glory as Queen of the Night Clubs—seen by Lloyd Morris: "Seated in the midst of a nightly bedlam, her pearls and diamonds blazing, her gown glittering with sequins, using a clapper to prod her guests into greater din. She welcomed patrons with a strident, cheerful, 'Hello, Sucker!'—and an amused world . . . delighted in the candid, contemptuous greeting. Her inexhaustible high spirits, her flippancy and boldness were contagious."

In her El Fey and following clubs, Tex welcomed only suckers whose bankrolls were hefty enough to afford $25 for a bottle of so-called champagne; $25 for a fifth of Scotch; $20 for gin and rye; $20 for a bottle of alleged wine, and $2 for a glass of ginger ale, soda, or plain water—if the patron was crass enough to produce a hip flask and demand a setup. Texas and her staff developed a sixth sense in evaluating spenders, and any who failed to resemble big ones were informed that no reservations were available. Further discouragement was offered by a well-publicized Cover Charge, or Couvert as the more elegant places called it. At Texas Guinan's this was often $25 *per person*, so that a man escorting a girl was immediately $50 down the hole.

In addition to cover charge and drinks, guests were also expected to shell out copiously for cigars, cigarettes, and what were called favors. Tex employed a girl named Ethel who was known as the most beautiful cigarette girl on Broadway. Dressed demurely in blue satin trousers and crimson sash, Ethel moved among the tables with quiet insistence, selling 15¢ packs of cigarettes for $1, subtly letting it be known that a tip of $1 or more was in order. Next would appear the girl who sold favors. Where Ethel was demurely dressed, this girl would be undressed—black silk stockings, tights, and scanty, open blouse. She offered baby dolls and teddy bears at prices from $5 to $50, also with appropriate tip. "Buy a baby doll for your cutie pie," she would whisper, bending seductively over a table. Few suckers could resist.

At such prices, a night as host to a few friends at Texas Guinan's could cost from $1,000 to $3,000. One who frequently partook of this proposition was Harry Sinclair, the oil millionaire who late in 1927 would go on trial for his part in the infamous Teapot Dome scandal. Another big Broadway spender was the movie star Tom Mix, whose cowboy films reputedly brought him $10,000 a week. The iron-jawed Mix had not always been a knowledgeable playboy. On his first visit to New York, he strutted with jingling spurs into an expensive restaurant and ordered the head waiter to bring him the best grub in the place. After returning to Hollywood, he described this meal to goggle-eyed friends. "I et for three hours and didn't recognize nothin' but a radish," he concluded.

MOST of the spenders who enjoyed paying Texas Guinan prices, as well as the thrill of pressing $50 bills into the hands of high-kicking chorus girls, were night-after-night regulars. Others came a few times, then faded away. To Broadway there were men who, honestly or dishonestly, had suddenly come into money and for a few nights wished to taste the delights of being the kind of mighty spender Texas Guinan called a sucker. The heady sensations of such men have been described by the writer Jack Kofoed, who said, "Free spending is the key to Broadway attention. If you're willing to throw the old dough around, you're king of the stack for as many nights as you peel bills off the roll. When the money is gone you can go find yourself a place in the alley. Nobody cares how much you had. It's what you have that counts, and nobody on Broadway asks where the money came from."

Even Texas Guinan at times felt defensive about the big chunks of money she extracted from contented patrons. Once she complained: "There's a lot of talk about how I take the customers for all they've got. It's not as bad as that, even if there aren't any charity wards in my club. The boys come here to spend, and I'm not going to disappoint them. When they drink ginger ale in my place they are drinking liquid platinum, and they like it."

Tex was not known as the Queen of the Night Clubs for nothing. A night at her Three Hundred Club—the Guinan Club during the early months of 1927—was one of joy and laughter. Together with an ability to separate the sucker from his dough, Tex also had a flair for showmanship. In addition, she possessed an unexpected streak of zany madness, so that a session at the Three Hundred Club resembled the mad nights at the Jack White Club on Fifty-second Street a decade later. In the department of entertainment Texas Guinan gave her suckers an even break.

On a night—any night—in February 1927, the Three Hundred Club opens its portals at ten-thirty in the evening. Those unwary enough to enter at such an hour find little or nothing going on. Texas herself never arrives until midnight or later. A gal who keeps the festivities rolling until five or six in the morning, she sleeps until six at night and eats breakfast while the rest of the world has dinner. Then she goes to the theatre or takes care of personal business. Around midnight she has a fast lunch of melon and ice cream. After that, work.

Yet anyone arriving early at the Three Hundred Club can examine the expensive premises. The decor is lush and restful, for La Guinan (as Alexander Woollcott persists in calling her) has excellent taste. A low ceiling seems lower because of velvet hung to create a tented effect. The walls are covered with plaited cloth of matching colors. From the ceiling swing Chinese lanterns and the walls are decorated with designs of parrots and other exotic birds. Close to the ceiling colorful balloons float lazily. The place is lighted in a manner to soothe the tired spirit. This lighting has especially won the admiration of author Stephen Graham, who says of it in his book, *New York Nights*: "There is nothing to try the eyes or irritate one. It is lighted, and yet it is not the light associated with noisy excitement and jazz. You have come here not for a giddy hour but for hours and hours. That is why the illumination is so carefully toned."

Those who expect Guinan clubs to be the acme of speakeasy glamor find several surprises inside. One is size. The Three Hundred Club, for instance, holds no more than 50 tables around a minute dance floor. As the place fills up extra ringside tables are rushed to the edge of the dance floor so that in time it becomes almost non-existent. Entertainers working Guinan clubs quickly find out that only stand-up performing is possible. One who has already learned this is a lissom acrobatic dancer named Ruby Stevens. In the course of her dance Ruby falls to the floor and writhes artistically. On her first night at Guinan's she did so and found herself inextricably entwined with table legs, customers' feet and champagne buckets. From that point on she danced upright, but not for long. Having changed her name to Barbara Stanwyck, she is well on the way to becoming a top dramatic actress, the kind who enters Guinan's as a patron.

Until La Guinan arrives, the Three Hundred Club remains sedate and dignified. Four guitarists stroll from table to table plucking out melodies on request. Their speciality is the recently successful "Valencia," but they are equally adept at such dissimilar numbers as "Sleepy Time Gal" and "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." Also on hand is Ethel the cute cigarette girl. In the early months of 1927 Ethel's beauty has taken on a particular radiance. Up to now her rival for the title of Most Beautiful Cigarette Girl on Broadway has been Mavis of the Club Abbey. A spectacular finale to this rivalry came when the Club Abbey was shot up by gangster patrons. Mavis assisted one of the bleeding gangsters to Polyclinic Hospital, and in the peculiar code of Broadway lost caste by this good Samaritan deed. Ethel is now securely entrenched as the Most Beautiful Cigarette Girl on the Main Stem.

Midnight comes and goes, and a sense of expectancy fills the Three Hundred Club. Eyes dart to the entrance door. Those in the know confide importantly that Tex must be stopping at her brother Tommy's Club Plantation—or at this point in history was it Texas Tommy's? At Tommy Guinan's, four musicians named Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Joe Venuti and Jack Teagarden labor nightly in the orchestra. At the Three Hundred Club an orchestra barren of potential jazz greats takes over from the four guitarists and a few couples slip to the tiny floor to dance.

BY twelve-thirty the 50 tables are full. Lady Diana Manners, William Beebe, Ann Pennington (the *Scandals* star with the dimpled knees) and millionaire escort, Bill Fallon, "the great mouthpiece," Mae West, Frank Tinney and Imogene Wilson, the latter the most beautiful of all *Follies* girls, Aimee Semple McPherson, the visiting evangelist—these could be the celebrities present tonight. Mayor Walker may appear during the evening, on his arm a cute, dark haired flapper named Betty Compton, whom he spotted dancing in *Oh, Kay!* and straightway made his steady companion. The underworld is represented by Owney Madden and Big Bill Dwyer, Prohibition overlords and backers of night clubs. Lesser underworld figures are present with jazz babies from Broadway shows. There are sugar daddies and gold-diggers of the variety immortalized in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and a sprinkling of older women in the company of young men. One such, called the Dancing Grandmother, is an almost nightly patron at the Three Hundred Club.

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At a quarter to one comes a stir at the entrance door and the feeling that a supercharged personality is there. An excited whisper runs through the room, *Texas, Texas!* Everything stops as Tex greets friends at the door and tosses a brisk word of greeting to the hatcheck girl and maitre d'. Here is royalty entering its domain. One who witnesses her splendid entrance is Stephen Graham. "There she is like a queen, like the sun, like a big firework, like a gorgeous tamer who has just let herself into a large cage of pet tigers. A kiss here, a stroke of the hand there, an uttered *Darling!* there, she goes from table to table closing the company into a unit around her personality."

THE fun begins as soon as Tex arrives. She makes her way to the dance floor, which with her appearance becomes the stage. Taking a fragile chair, she perches atop it—a highly difficult position for one of her girth but a feat she manages admirably every night. A waiter appears at her side with a box full of kleeter-klappers, a small piece of wood with two wooden balls attached which, when shaken, produces a hideous din. Tex raises one above her head, shakes it furiously. Next she dips into the box for others and begins tossing them to friends around the room. "Here, Tex, here," grown men beseech, eager to be singled out by her famous attention.

All who get kleeter-klappers shake them, yet over the racket her clarion voice can easily be heard. In her full-throated tones Tex now calls out, "Cohen." A waiter calls back, "Cohen." It's a catchword of the place, by which Tex gives signals. Now it means get things ready, the show is about to begin. Tex climbs down from her chair, moves it to the ringside table whose free-spending party she has decided to favor, and the Three Hundred Club show—Texas Guinan and *Her Mob*—begins.

The first number is called Cherries. A group of almost naked girls prance out from backstage to group themselves on the tiny dance floor. One carries a basket of fruit. She starts singing a song called "Cherries" and two things immediately become apparent. One is the zany aspect of the Three Hundred Club, for as the girls sing, the waiters begin to yell "Cherries" in time with the music. So, shortly, does the audience, until it is all wild, fetching, and very, very funny.

The other notable matter is the extreme youth of the girls. The Guinan Girls are not only beautiful but exceedingly young, so that there is a vague sinfulness about such dewy-eyed innocence in a night club. Ruby Keeler, for instance, who does a tap dance at Guinan clubs, was only 14 when she began. At 17, she married Al Jolson (1927 earnings: $350,000) to create one of the great lullabys of Broadway.

Texas Guinan never smokes or drinks and tries hard to rule her youthful chorus kids with an iron hand. She even encourages stage mothers to hang around backstage as chaperones. Where ordinary patrons are concerned, the Queen of the Night Clubs can easily keep her girls in line. But when a mobster takes a shine to one of her kids, even the redoubtable Tex dares not interfere. Prohibition-era hoods were trigger-happy sadists who could not bear to be frustrated over girls, or anything. "It was rough and tough then," N. T. G. has written. "Four of my employers, owners for whom I produced shows, were killed. One of my girls in one of my shows was shot and another was with a gangster when he was bumped off."

Even so, it may not be fair to picture all gangsters as vicious destroyers of night-club virginity. It is said that one of the toughest gang lords set himself up as the Nobody-Touches-Her-Not-Even-Me protector of little Ruby Keeler. And sometimes the Guinan kids of tender years and angelic appearance actually desired the life offered by gangsters. "Where except in New York can you find the pretty, willful kids who (date) the racketeers?" inquires the writer Jack Kofoed. "Slim thighs and budding breasts and wet, provocative lips. . . . The pay is high and the life fancy while it lasts, but I suppose it does get tiresome to be bawled out by the dance director and go through the same routines night after night."

Singing and kicking bare legs in a dance, the Guinan kids look happy, fresh, and delightfully wet behind the ears. In songs like "Cherries," they fan out among the audience while the girl with the basket of cherries prettily slips one into the mouths of the more important suckers present. A girl behind her ruffles up the man's hair, if he has any. Those who are completely bald get a lipsticky kiss on the shiny dome. In turn, the suckers push $50 bills into tight brassieres and hot little hands.

While this goes on, Tex is providing her own show. She tosses kleeter-klappers and passes out remarks. "Take care of him, kids," she bawls, when a man shouts something at her. The girls converge on him and begin taking off his tie, unbuttoning his vest, slipping off his coat. His watch is handed to Tex who holds it up, making disparaging remarks about size and quality. After emptying his pockets, and keeping the change found there, the girls forge on to another table. They keep it up riotously until Tex suddenly bellows, "Give the little gals a great big hand." The Cherries girls dance off, still trilling their song.

Follows a procession of torch singers, adagio teams, girl and boy dancers. Among the last is a slick-haired jellybean doing a whirlwind Charleston. It is such a spectacular dance that columnist Mark Hellinger has been moved to call it "the weirdest, maddest dance that anyone has ever seen. The customers sit in silence as he fixes his eyes on one spot and whirls *Faster Faster*. It is fascinating—almost uncanny."

THE whirling dancer finishes, panting proudly, and Tex shouts, "Give the little guy a great big hand." Next she tells the room that the young dancer, who looks like a callow Valentino, is George Raft. The ambitious Raft works hard these days, and makes a neat $1,000 a week as a result. After doing his dance at the Three Hundred Club, he dashes up the street to Tommy Guinan's *Playground*, where he does it again. After which he races to the *Parody* or *Silver Slipper* and does it there too. Weary but still ambitious, he hastens back to the Three Hundred Club in time for the second show. Such heroic activity, it has been noted, gave him scant time to return the affections of a 16-year-old Guinan kid named Hannah Williams, who would become Mrs. Roger Wolfe Kahn, and Mrs. Jack Dempsey, as well as the inspiration for the song "Hard Hearted Hannah, the Vamp of Savannah." At the Three Hundred Club Hannah worships George Raft from afar and, as in a thousand backstage movies, watches adoringly as he dances. "You work too hard, Georgie," she tells him when he finishes, but the preoccupied Raft pays no

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attention only rushes off to his next appearance.

After this turn, the Guinan kids reappear in scanty tights they prance out with baskets of cardboard snowballs with which to pelt the crowd. As they do, a cute girl appears in the spotlight. Pointing first to her eyes, to her breasts, and other interesting features of her anatomy, she begins to sing, "She has this and she has that—" Again, with the refrain, the waiters join in, shouting, "And she knows her onions!" The audience starts singing too—this is the most popular song of the night and it sets Tex off like an explosion. "Encourage her!" she brays. "Encourage the kid, give the little girl a great big hand." The audience does. "She has this and she has that, and she knows her onions!" patrons howl back. By the time the song ends, everyone is standing singing lustily, pelting each other with the cardboard snowballs. Once more the girls caper off, and two middle-aged drunks grab a girl as the line passes by. Tex shouts "Cohen!" and moves over quickly to restrain them, as do a bouncer and several waiters. For a moment the situation seems ugly. Then it's over, with Tex turning it into a laugh. "A fight a night or your money back," she yells at the room.

Comes intermission time: end of the first show, long pause before the second. The limpid saxophone begins to moan "Do, do, do what you've done, done, done before, baby." Couples slip to the postage stamp floor and, holding each other tight, begin to dance. A few Guinan girls slip out to sit at tables with glowering, sharp-suited gangsters. Others join husbands or Joe College boy friends. But most remain backstage with mothers or chaperones, for Tex allows no general fraternizing. She herself seizes the opportunity to munch a chicken sandwich and gulp a glass of milk. Then she remounts the fragile chair in the spotlight. Blowing a piercing blast on the police whistle, she signals that her personal part of the entertainment will begin.

CHIEFLY this is wisecracking and exchanging lusty badinage with patrons. "Three cheers for Prohibition," she bellows on mounting the chair. Those who wonder why she begins in this startling way are immediately enlightened, for she goes on, "Without Prohibition where the hell would I be?" From one table an experienced sucker shouts back, "Nowhere!" "You're right, sucker," Texas howls, giving her mighty laugh. Texas Guinan's brand of night club humor is entirely lacking in subtlety and a commentator explains it this way: "It's sledge-hammer humor. It must go through the heads of well-soaked customers. She must bellow above the confusion of the revelers. This hostess business is a raucous calling . . ."

Other jokes are topical. "Why does Peaches sit on the beach so much?" she demands of the room. "I don't know," the orchestra leader obligingly shouts back, "why does Peaches sit on the beach so much?" Tex jubilantly yells, "To keep her tail from Browning."

Always the emphasis is on Spend, Spend, Spend. In public at least, the road to Texas Guinan's heart is paved with $100 bills. One night the ideal sucker showed up in a Guinan club. A meek-looking little man, he paid the cover charge for the entire house, distributed $50 bills to the girls in the show and members of the band. After this, the mild Maecenas bought champagne for every table. Even Tex was impressed by such prodigious largesse. "Say, sucker, who are you anyway?" she demanded. The little man refused to give his name. "Well, you can at least tell us what you do," Tex insisted. "I'm in the dairy-produce business," he answered modestly. Tex flung back her flamboyant head. "He's a big butter-and-egg man," she informed her assembled guests. From the exclusive confines of her club, the phrase Big Butter and Egg Man went out to succeed the word Babbitt in the national vocabulary. In time a play called *The Butter and Egg Man* opened on Broadway.

Again Tex takes a breather. "Doo Wacka-Doo-Wacka-Doo," wails the sax-led orchestra, for dancing. A customer is crass enough to complain to Texas that his check has been padded. "It's $100 too much," he states. Tex grabs the check angrily, for to her a man who gripes over a mere $100 bucks is beneath contempt. Nevertheless, she scans the check, finds he is correct about the overcharge. "Who's your waiter?" she demands. The waiter is called front and center. "You're fired!" Tex shouts.

It's a dismissal the waiter takes with surprising docility. He disappears into the kitchen while the sucker pays the amended check and fades into the night. Then the waiter reappears. Momentarily though, the incident takes the starch out of Tex—she sits down at a table and complains. "It happens all the time around here," she says

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"That waiter and the cashier are in cahoots. they'd a split that extra hundred. But I can't fire any of 'em. They're all related to Larry Fay or some other gangster."

Depression is fleeting—"My sweets," she once wrote Mark Hellinger, "why will you insist on taking life seriously? Give me plenty of laughs and you can take the rest." Stars from Broadway are coming in now, show folks whose lives permit them to stay up late enough for the second Guinan show of the night. A Vanities showgirl enters on the arm of a new husband. Tex signals the band, which slips into the Wedding March. A waiter scoots out from the kitchen with a large bag of rice which he gives to Tex. She tosses handfuls at the happy pair. The trumpeter moves out from the bandstand and Tex pushes the newlyweds behind him. Guests from the tables leap up to join the procession which snakes in and out around the room, for all the world like a wedding in a nightmare.

SUDDENLY, it's over. The trumpeter slips back on the bandstand, mutes his instrument and joins with the throbbing saxophone to sob out "Here in my arms it's adorable, It's deplorable that you were never there." Tex returns to the spotlight, and guests go back to tables. "Let's give the little girls a great big hand," she bowls, bringing forth a few Guinan kids from backstage. She wheedles dignified men into playing leapfrog with them on the tiny dance floor. She rumples the hair and unties the ties of prominent men, smacks the backs of dignified dowagers in bluff, cowgirl greeting. The hilarity emboldens one man to pull a Guinan kid to his lap, where he tries to fondle her. Tex gives a sharp look; he's a nobody, not even a butter-and-egg-man. "Cohen—throw him out," she orders the bouncers who materialize. The throwing-out process has two steps. First to the cashier's desk, where the sucker settles his bill. Then the sidewalk.

Tex considers it a personal affront when anyone starts to leave. "Don't go!" she begs an important party. They look uncertain and Tex plunges on, "Stick around, we'll have a show now." The police whistle blasts. It is four-thirty and lights dim for the second show, which begins with the line of baby-faced Guinan kids kicking heels high and nasally chirping "Baby Face, you've got the sweetest little baby face." It soon becomes apparent that the second show is slightly less raucous, more sentimental than the first. Perhaps this is a tribute to what Damon Runyon calls the "tubercular light of dawn," which is close to breaking over the city outside.

Again the girls hop among tables, rumpling hair and jumping from lap to lap. A man who has been drunkenly dozing wakes up to find a cute, all-but-nude girl on his lap. He paws her roughly. The girl shrieks. Tex, the one-time cowgirl, materializes at the table. This is an important customer, one who can't be heaved out. There is no cry of "Cohen." Tex puts a warning hand on the man's shoulder, disengages the girl with the other. With the girl gone, she kisses the top of the man's bald head. "You're still my sweetheart," she tells him, "but you gotta behave."

In the spotlight, the whirling George Raft does his second Charleston of the night. After him the girls prance out, "Yes, sir, that's my baby, No, sir, don't mean maybe." The youthful kids still seem fresh and eager, but the waiters are beginning to look waxy and spent. So do the customers, though the lively tune stirs some excitement. The night's gaiety is beginning to wear thin. Even Tex feels it. She's human, and like everyone else sits reverently silent as three of her kids in tight velvet trousers and skimpy blouses come out, take three chairs from ringside and, sitting side by side in a demure line, harmonize softly, lingeringly:

Make my bed and light the light,
I'll be home late tonight.
Bye, Bye, Blackbird.

Texas Guinan, with her brashness and

"You run and find a lifeguard, while I loosen her clothing."

emphasis on the folding green, typified the Night Club Era to the country. Yet in another club were to be found Clayton, Jackson and Durante, Broadway's own favorite entertainers. Tex herself, anxious to wind down after a night's work, frequently stopped off to enjoy these three before going home to bed. For such was the madness of the zany '20s that the clubs they worked often stayed open until noon the next day.

In the early months of 1927 Clayton, Jackson and Durante were appearing at the Parody Club. But they had first scored at the Club Durant at Fifty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. This historic club had largely been promoted by Jimmy Durante, a gentle young man with a huge nose and a sense of fun stemming from the great clowns of Italy. Durante had opened his night club on a financial shoe string—so much so that just before the opening he was unable to afford an outside sign to advertise the joint. Hearing of his plight, a golden hearted sign painter offered to provide one gratis. The sign emerged Club Durant, and so it remained until Prohibition forces ended its lusty life.

Durante, piano player and slam-bang buffoon, had already joined forces with Eddie Jackson, one of the great coon-shouting singers of all time. The two worked well together but Durante felt that somehow the act could be improved. A reason for flaws in performance was that the gentle Durante was distracted by the problems of running a combination night club and speakeasy. One night a Broadway gambler and sometime hoofer named Lou Clayton entered the Club Durant. He did so as a patron, but in the general hilarity rose and blandly performed an expert soft-shoe dance. Conversing with him later Durante sensed that in Clayton, a Main Stem toughie with an unflinching exterior, lay the ingredient lacking in the Club Durant. Clayton was hard, though in the best show business tradition he occasionally unveiled a sentimental side. He had faced down such gangland celebrities as the psychotic killer Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll. Further, he could strut and dance almost as well as George Raft, while the expressionless dead pan he had cultivated through years as a gambler could be excruciatingly funny in moments of comedy.

CLAYTON agreed to go to work, and so Broadway's all-time favorite night club act of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante was born. Clayton's first official act was to rule that gangsters check guns at the front door. Clayton then took the guns from the hat-check girl and buried them in the ice-bin behind the bar. "Frapped artillery," he called this.

On stage, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante worked by inspiration. Starting with Durante songs like "Jimmy the Well Dressed Man," they roughhoused in all directions. Always the act had two staples—noise and destruction. While Eddie Jackson brayed his songs, Clayton did his fast dead-pan dance and Durante beat the piano. All three then rampaged the room, pulling things to bits. After Clayton, Jackson, and Durante any night club was a shambles.

Once a curvaceous girl with a French accent applied at the Club Durant for a job. "You should hear me sing," she cooed.

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Durante thought her accent might be an amusing foil for the wild antics of the three men. He dubbed her Mademoiselle Fifi and for three nights she tried to join the fun. It was no go, and the hardboiled Clayton was instructed to fire her. An outraged Fifi insisted on seeing Durante, saying to him accusingly, "You nevair hear me sing." Softhearted Jimmy decided to give her one more chance. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began that night, "at great expense to management we have imported direct from Paris none other than the great int'national entertainer Mam'selle Fifi."

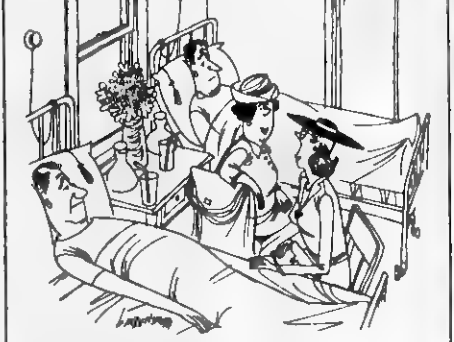
FIFI, it transpired, was a coloratura. Stepping forward, she bravely began. But her great gift lay less in vocalizing than in determination. No matter what went on around her, Fifi piercingly reached for high notes. Coloraturas, of course, were out of place in the Club Durant and, after a few bars, Durante began to clown. He marched around the room in military style, while the band abandoned Mademoiselle Fifi to swing to the "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Fifi continued with her aria—no mean musical feat. "The Americans are coming!" Durante shouted nonsensically, still marching in military time. The quick-witted Clayton took up the cry. "The Americans are coming!" he shouted back. From some forgotten episode of his youth, Durante dredged up the cry, "Viva La Fonza!" "The Americans are coming—Viva La Fonza," Clayton yelled back. So "The Americans are coming—Viva La Fonza!" became the rallying cry for the nonsense through which Mademoiselle Fifi single-mindedly sang.

I can do without Broadway, but can Broadway do without me? the frenetic Durante demanded in the course of every evening's rumpus. It seemed at first that Broadway could not. Then one night Jimmy noticed a trio of well-dressed men filling a hip flask from a bottle of liquor served them at a table. In those days, Prohibition agents were required to produce in court evidence of the intoxicants purchased on raided premises. The guileless Durante decided that the men were chemists conducting an innocent experiment with prohibition hooch. Then one of them rose importantly. "All right, folks, it's a raid," he announced.

It was the end of the Club Durant, of tenderest memory. The Three Musketeers of Broadway, as Clayton, Jackson and Durante had been dubbed by Sime Silverman of *Variety*, moved on to the Parody Club. This was a cellar room seating some 400 tight-packed patrons, with only a single street-level window for ventilation. Nonetheless prices were high and the Clayton, Jackson, and Durante madness grew madder. Mademoiselle Fifi was still in the act, and here was born the sketch, "Wood," during which all kinds of wooden objects, including a full-size privy, were hauled onstage, while the three men horsed noisily about. "I'm in a hotel room," Durante would reminisce innanely, as wood was dumped on his feet, "and there's a knock at the door and a voice says, *This is the house detective, you got a woman in your room?* And I says *No*, so he t'rows one in." Through this, Jackson would be singing and Clayton performing his expert expressionless dance. "You know," he'd call to Durante, "my girl's being held for ransom." "What's the matter with Ransom?" Durante shouted back. "Can't he get his own wimmin?"

In other Broadway night clubs, the sucker also got an even break. Prices were high, but entertainment was good. Joan Crawford was not the only talent to rise from the Club Richman. Helen Kane, the Boop-Oop-a-Doop Girl, was an alumna of the same place. This club featured *Scandals*-star Harry



"Oh, yes, granite is durable, but on the other hand, there's much to be said in favor of the elegance of marble. . . ."

Richman ("Birth of the Blues," "Puttin' On the Ritz," "Singing a Vagabond Song"). With his meaty personality and vehement voice, Richman symbolized the male side of Prohibition Era Broadway, as Helen Morgan and Ruth Etting, the street's trammeled girl singers, symbolized the female.

Harry Richman was something of a phrasemaker and once referred to the downstairs Club Richman as "an upholstered sewer." It was a description which could aptly be bestowed upon other Prohibition spots where talent was born. Ginger Rogers (age 16) made an initial appearance at the Silver Slipper, as did Ray Bolger. Morton Downey was a youthful singer in night clubs. A comedian named Ben K. Benny worked in Broadway night clubs before deciding that his name sounded too much like that of Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro. Ben K. Benny changed his name to Jack Benny, and by 1927 had risen from night clubs to vaudeville at the Palace. Others stuck faithfully to the night-life circuit. Established entertainers like Ben Bernie, Ukulele Ike Edwards, and Ted Lewis appeared in clubs whose very names sound a Broadway melody: Frivolity, Hotsy Totsy, Fifty-Fifty, La Vie, Cotton Club, Club Rendezvous, Napoleon, Parody Club, Lido, Casa (Vincent) Lopez, Will Oakland's Terrace, Cafe de Paris, and Roger Wolfe Kahn's—the club opened by the bandleader son of millionaire Otto Kahn which was so surpassingly elegant that even Broadway was awed by it.

In all these "upholstered sewers"—be it Texas Guinan's, the Club Durant, or Roger Wolfe Kahn's—the spender was king. "How we love to see the big spender come rolling in," Jimmy Durante once said. "The fella who t'rows his money around. He's the answer to a prayer." With writer Jack Kofoed, Durante wrote a book called *Night Club* and in it he tried to give the reading public a picture of the big butter-and-egg man in action.

"You're sitting at a ringside table. All around are girls . . . pretty girls whose slim legs are lustrous in silk, and whose lips are carmined and eyebrows penciled. Out on the floor a dance team is working, feet moving deftly. . . . The band is hot, the sleek heads bob and dip. The man swings his partner high in the air. Everyone applauds.

"A man at a ringside table calls the hoofers over and presents them with a $100 bill. *Gee! There's a big shot!* A sort of thrill goes over the room. Here's a guy who'll spend. There's champagne on his table. The orchestra leader wants to know if he has any tune he'd like to hear. He does. They dig up In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree for him. . . ."

It was Broadway in 1927—the Year the World Went Mad. ◆◆◆

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$2,000,000 MAIL ROBBERY

Continued from page 19

in the cab Engineer Steve Waite, hand on the wide-open throttle, eyes on the track ahead, became aware of it when a revolver was poked into his ribs and, over the roar of the train, he heard someone saying, "Now you do as I say, mister, and you won't get hurt. Start braking . . . easy . . . easy . . . until I tell you to stop. Now flash your headlight three times."

The train slowed down and came to a stop.

"You guys are asking for it," Waite said. "Don't you know this is a mail train? Got any idea of the trouble you'll be in when they catch up with you?"

"Not as much trouble as you'll be in if you don't shut your God damned mouth and do as I say. Come on, get with it. Back this train up—just four car lengths."

Waite complied and then looked around. He could see that the third car—the "registered mail" car with 18 clerks at work in it—rested squarely over the Buckley Road crossing. He also saw four men get out of a parked automobile and hurry forward. Two wore gas masks.

A clerk in the third car saw just what Waite saw. At his shout of "Stickup!" the door was bolted, lights extinguished and all 18 of the workers lay flat on the floor. They expected an immediate fusillade of shots, but nothing happened.

Standing in the middle of Buckley Road, the apparent leader of the gang spoke quietly to his men. "Take it easy," he said. "Wait until the rest of the crew shows up. You fellows in the masks—get back in the bushes."

A few minutes later Conductor Jim Sweeney, along with the brakeman, Harry Van Deland, and Flagman Stan McCrea approached.

Sweeney squinted in the dim light. "Well, what's it all about?" he inquired innocently.

"You'll find out," the top guy said, and Sweeney noticed with a start that he had an automatic in the hand that hung so carelessly at his side. "Just keep on walking and join your buddies up at the engine." He gestured with a thumb to where Steve Waite and Eddie Dibble were seated on the embankment, guarded by a rifleman.

The three railroad men looked at each other uneasily. Another rifleman stepped out and behind them. "Get going," he said.

"You got a well trained mob there," Sweeney remarked over his shoulder, but incredulity, not admiration, was the dominant expression on his face. Hell, this sort of thing just didn't happen outside the movies.

The leader stood watching them, and didn't turn away until they had been searched for weapons and had joined their companions on the embankment.

"Okay now?" somebody asked.

"Yeah, okay. Break it open and go to work."

A rifle shot smashed the glass transom over the entrance to the mail car. Two tear gas bombs were tossed through the opening. You could hear a lot of coughing and milling around, and then the door swung wide and the suffocating clerks, tears running down their cheeks, began jumping to the ground.

Two riflemen lined them up and the leader searched each clerk before passing him along to the guard. He closely scrutinized their faces, then quickly jabbed a finger at Louis Phillips, Clerk in Charge of Registry. You could only assume that he had been carefully briefed as to this man's appearance.

"You! Come here."

While this was going on, two men wearing gas masks entered the car and began ventilating it.

The top guy tapped his automatic against Phillips' chest. "I want you to hop back in there and put your hand on the money bag intended for Round Up, Montana." When Phillips hesitated, he waggled the ugly looking muzzle under his chin. "Come on! Quick!"

Phillips knew he had no choice. He got the bag and tossed it out on the road. As he started to follow, the boss called to him, "Wait a minute. Don't come down yet. I want you to point out the bond pouches going to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Seattle." He was gesturing again with the gun.

After a brief delay, one of the hoods who had taken off his gas mask brought the pouches, Phillips trailing along behind.

"Put 'em in the car," said the top guy.

He then escorted Phillips to the personnel already under guard just as the figure of a man appeared down the track and walked slowly toward them.

"Who the hell is that?" the top guy asked one of the riflemen.

"I don't know."

They both peered through the pale moonlight.

"So let the boys have it," the boss decided.

THE rifleman took aim, fired twice, and the figure down the line went sprawling. Two of the bandits raced toward him. When they drew up, they appeared to recognize him, and there was some excited talk. Then they picked the wounded man up bodily and carried him to the car.

The robbery proceeded. Exactly 43 minutes were required to remove 64 bags of mail. As they were being stowed away, it was observed that *two* automobiles were now in use. Whether the other had been hidden in the bushes or had driven up later was anybody's guess.

As the bandits piled into their cars and barrelled away, the mail clerks broke out their own guns and discharged a futile hail of lead after them.

Within an hour a relief train had taken off the remainder of the mail and Number 57 had been side-tracked pending the arrival of investigators.

Now the most spectacular sleuth in the postal service was a guy named Fahy—Bill Fahy. When Fahy put the arm on people, they were as good as convicted, for he seemed to find evidence where nobody else could find it. Brought from Philadelphia to Chicago only the previous year, he had cleaned up half a dozen cases in jig time.

It was natural, therefore, that when the telephoned news of the greatest mail heist in history got Chicago's Chief Postal Inspector, Al Germer, out of bed, he first thought of Fahy and called him pronto.

"Jump into your pants, Bill. I'll pick you up in 15 minutes." Germer said.

"Where's the fire?" Fahy yawned.

"Rondout. This is the biggest thing yet. Tell you on the way out."

Next, Germer put in a call to Chief Postal Inspector Rush Simmons in Washington. Simmons told him he would catch the next available plane for Chicago and bring some of his best men with him.

GERMER then rounded up as many other local inspectors as he could reach, and within 45 minutes he, Fahy and the others were breaking all speed records on the road to Rondout.

By the time they arrived at the site of the robbery, special agents of the railroad as well as the entire force of deputy sheriffs from Lake County, Illinois, were all over the place. It was a strange scene under the stars, but stranger still when several trucks arrived carrying special searchlight equipment. Soon it looked like a motion picture company on location.

The investigation went on for hours, but nobody found anything remotely resembling a clue until Bill Fahy trod a ditch some 200 yards east of the side-tracked train and came up with two gas masks and a .44 calibre revolver.

By six o'clock the registry clerks had completed their audit. It showed that the mob had escaped with exactly $2,100,000.

It broke down like this: $1,500,000 in war bonds, salable at any bank or brokerage house; $450,000 in low-denomination currency; $100,000 in non-negotiable commercial bonds; and $50,000 in jewelry.

At ten A.M. police of Joliet, Illinois, informed postal authorities that an abandoned auto on the outskirts of town had been found to contain 63 empty mail bags and the $100,000 in non-negotiable commercial bonds. That brought the take to an even $2,000,000—and not a cent of it was "hot." No registered serial numbers for these smarties.

In a routine action the Chicago police arrested nine underworld characters, including the notorious Dion O'Bannion and "Greasy Thumb" Jake Guzik, charging them with the crime. They were held without bail on a short affidavit.

Later, Chief Postal Inspector Rush Simmons was kicking the case around in Al Germer's office.

"What about those local arrests?" he asked. "Is there anything to them? Did we have a man down there for the arraignment?"

"Well, no, Chief. That sort of thing is standard procedure. Takes the heat off, and sometimes helps in other ways, but—"

"I think we'd better inquire," Simmons broke in. "Who's the man to talk to? We're going to need some help from the Chicago police anyway. As of right now, we haven't

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a thing to go on—except Fahy's find of the gun and the gas masks."

"For my money, I'd say Captain Shoemaker. He's always cooperative—"

"Okay. Ask him if he can come over here. If he can't, we'll go over there."

Shoemaker came over and sat in with Simmons and Germer. He was a sober looking gentleman of middle age. Well dressed, literate, he might have been type-cast as a banker but never as a detective.

Simmons said: "There was some surprise expressed that you weren't on the scene the other night."

Shoemaker said: "I heard about it, but I figured you'd have so many experts on hand that I wouldn't be missed."

"You think this is a Chicago job, don't you?"

"Who can tell now? But if nobody from Chicago is implicated, I'll be the most surprised cop in America."

Al Germer cut in: "We're not very hopeful about the arrests you made this morning."

"Neither are we," Shoemaker laughed. "You know how it is, Al. Routine. And while it's true these bums are capable of anything, I wouldn't stop looking for the Rondout gang, if I were you."

Simmons said suddenly: "Captain Shoemaker, we'd like to borrow you. We'd like to have you on the team for this job. Do we have to see Chief Hughes about it?"

"That won't be necessary. I'll do what I can without any special assignment. But lately I've been getting the idea that we detectives do the cooperating and you postal inspectors do the arresting."

"I know what you mean," Germer said. "Sometimes an operator gets so wrapped up in a case that he hogs the whole thing. But I don't work that way."

"I know you don't," Shoemaker replied. "And I won't say any more about it. You can count on me. But if I'm to be of any real use, I'll have to question the train crew and everybody who handled the bags at the post office."

"They're all yours," Germer said.

IT'S interesting to watch an intelligent cop, wise in the ways of the opposition, go to work.

Shoemaker spent the next few days interrogating people. Then, for more than a week, he employed an old tactic with a new vigor. He turned the heat on Chicago's underworld and kept intensifying it until it became almost unbearable. Flying squads cleaned out dives and hangouts, raided bookmaking joints—not once or twice but several times a day, day after day. Known criminals and racketeers—some of them quite wealthy—were picked up and held on vagrancy charges.

Shoemaker felt that he, the organization man, was being pitted against Fahy, the lone wolf operator, the guy with the Sherlock Holmes reputation, but he didn't let it bother him. He was used to working as part of a team and he liked it that way.

THE hotfoot he was administering to the underworld is used for a very obvious purpose after any big crime. The sub-strata not directly benefitting from the crime gets mighty disturbed and tries to bargain. This is what happened now. The grapevine burned with pleas to "get something on the Rondout mail job for them and they'll lay off us," and various shady characters were running in and out of headquarters.

On the ninth day, while Shoemaker was out, a persistent telephone caller plagued his office. He wanted the captain personally and would leave no message. Along about two o'clock the connection finally was made.

A harsh voice said: "Over at 13 North Washtenaw Avenue a croaker is trying to help a guy who swallowed a lot of lead."

That was all. Shoemaker could hear the receiver being hung up. He knew that it was the first break, though, and, taking Sergeant Fred Tapscott and a squad, went to 53 North Washtenaw.

He knocked on the door. He banged on the door. There was no response. They had to kick it in.

As they crashed through, Shoemaker saw two men and a woman standing in the living room watching the door give way. Their faces were white, their expressions worried and intense. He recognized one of the men as a small fry Chicago bootlegger named Walter McComb. In an adjoining room he could see through the opened door the figure of a man swathed in bandages, lying across a bed.

"I guess you're all hard of hearing, or you would have opened the door," Shoemaker said sardonically. "And you probably haven't the faintest idea who that bandaged guy is

"What makes you think I'm transporting her across state lines for immoral purposes?"

But you ought to know your own names, Joe—" he addressed the second man. "What's your name?"

"John Wade."

"I'll bet! And who's the lady?"

The woman spoke up, saying that she was Mrs. McComb.

"And the injured party in there?" Shoemaker jerked his thumb toward the bedroom.

"His name is John Wayne," volunteered McComb. "He got in a shooting scrape over a woman and called us. We came to help him."

Shoemaker went to a phone and arranged for the wounded man—who was either unable or unwilling to talk—to be removed to Bridewell Hospital. While awaiting an ambulance, he and Sergeant Tapscott searched the prisoners.

They found nothing on McComb, but Wade's pockets yielded a total of $1,500 in bills.

Shoemaker was still in a sardonic mood. "No doubt you won this in a crap game in Africa last August?" he prodded Wade, who said nothing. "I'll tell you what I think," Shoemaker went on. "I think you were in on that Rondout job and the guy we're sending to the hospital is the fellow who got shot alongside the train."

At that point everybody clammed up.

Tapscott and two of the detectives were instructed to remain at the house and to take all callers into custody. Then Captain Shoemaker and the rest of the squad carted their prisoners off to the East Chicago Avenue station house. From here the captain called Germer.

WITHIN 30 minutes Simmons and Germer arrived to sit in on the questioning of the suspects. Fahy came in a little later and stayed through the night, listening, his intent gaze boring into the prisoners, putting in only an occasional, pointed question, but offering no opinions or suggestions.

At four A.M. the quiz game was interrupted by a telephone call to Shoemaker from Tapscott.

"Cap, we've just had another customer. Guy was going to let himself in when he saw the busted lock. Says his name is Mahoney, but I know he is a North Side bootlegger named Murray. What do we do now?"

"Stick it out a while longer. I'll send a couple of men over to pick the guy up," Shoemaker said.

He went back to the quiz and Tapscott went back to his waiting game. At 7:15 another visitor came up the steps of the Washtenaw Avenue house, tried the door, found it open and walked in. When Tapscott and his aides stepped from the other room, the man jumped back in astonishment.

"Who are you?" he stammered.

"That's unimportant," said Tapscott. "The point is, who are you?"

"My name is Watkins, but—" he started and stopped. His attention had been attracted by a newspaper on the table. The screaming headline read: MAIL TRAIN ROBBERY SUSPECTS IN CUSTODY. Actually, the paper was many days old and referred to the hoodlum roundup by the Chicago police. The experienced Sergeant Tapscott, noting the newcomer's interest, decided on a corny trick—a shot in the dark that misses more often than it hits.

"You see, we know all about it," he told Watkins, pointing to the paper confidently.

"About what?"

"The Rondout stickup. The guy who got shot spilled his guts."

Watkins sat down in the nearest chair as if all the strength had drained out of his legs. He looked up at Tapscott.

"You're cops?"

"Right."

"Is there anybody else here but us?"

"No."

He studied the officers. "You guys look as if you could use some money."

Tapscott shrugged. "We could. But the price is high. What can you offer?"

"Twenty thousand."

Tapscott thought that over. Then, "I'll have to get the boss. If he's interested, you can talk freely to him."

He went into the other room and called Shoemaker.

"You caught me just in time," Shoemaker said. "I'm finished here and was about to leave for home and bed. I'll be right over."

When he arrived and had acknowledged Tapscott's introduction to Watkins with a nod, the first thing he said was, "Got the cash on you?"

"My wife will be in on a train from Wisconsin in an hour. We'll get it from her safe deposit box."

Shoemaker pretended to kick this around in his mind. "I don't think I can buy that. I'd have to cut in a lot of people. There isn't enough in it to take a chance. Can you get more?"

"If you'll let me call Jim Murray, I'll get whatever it takes," Watkins declared.

"You mean the North Side bootlegger?"

"Sure. He's reliable."

Shoemaker had to think fast. As Murray, posing as Mahoney, was already locked up, he couldn't play along with this line of talk. "Maybe you trust Murray, but I can't—unless he's in on the thing and couldn't afford a beef."

"He can't beef. I'm telling you. Let me call him."

"No, that won't do. He knows too many politicians. We'll deal with you. Let's get started for the railroad station."

THEY went there and met the smartly attired lady who got off the train, and the man who called himself Watkins introduced Shoemaker and Tapscott as attorneys.

Together they proceeded to the bank where, without a hitch, $20,000 in small bills were handed over to Shoemaker, who then handed the crusher, "I'll take this as evidence. I'm arresting you for your connection with the Rondout robbery."

He could see that the woman was genuinely amazed. At first she looked at him as if she didn't know what he was talking about. Then she protested, "You must be mad. My husband is a Texas oil man."

"Maybe that's what he told you," Shoemaker smiled. "What's his name when he's in Texas?"

"Willis Newton is his name anywhere," she replied.

"Not here, lady. He gave us the name of Watkins."

She looked at her husband in bewilderment. He merely rolled his eyes skyward and shrugged his shoulders.

This time Shoemaker took the suspects directly to the General Post Office where, at his request, Inspector Fahy summoned the

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train crew to attempt to identify them.

Fahy looked unhappy, as if he had been reduced to the status of a bit player, but he brought the crew in and they promptly identified Willis Newton (alias Watkins) as the rifleman who had entered the engine cab.

Newton then broke down and admitted that the wounded man calling himself Wayne was really Willie Newton, a brother, and that the prisoner calling himself Wade was still another brother, Joey Newton.

But the little woman was found to be quite innocent of all these shenanigans. Even the money taken from her safe deposit box proved to be her own.

PROGRESS was being made and Chief Postal Inspector Rush Simmons was elated. The fact that his own star performer, Bill Fahy, was being eclipsed by a local cop was of small concern to Simmons, who was interested in results, not personalities.

After the arraignment, he and Germer took Shoemaker to one side in a hall of the Federal Court Building.

"Captain," Simmons said, "I don't know where we would be without you and your men. Now—well, we're on our way, though we still have to recover the loot. The one thing that bothers me is who the hell was the inside man? Got any ideas?"

Shoemaker was looking idly out a window. "You fellows ought to be able to finger the inside man. He has to be among a small group who knew the contents of certain mail bags."

"Right. But who? You questioned all of them."

"Not all."

Simmons took a sheet of paper out of his pocket and handed it to the captain.

"All of the train crew, all of the clerks and all of the truck drivers are listed on that sheet. We'll get any from among them that you haven't talked to."

Shoemaker glanced at the list. "I saw all of these people."

"Well, there are no more."

"Oh, come now. You fellows know the score as well as I do, and you know very well that others knew the contents of those bags."

Germer looked at Simmons and Simmo studied Shoemaker.

"You are aiming at one of our own fe lows?" Germer asked

"Who else?" Shoemaker said.

Simmons broke in with. "I don't give damn who you're aiming at, and I don know how to reassure you, but I'll wor with you. If you don't trust Al and me, te us who you will work with and it's a deal—with no interference from us. How about B Fahy? Would you want him to work directl with you and subject to your orders?"

Then Shoemaker exploded his bomb. know you're going to think this is impossible. I did, too, at first—but Fahy's th guy I'm aiming at."

Germer was aghast. "That doesn't mak sense," he said. "Fahy's worked as hard any of our men on this case."

"He went to the registry division on many occasions and made inquiries about what w being shipped and where. Your own peop tell me that," the captain explained

"Inspectors often make such inquiri You must have other reasons to suspec Fahy?" Simmons interjected.

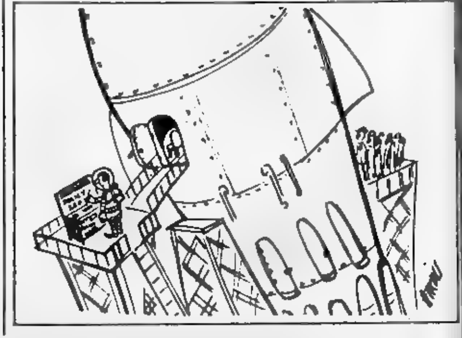
"I've been in this racket for a long time, Shoemaker said. "I never question other investigators' methods, but when a guy know all the answers in advance, I like to kno how he performs his magic."

"Meaning just what?" Simmons asked

"Meaning that in some of his most sensational exposes, Fahy knew all the answe ahead of time. Now that's impossible—unless it's a fix or you're in on it. Check bac on some of his cases and you'll see what mean. What about those bonds in the attic—you know, in the Dearborn Street case? H knew exactly where they were hidden; we right to them. What about him knowin where to find those gas masks and the revolver at Rondout—after a hundred other had covered the ground? That sort of thi happens too often with Fahy. And there ar other things—"

"Okay, we'll put a tail on him." Simmon said.

"I've been having him tailed for som time," Shoemaker replied, and there the conference ended.



Simmons summoned additional agents: Cleahan from New York, Nicolo from Syracuse, Milligan from Toledo and Miller from Washington, D. C. These were all top operatives and were the only inspectors in addition to Germer and Simmons let in on the fact that for the first time in the history of the Postal Service an Inspector was under suspicion. They met with Shoemaker secretly and began aiding and working with two of his men already on Fahy's trail.

Meanwhile, for 18 straight days Shoemaker visited the Federal jail to try to sell Willis Newton on the idea that he had been left to carry the bag while his friends enjoyed the loot. Willis finally cracked and gave Shoemaker three more names. One was that of still another Newton brother, Jess. The others were Herbert Holliday and Brent Glasscock.

Holliday was picked up at his home in Little Rock. He professed no knowledge of the holdup and rested on that. He was put on ice pending a return of memory.

Jess Newton was located in Mexico, but not enough evidence could be produced to obtain an extradition warrant, so Postal Inspector Kennedy set him up for a fall. A drunk was sent to bet Jess $100 that he could not ride a certain tough bronc. Jess, a former trick rider at rodeos, accepted. He crossed over to Texas prepared to ride and got one—on the wagon.

Jess made no bones about being in on the Rondout job and produced a jar containing $6,000. His share had been $35,000. The difference had been spent.

Meanwhile, Shoemaker's men and postal inspectors had put the arm on Brent Glasscock at Battle Creek, Michigan. At the time of his arrest he was carrying on his person $20,000 in cash. His room yielded another $29,000 of the stolen jewelry. The campaign was approaching a climax. Then, quite unexpectedly—the *coup de grace!*

THE *coup de grace* was exemplified in the person of Mrs. Nan Ryan, attractive 29-year-old brunette wife of Jerry Ryan, a suspect in the holdup of a postal messenger at Harvey, Illinois. Unable to raise bail, Ryan—one of Fahy's pinches—had been languishing in jail for months.

Chief Postal Inspector Rush Simmons didn't know Nan Ryan from Lady Godiva when she was announced at his office in the Federal Court Building.

"Come in, Mrs. Ryan," said Simmons from behind a desk. "What can I do for you?" He indicated a chair.

Nan Ryan sat down and looked frankly at Simmons. "Last March," she said, "there was a mail robbery at Harvey, Illinois. My husband has been charged with that and is awaiting trial. He's innocent."

"He will have his day in court."

This was familiar stuff to Simmons. But at Nan Ryan's next words he dropped his pen and looked at her sharply.

"Inspector Bill Fahy framed Jerry."

"That's a serious accusation."

"I know, but I think I can prove it. And I'll go further, Mr. Simmons. I think I can help to prove that Fahy was in on that Rondout business."

"Yes? Go on."

"My man Jerry is no angel, but he never lies to me. When he was arrested for that Harvey robbery, he swore he was innocent. He told me he had been framed by Fahy. He said that, from all he'd heard, Fahy's reputation must have been based on frame-ups. I believed him, but I had no proof. I consulted a certain police captain—I had grown up in the house next door to where he lived—"

"Did he send you here today?"

"Yes."

"Would you care to name him?"

"I'd rather not."

Simmons smiled. "All right. We understand each other. What happened?"

"He couldn't offer much hope on what little information I had, but about six weeks ago he sent for me to ask whether I had ever seen Fahy. When I told him I had seen Fahy in court and would recognize him anywhere, he gave me a plan—"

Simmons was hanging on every word. "Yes?" he urged.

"The captain said that some time ago, when Fahy first came to Chicago, he had been asked to take him on a personally conducted tour to acquaint him with the city. He had noticed, then, that the inspector had an eye for the girls. He said he knew that Fahy frequented certain night spots, and that I might help my husband and everybody else by getting to know him."

"And did you?"

"Yes, it wasn't too difficult. I saw him go into a Madison Street bar, so I went in and sat down at the next table. That was the beginning. After a while I began meeting him at various spots. Now I see him almost every night."

"And what else did you learn?"

"He's a free spender. You people must pay him an awfully big salary," she smiled. "Anyway, a few weeks ago I asked him for money. Said I needed new clothes. Said I didn't look smart enough to be travelling in his company."

"Did he give you the money?"

"Not right away. He explained that he was a little short but was expecting some money soon. Then, a couple of nights later, after a few drinks, he told me that he had come into $14,000, and yesterday we went shopping. Most girls would like to keep all that beautiful stuff, but I never want to see it again. All of it—dresses, lingerie, the works—is in your outer office now."

Nan Ryan spent another half hour filling Simmons in on the details of her dates with Fahy, then left. Fifteen minutes later Shoemaker arrived in response to a telephoned summons, and several of the inspectors working on the case were called into the office.

"Captain, Nan Ryan was in to see me. I think we ought to move on Fahy."

SHOEMAKER interlaced his fingers, leaned back and studied the ceiling. Then: "You'll have to be careful. You know Fahy questioned every one of the prisoners in our presence and not one turned on him. You might be a bit premature."

Inspector Miller said: "We've totalled his expenditures for the past month. He's 'way over his head."

Inspector Cleahan said: "Chief, why don't you try the old telegram routine? Maybe he'll commit himself."

They agreed on that and five minutes later Simmons had arranged with Washington to send him a very special telegram.

On the following morning, before Simmons arrived at the Federal Court Building, Fahy carried some papers into the boss's office.

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He saw a telegram on Simmons' desk and leaned over to read it.

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Fahy walked swiftly from the building, tailed by two local men. In a nearby telephone booth he called Jim Murray, who had been out on bail. He didn't know that Murray's telephone had been tapped.

"Jim, there's a telegram down here from Washington—" and he repeated it word for word. "Now get this. There must be no contact of any kind with me—even if it should prove to be a false alarm. And tell everybody that no matter what happens I won't talk."

He was arrested on his return to the office.

"How about it, Fahy?" the disgusted Simmons snapped.

"I don't know any more about Rondout than you do."

"Now don't give me that. Why did you call Jim Murray? Where did you get that big hunk of money a few weeks back? Captain Shoemaker has had you tailed by two policewomen for more than six weeks—and we've been tailing the women. Your expenditures during that time are all out of proportion to your salary."

Fahy flared up. "Shoemaker works for Chicago. They can't forget that I'm the guy who jailed their Senator Murphy. I'm being framed."

"You're a great guy to talk about being framed," Simmons said and turned to Clarahan. "Take him down and charge him with conspiracy."

The case was not yet complete, however. Not only had most of the prisoners denied complicity and clammed up, but much of the loot was still unrecovered.

The council of inspectors and Captain Shoemaker went into another huddle.

Shoemaker said, "Glasscock is a windbag. So is Willis Newton. Let the two of them in a wired room, quiz them for a while, then have an officer call us away for a few minutes. You know, as if the assistant D.A. wanted to see us or something."

THE scheme worked.

Glasscock was heard denouncing Newton as a double-crossing louse. "Why in hell didn't you keep your mouth shut? Fahy would have fouled up their case in court."

"A fine bastard you are to be complaining! You guys scram with the dough while I sit in the can," Newton snapped back.

"You're crazy. Nobody has scrammed with anything. The money's hidden in Wilamette."

After some more in the same, Shoemaker and Germer confronted the pair with their own words. Glasscock cracked.

"What the hell! You've got it all wrapped up, anyway," he said. "I've known Jim Murray for years. He asked me if I wanted to get in on a mail job. I said okay, so he introduced me to Fahy who had information on a hundred grand payroll, but the guys I lined up said it was too small."

"And then what?" Germer asked.

"Fahy came back with the dope on train 57. After he had decided that we should stop the train at Rondout, he took us all through several rehearsals."

"Where did the two holdup men board the train?" Shoemaker put in.

"Just as it was easing out of Union Station, Holliday and Willis Newton hopped aboard. I had driven the other Newtons to Rondout early in the afternoon. Of course Murray and Fahy were not on the scene at all. Murray's principal part was to introduce me to Fahy. In addition he financed us until it was time for the job."

"What about the rest of the loot?"

"Take me to Wilamette and I'll dig up a good hunk of it."

In an old Wilamette house owned by Jim Murray, $500,000 in cash and bonds were found stashed in four jars.

Almost at the same time another $450,000 was recovered from the home of Glasscock's brother-in-law at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where it had been hidden without the owner's knowledge.

Now Holliday talked and implicated Fahy. The other Newton brothers followed suit. All hope of Fahy beating the government case had gone down the drain.

But Fahy and Murray came right down to the wire admitting nothing, denying everything.

AT a side-bar conference, just before the trial started, McComb was discharged. It had been determined that he knew nothing of the robbery. He had been working as a bartender for Murray when he was sent to get aid for the wounded man.

The attorneys for Fahy and Murray put up a strenuous defense, but the evidence plus the confessions of their co-conspirators were simply overwhelming. The verdict was "Guilty as charged."

After sentencing, the score read like this: Fahy, 25 years; Murray, 25 years; Holliday, 25 years; Glasscock, Willis and Willie Newton, 12 years; Joe Newton, [illegible] years; Jesse Newton, a year and a day.

In a desperate effort to have his sentence reduced, Murray tried to bargain by producing the remaining $385,000 in war bonds. The court was not impressed, however.

The only refreshing note occurred when the indictment against Jerry Ryan was dropped and Nan got her husband back. "It was just like a movie," she said.

Before returning to Washington, Chief Inspector Rush Simmons dropped off at police headquarters to say good-bye to Captain Shoemaker.

"Bill, it sure has been nice working with you. I don't need to tell you what a help you've been. All that loot—$2,000,000 of it—has been recovered or accounted for—except $14,000. And that is exactly the figure Nan Ryan gave us—remember?—when Fahy told her he had come into some money—"

"I remember. And I have a tally on Fahy's expenditures during the weeks we tailed him. You'd be surprised how close to fourteen thousand it comes. Want to see the figures?" Shoemaker asked.

"No, Bill. But I hope to see you soon again, and I also would like to meet some more cops with your savvy," Simmons replied.

It will be a long time before Simmons or anyone else sees the likes of Bill Shoemaker. He was a law man of the ages, a mild, quiet, methodical city police official who, in his unspectacular, business-like devotion to his duty, made the showier fist-and-hammer dicks of today's movie and TV screens look like schoolchildren. And he did it all for a small weekly wage—and his own self-respect.

One last note. To date Fahy remains the sole black sheep among postal inspectors in the long and exemplary history of the Service. ◆◆◆

GEISHA GIRL RIOTS

Continued from page 23

rough rocking motion the car settled down. The grinding of twisted steel gave way to groans and cries of men in agony, seemingly far away beyond walls and corridors.

Vespa's ribs felt broken on the left side, and his left hip pained him when [illegible] shoved against the toilet door to open it, but he couldn't be sure if he was really hurt. *I'm shell-shocked,* he thought, *I may be hurt worse than I think I am. And Marshal Chang? Dead, most likely.*

The dynamiting had certainly been aimed at the marshal. Whether Chang had survived was only a question of precisely where the explosive charge had been placed.

The passage door was open when Vespa climbed out of the toilet cabinet. The car lay tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, and the compartment door hung inward, slowly swinging. He climbed through the doorway into the passage. A cloud of dust hung thickly. The Japanese guards lay wounded, crying for help. The walls and floor were spattered with blood.

The door of Marshal Chang's compartment and a section of steel wall had been ripped out. The smell of the explosive was bitter in Vespa's nostrils as he crawled through the open wall. In the heavy dust and smoke, Vespa groped blindly for the marshal's body. His hand touched warm flesh: it was the girl. She was dead.

Then quietly, the voice taut with pain, he heard close to his ear: "Vespa! Vespa!" It was Marshal Chang, crumpled by a corner of the torn wall-opening. Vespa crawled closer. The marshal's face had been badly cut and was laced with webs of blood. The black eyes were dirt-dull now, and the skin was drained bluish-white like skim milk.

"Kill them, Vespa!" was all Marshal Chang Tso-Lin could say, all he had time to say—the death-rattle was in his throat.

In the past eight years Vespa and the marshal had been through many campaigns together, in the field against rival warlords or savage hill tribes, prowling the northern mountains like wolves, hunting and hunted, and afterwards at the victorious festivals among the villages, or hilarious nights of wine and moonlight in the beaten warlords' pavilions of women. When the Japanese came, Chang and Vespa fought until overwhelmed by the enemy's reckless onslaughts. Now Marshal Chang Tso-Lin was dead, and Vespa vowed in silence: *I'll kill them, Chang, I'll kill them by thousands!*

Hoisting the body onto his shoulder, Vespa struggled along the tilted passageway. Though of only average size he was strongly built. In a moment he had clambered outside the wreckage.

In the darking twilight men and women were crawling out of piled-up cars, bleeding, broken, crying for help. Vespa lowered the marshal's body to the ground.

Out of broken windows in the car directly behind, a number of young women in Japanese kimonos crawled and fell crying. Their gowns were torn, their pretty painted faces smudged with blood and smoke. A tall Eurasian woman moved calmly among them, quieting them with soft words, helping the injured. She was Li-Ju Sing, daughter of a Hongkong British Government man and a Cantonese prostitute. Blue-eyed, black-haired, ivory-skinned, taller and far lovelier than any of her girls, she had never—so far as any man could truthfully tell—sold herself. But in her profession as procuress to the Japanese Imperial Army she was known as "Mimi Chosen," which means "Korean whore," for it was she who had masterminded the procuring of 10,000 Korean girls when the Japanese overran their country prior to the occupation of Manchuria.

She worked for Colonel Tanaka, and her monthly payoffs to him were said to exceed $100,000. Her present shipment of girls was a hundred Japanese maidens, guaranteed virgin and freshly arrived from Tokyo for the pleasure of His Majesty's troops. Vespa had fought her for years, as he had fought all forms of vice while serving Marshal Chang Tso-lin. He'd put down the slavery of women and the narcotics trade wherever he could root them out.

From a car further down the line a squad of soldiers came running, led by an officer brandishing a saber and angrily shouting commands. When they came closer, Vespa saw it was Colonel Tanaka. He quickly felt for his weapons: the small-caliber belly-gun strapped to his left leg under the trousers above the ankle, the sheath knife under his jacket in back at the belt.

TANAKA and his guards ran through the groups of terrified girls, past Mimi Chosen, ignoring her as she stood tall and silent, watching the colonel and his men with eyes that glittered like blue sapphires in an ivory mask. Vespa only half-noticed these details as [illegible] waited for the colonel. But notice he did, unable not to observe such things after his many years as chief of Marshal Chang's intelligence corps. No Oriental face was "inscrutable" to him; he could read the very absence of expression. Mimi Chosen had something on her mind, Vespa could see that much, and it plainly wasn't love for the colonel.

Before Tanaka had quite reached the place where Vespa knelt by his chief's body, he could see that Marshal Chang was dead. The colonel put on a show, for there were many civilian witnesses among the passengers, mostly Chinese, but also a few Europeans.

"The dog is dead?" he shrilled, waving

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his voice and generally overplaying his anger. "He should have died more slowly! That bomb was meant for me! How lucky that I left his car when I did!" And then to Vespa: "You were part of the plot! You are under arrest, Mr Vespa! I shall turn you over to the military commandant in Mukden, and I shall request the pleasure of shooting you myself!"

It happened, but not by chance, that a large convoy of Japanese army trucks, all empty, was crossing Hankow Road Bridge at the time of the dynamiting. Soldiers were already busy carrying injured men and women (Mimi Cheung's girls first) from the train to the trucks.

With a Luger in his hand Tanaka herded Vespa to the command car at the head of the convoy. "To headquarters!" he ordered the chauffeur.

Twenty minutes later they entered the grounds of the former Manchu Palace of Kham on Uchatakovaya Street, now the Japanese Imperial Army's HQ. Here the commandant of the army of occupation, Colonel Doihara, had offices and a private apartment.

With his prisoner, Colonel Tanaka gained immediate entrance to Doihara's office. The latter adopted a gracious tone, asking Vespa to be seated and offering him a box of cigarettes.

"I have already heard about the train wreck," he said smilingly. He was a small man with a large head and, like his assistant Tanaka, not of the samurai caste. But he was smoother than Tanaka. Doihara was the kind of man who likes to think himself sophisticated and affects the superior smile and the soft approach, always underestimating other men. "I am very happy to see you alive, Mr Vespa!" he went on. "As for your Marshal Chang Tso-lin, his death is only poetic justice! His own agents killed him while trying to assassinate our Colonel Tanaka."

Vespa accepted a cigarette and lighted it, saying nothing, but his look asked questions.

Doihara explained. "At any rate," he said, "that is the story we shall release through Domei News Agency."

Still not commenting, Vespa drew on his cigarette, but he indicated his understanding with a nod of the head. What more did they want now? His own death? He was easy to kill. But they'd better do it quickly. If they waited too long he'd keep that promise to his dying friend. *I'll kill them, Chang, I'll kill them by thousands!*

THEN Doihara came to the point. "Since the gods have saved you from the death Marshal Chang brought upon himself," he said, "it must be for some higher purpose. There can be no purpose higher than serving our glorious Emperor! *From* this moment you are one of us, Mr Vespa! Your many years' experience working for the marshal should prove invaluable. You know Manchuria, you know Chang's agents, and as an undercover operative working for us you can render great service to our cause." He paused, seeing Vespa's look of surprise. "Permit me to explain, Mr Vespa," he continued. "This is not an invitation. You have just received your first orders! As of this moment, you are working for us! You have a family, Mr Vespa, and I think I need not say more . . . ?"

Throwing the cigarette to the floor, Vespa ground it under his heel. His face was red with anger, but still he said nothing. He knew he had to play this scene very carefully and correctly. Alone, he might get out of Manchuria if he chose, or drop out of sight and work directly with the underground. But so long as his family could be arrested at any hour—without Marshal Chang Tso-lin's protection—he was Doihara's prisoner. Many years as chief of a network of secret agents had taught him to estimate a situation instantly and correctly and proceed with an almost mathematical logic.

"Colonel Doihara," he said, "your offer comes as a welcome surprise. I am flattered that your implied threat to my family does upset me. It is really not necessary. I am an expert, Colonel, and my services are for hire, seeing that my former employer is now dead. You will find me loyal to the man I work for, as I was loyal to Marshal Chang. Give me clear orders and the authority to execute them, pay me properly, and you need not hold my family as hostages."

"Ah, yes, Mr Vespa," purred Doihara, "but you do not give me orders! I have already told you the conditions. You cannot alter them. Your family is the price of your life. You will work for us or be shot, and you will work well or be shot anyway, and your family with you! Do you understand?"

Vespa understood. It was Doihara who did not understand. Nor did his intelligence aide, Tanaka. They believed they had tied Vespa's hands, but in point of fact they had given him the greatest opportunity of his career. As official undercover agent for the Japanese Military Intelligence in Manchuria he was now in an excellent position to fulfill his promise to Marshal Chang Tso-lin and to serve the China he loved so well.

AMLETO (Hamlet) Vespa was born in Aquila, Italy, on March 17, 1888, the youngest of four sons in a small produce merchant's family. He saw little future for himself in Aquila, so when he completed his compulsory military service at the age of 22 he went to Genoa and shipped out as a seaman. In Veracruz he jumped ship and joined the Mexican Revolutionary Army of Gen Francisco Madero. The year was 1910. He was twice wounded and received two field promotions. In 1912, he left Mexico and traveled as a free-lance journalist in the United States, South America, French Indo-China, and finally China, where he journeyed as far as Tibet, Mongolia, and Siberia.

In 1916, the Allied Powers employed him for their expert knowledge of the Chinese marches. He was attached to their Far Eastern Intelligence Service, accompanying the Japanese Army into the Maritime and Amur provinces to Baikal and Nicolaevsk during the Sino-Japanese conflict with Bolshevik border forces. During this period he became acquainted with many prominent Japanese and Chinese, among them Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the governor-general of Manchuria. He learned to admire the marshal as a good man and a just ruler. After the war, in 1920, he joined the Manchurian warlord's personal service. From that moment he became a real power in the backstage politics of North China.

Very soon, however, events forced him to [illegible] chief of Marshal Chang's intelligence corps it was his duty to check illegal traffic in arms, narcotics, and women. He then found himself in conflict with the Italian government, for it was largely his own countrymen who were smuggling contraband. At Marshal Chang's suggestion he became a Chinese citizen. As such he was no longer subject to harassment from the Italian government through its consuls and had the protection of the Chinese government in all he did.

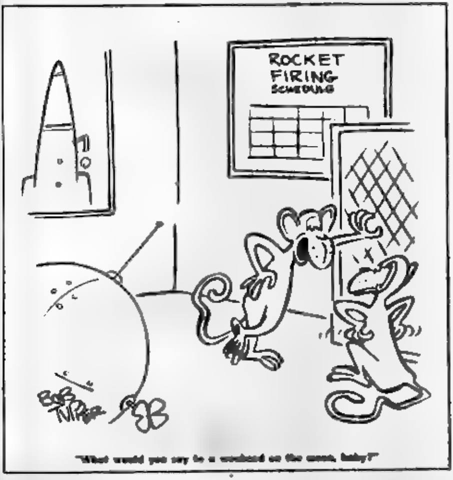
UNTIL the assassination of Marshal Chang in 1928, Vespa kept gun runners, narcotics smugglers, and white slavers on the run. His authority was complete, and he exercised it with finality. Illegal arms shipments were confiscated and the smugglers beheaded on the spot. Opium and heroin dealers were shot immediately when found with the stuff in their possession. Traffickers in female flesh were strangled with the garroting cord and their women captives turned loose and sent home. Vespa's name was feared by the criminal underworld, and by the Japanese.

From the time Japan occupied Manchuria and changed the country's name to Manchoukuo, the Japanese High Command had trouble with Vespa. He and his network of secret agents effectively sabotaged their attempts to swamp the country with narcotics, prostitute its women, and enslave its men. Vespa and Marshal Chang were the last barriers to the Japanese' complete control of Manchuria. One by one the other warlords had been killed or bought off, but they could not control Chang. He could not be corrupted, and he was hard to kill. They installed a puppet Emperor, the simple-minded Henry Pu Yi, pretender to the long-dead Manchu throne. They issued decrees in his name, limiting Marshal Chang's power by law, but they could not cut him down to size this way.

The dynamiting of the Tientsin-Mukden Express was not their first attempt to kill Chang, but this time they hoped to get Vespa in the same bag. Of course their plan was no mystery, for Vespa had the best intelligence service ever known in China. When Colonel Doihara, commanding the Imperial Army in Manchuria, requested Marshal Chang's presence in Mukden for consultations, Vespa naturally insisted that the Japanese own intelligence chief, Colonel Tanaka, accompany them—in the same compartment, all the way [illegible] Mukden!

VESPA survived the death of his chief, to the Japanese' great surprise and momentary disappointment. But in thinking he could pull victory out of defeat by blackmailing Vespa into working for the Japanese Intelligence Service, the egotistical Doihara underestimated his enemy. He should have killed Vespa. On June 4, 1928, the Japanese High Command created a Frankenstein monster, a master double-agent whose only thought was to destroy them.

For the next eight years Vespa walked a tightrope. One slip meant his death, and not only his, but also his family's. During those years not even his wife knew fully what he was doing. She only knew that he could not [illegible] what he seemed, a tool of the Japanese. Margherita Canale was the only daughter of an Italian importer in Shanghai,



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and when she married Vespa he told she had to become a Chinese citizen along with him. It seemed a doubtful step to her conservative father and his businessman friends in the Italian Colony, but Margherita's love for her husband grew with her faith in him, a faith that was continually strengthened by Vespa's amazing exploits in the service of Marshal Chang. That faith was strained, certainly, but not broken during the later years of apparent service under the Japanese.

Vespa was now required to commit the very crimes he had formerly struggled to suppress, and he did indeed commit them, but in such ways as to defeat the Japanese purpose.

He had help, of course, for he never lost contact with the corps of agents who had worked under him before Marshal Chang's assassination. He also had Japanese operatives, assigned to him by Doihara and Tanaka, and often he required his Jap agents to perform mysterious tasks, his being elsewhere when the action started.

Among Vespa's more valuable agents provided by Doihara, Tanaka and Co., was a White Russian refugee and former officer in the czar's Imperial Guard, Colonel Ratov, who commanded a Cossack cavalry during the Revolution. Another was a Greek unrecognized by his own government, George Sorotis, a degenerate despised by all but the Japanese.

Vespa's personal agents from the old days were men of another calibre, like Ying the Bandit, by birth a prince of the Torgut Mongols, by choice a rebel guerrilla who lived only to kill Japs.

Vespa's name in Italian means wasp, and in Chinese it is Feng. As Feng the Wasp he was known throughout North China. His sting was feared by the Manchurian underworld, but when it became known that he had entered the service of the Japanese Military Intelligence, the gun runners, opium smugglers, and white slavers congratulated themselves on a new ally and looked forward to uninterrupted prosperity. When that was not the way it worked, the underworld wondered why, but never suspected Feng of being a double agent, few persons in Manchuria believing it possible to outwit the wily Jap.

Doihara and Tanaka were of course aware of the possibility that Vespa would try to fool them, but they didn't believe it likely. In their moral world, why should Vespa continue loyal to Marshal Chang, a dead man? As for Vespa's loyalty to China, this never crossed their minds. Nevertheless they kept him under surveillance, or tried to. Often, however, their spies were in reality working for Vespa. He was, to put it simply, smarter than they were.

A shipment of opium would arrive in Harbin disguised as canned goods for the Imperial Army commissariat. It was Vespa's job to guard it and protect it from anti-Japanese underground agents. Like all major crime in Manchoukuo, the narcotics concession belonged to officers of the High Command. It was potentially a billion-dollar business, but until Marshal Chang's death Vespa had been able to keep the flow of dope down to a trickle. Now the Japs expected it to grow and make them rich.

It didn't. Vespa could not always interrupt the flow of opium, but the stuff that finally reached Harbin was often spoiled by adulterants that made it unsalable. Vespa would claim that the drug had been badly cut *before* it left Tokyo, by Japanese dealers who were out to cheat their countrymen in Manchuria. He could only promise to get the shipments through, he would insist, he could not guarantee the quality of the opium—or the honesty of Japanese dealers. But nobody knew this better than the Japs themselves, who were so busy cheating each other it was almost impossible for normal business to operate.

When assigned to protect military convoys, Vespa frequently set them up for ambush by his guerrilla agents, like Ying the Bandit. Troop trains were dynamited, barracks were burned, ammunition dumps were detonated. Each time Vespa was working hard on something else far away from the scene.

HE might have got by with his double game forever had not a certain Greek spy learned too much. This was early in 1936, not long after Vespa acquired a new agent, Li-Ju Sing, "Mimi Chosen."

Considering her background it is less surprising that Li-Ju Sing procured for the Japanese than that she later turned against them. Born of a Hongkong prostitute, brought up in bordellos from Singapore to Vladivostok, unable to read or write, despising men because of her mother's profession, within her limitations she was, strangely, a *good* woman, at least in the sense that she took the best possible care of her girls. She ran her chain of brothels well, hiring only employees of the finest personal qualities.

To Mimi Chosen a Japanese was no worse than a Chinese or a Russian. She never understood why men like Vespa fought the Jap, but eventually she did come to understand. It began with the dynamiting of the Tientsin-Mukden Express when many of her girls were hurt and one was killed by Col. Tanaka's agents in their eagerness to murder Marshal Chang Tso-lin. The fact that the Japanese injured some of her girls outraged her. During the next several years Mimi Chosen found more reasons to hate her Jap masters as she saw their brutality to women.

Vespa was not surprised when she sent for him, he only wondered why she had not done so years earlier. He had not interested himself too much in white slavery and the narcotics traffic since the death of Marshal Chang, being more concerned with direct action against the Japanese military machine, killing Jap officials, executing Chinese traitors, attempts (three) on the life of puppet Emperor Henry Pu Yi, the burning of military airports at Changchun, Tsitsihar, Harbin, Pogranichnaya. But if Mimi Chosen wanted to work for him, what a network of pretty spies she could offer!

At her apartment in Hotel Moderne, on Uchastkovaya Street, she received him with cocktails. An Oriental water-lute tinkled softly in the background. A blazing fireplace warmed the room.

Li-Ju Sing was taller and lovelier than any young woman who worked for her, slender but amply built, dressed in a skin-tight gown of fire-coloured silk, split at the sides and revealing her legs above the knees. She seated Vespa comfortably on a wide divan before the open fire, and then she sat beside him, close but not too close, enough for him to sense the subtle perfume she wore, a hint of sandalwood, but not quite close enough for him to feel the warmth of her body.

More of a man than most men, Vespa was not unmoved, but he was also a man of uncompromisingly high principles. As the most powerful man behind the scenes in China he could command many women, yet in all his years of service to China he never abused his power. Though Li-Ju Sing's delicate perfume was seductive and the woman herself was beautiful beyond comparison, Vespa was a man in love with his wife. He truly loved his Margharita, desiring only her. What he wanted of Li-Ju Sing was not her body but her help.

When she saw this, she came to the point directly.

"I want to help you!" she said.

"Does an agent of the Japanese need your help?" he countered.

"I believe you are working against them," she said. "I want to help!"

"And where do you get the idea that I work against them?" Vespa asked cautiously. If this woman suspected him—why? Vespa sensed danger near him. Was she an agent-provocateur herself? Who was behind her?

"We have a friend," she explained naively. "He suggested that I speak to you . . ."

"*He* . . . ?"

"Colonel Ratov."

"Where is he? I mean, where is he now?"

"He will be here this evening . . ."

Ratov! That dumb Cossack! If he suspected, how many others likewise? After eight years' busy activity as a double-agent, it was not really surprising that his usefulness should end. Indeed, he'd been lucky a very long time. But Ratov? Well, thought Vespa, I must mend my fences!

Frozen in his mind were pictures of Ratov and his Cossacks as Vespa had seen them more than once between Baikal and Nicolaevsk, riding blooded mounts, dragging cages on ropes behind them, and in the cages like beasts naked and crazy were captured revolutionaries, both Chinese and Russian, for along the Siberian frontier the 1917 Revolution respected no national boundaries. Later, working for the Japanese, the same Ratov staged fake raids on Manchurian border villages, paid by the Japs to do so, and using Cossack troops in captured Soviet uniforms, killing wherever he was told to in order to make propaganda for his Japanese bosses.

WHEN the apartment doorbell rang, a maid brought Ratov into the room. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, heavy-browed man dressed in khaki and an Astrakhan hat, and he strode into the room like the Cossack he was.

"Mr. Vespa!" said the Russian, smiling broadly and extending his big hand.

"I am really surprised," Vespa said noncommittally.

"And I am delighted!" replied Ratov. "I have brought the three of us together!"

"For what purpose, Colonel?" asked Vespa. He would let the man hang himself!

"With Li-Ju Sing's cooperation," Ratov explained, "with her excellent sources of information, we can do great harm to the Japanese, Mr. Vespa!"

"*We*, Colonel?"

"But yes! Together we can. . . !"

Vespa interrupted him. "When Doihara and Tanaka assigned you to my service, Ratov, your loyalty to the Japanese was your greatest recommendation. In the past eight years I have seen nothing in your behavior to indicate a change . . ."

As he spoke he kept an eye on the woman and on Ratov's hands. She was pouring a cocktail. The big Cossack was listening with a look of growing surprise. His broad smile shortened. His eyes turned wary. Things were not going the way he had planned, and he hadn't the wit to think on his feet.

The only question in Vespa's mind was whether Ratov was trying to set him up for blackmail, or acting for the Japs. Either way . . .

VESPA'S training for more than 16 years as an undercover agent had given him the power for instantaneous decision. He made such a decision now. Reaching quickly inside his jacket he drew a small short-barreled gun and pointed it at Ratov's chest. The Russian opened his mouth to speak.

Vespa said, "Shut up!" Then he asked the woman, "Are we alone here? Can your maid hear us?" Meanwhile he had taken a small silencer from his coat pocket and was screwing it onto the muzzle of the gun.

Li-Ju Sing said, "We are alone. No one can hear us." She stared at the gun, blue eyes widening, and dropped the cocktail she'd been pouring.

Ratov knew that the silencer meant business, and he rushed Vespa, roaring something unintelligible.

Vespa fired once. The silenced gun made a small popping sound. Ratov's eyes flared in astonishment and turned blank. He sagged to the floor, dead.

Vespa pocketed his gun and turned to the woman. She seemed about to faint. He got her by the arms to steady her, and she turned to him, leaning against him, half-sobbing and trying to say something that sounded like "Why? Why?"

Helping her onto the divan, Vespa said, "My dear, to trust a man like Ratov is to commit suicide! He's been killing for pay since long before he sneaked across the Siberian frontier 18 years ago with the Bolsheviks after him! The Japs own him! Or did. Look at it this way. You wanted to strike a blow at the Jap. Well, you have done so! You wanted to work with me. Help me now. Can we get the body out of this building? A laundry hamper?" Then he sensed that he was going too fast for her. Of course she wasn't accustomed to this kind of action. "I'm sorry," he said. "Take your time. Here, drink this!" He gave her the rest of his cocktail.

Ratov lay on his back, staring sightlessly at the ceiling, a neat hole in his jacket, powder burns around it, a little blood oozing out, forming a scarlet flower.

It was a tough way to introduce Li-Ju Sing to espionage, but in a way it was the best possible beginning, for if she had thought that the work was a game she now knew the stakes were life and death. She helped Vespa smuggle Ratov's body out of the hotel's side entrance in a laundry hamper. Thereafter they worked together.

Many of the girls in Li-Ju Sing's network of Imperial Army brothels were more than willing to do what they could

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against the Jap, prying information out of their clients, relaying the information to Li-Ju Sing, who relayed it to Vespa, who sent out orders to his agents and saboteurs. Troop trains were blown up because a drunken Jap told a pretty prostitute that he was leaving for the interior next morning on battle orders. Officers and government men were assassinated because they boasted to whores about their activities.

ONE evening, in the spring of 1936, as Vespa was leaving the Hotel Siberia after receiving new information from his pretty conspirator, he saw the Greek, George Saratsis, standing by the entrance. Vespa walked on without troubling to speak. He never dealt with the man directly, disliking the contact with his type. Saratsis sidled alongside Vespa as the latter walked.

"May I walk with you, Mr Vespa?" he inquired in a fruity, fluting voice.

Vespa looked and said nothing but only kept walking along. Knowing the Greek, there was nothing to say.

Saratsis did the talking. "Where is Col Rutov?" he asked softly.

"In Tsitsihar," said Vespa. He had let it be known that he sent the Russian off on a special mission, but this Greek apparently thought he knew better.

"And how is the lovely Mimi Chosen?" pursued Saratsis.

"Come to the point, Saratsis!" Vespa demanded. He stopped walking now and faced the man. Better to get this over with.

"I need money, Mr Vespa," the man explained.

"Very well," said Vespa. "But I have none with me."

"I shall be here on the street at this time tomorrow," said the Greek. "Good night, sir!" He turned and left then, disappearing around a corner.

What a damned nuisance! thought Vespa as he walked on. Of course Saratsis would have protected himself. He'd have his information cached somewhere. To kill him would only invite disaster. He might scare the fellow instead . . . yes, Ying the Bandit was the man for this job!

That night Vespa sent a courier to Ying at his camp in the hills not far from Mukden. Next morning the guerrilla leader met him at a rendezvous. Vespa explained the situation, how he dared not risk killing the Greek, why he felt the man could be scared into impotence. Ying understood. He knew how to handle it.

THAT evening Vespa watched the front of the Hotel Siberia from a window across the street. He saw the Greek waiting. Ying, disguised as a peddler of cakes, approached the Greek and spoke to him at some length. Though Vespa couldn't hear their talk, he knew precisely what Ying was telling the man. "My dear Mr Saratsis," he was saying, "Mr Vespa has told me that you are concerning yourself with matters which are none of your business. This meddling of yours may disturb Mr Vespa's sleep. Now, Mr Vespa is a blood brother of my people, and I must see to it that he sleeps peacefully. The last person who interfered with his restful slumber was invited to be my guest, and I entertained him so well that at the end of a week he begged me to kill him. I should very much like to entertain you in this manner, Mr Saratsis, and if

"She's got to learn about these things some place and it's better for her to learn about it at the village orgy than in the gutters."

any harm comes to my friend, within one hour you will be my guest, and you will then spend the last week of your life with me! I am the man they call Ying the Bandit!"

Ying bowed then and went on down the street with his tray of cakes. The Greek stood where he was, staring after him. Yes, Vespa was certain, the scare had worked.

Nevertheless it was a bad sign. Vespa knew the end was not far off when he would be unable to continue as a double-agent. If the Greek knew, others would find out.

He began to plan for his departure.

The problem was how to get his family out. Here his alliance with Mimi Cheung served him well. In moving her girls from house to house she often sent them in fairly large groups—a convoy of cars, say, from Harbin to Dairen, to Tientsin, to smaller places also, wherever the Japanese Imperial Army had a barracks. His wife and son and daughter left Mukden with a group of Mimi Cheung's girls, disguised with plenty of make-up, dressed in kimonos. At a field outside the city they emplaned for Shanghai and safety. In a few more hours they were at Mrs. Vespa's father's home in the Italian Colony.

VESPA'S exit from Manchuria, however, was not so easy. By now he knew he was being watched with a purpose, not just the general surveillance he had come to expect from the Japs. That Doihara and Tanaka were onto him was evident from their exaggeratedly supercilious smiles, their excessive politeness, and, more obviously, in the fact that they tried to keep him away from the more important tasks. Vespa knew his business. He had no doubt that they were hoping to net his agents before they knocked him off. For this they waited, and their delay gave him his chance.

First he ordered all his operatives to place themselves under the command of Ying the Bandit. From now on the operations would be more direct, guerrilla action, sabotage and assassination. The time for espionage was past. Open war was the order of the day.

Then he summoned Ying himself. The Bandit came to their rendezvous in the Street of the Hummingbird at dawn, disguised as a fisherman selling river oysters. Ying was a slender, fine-boned man with unnaturally bright eyes that seemed to dart everywhere at once. While he opened oysters and Vespa ate them, they discussed the future.

"You will attack whenever and wherever possible," said Vespa. "Use my agents. Kill as many of them as you can. Destroy their property. Don't let a day pass without action!"

"If you would stay, Vespa, and join us"

"No, Ying. No, I'll find other activities. Guerrilla fighting is not for me. I have a job I must do, and you'll hear about it after I leave. As for that, I have a plan. I'll need your help. My family arrived in Shanghai by plane last night, and sometime today the Japanese will know they're gone. They'll ask me where I sent them. I'll say they're at a villa outside the city, out the Tsitsihar road. They'll demand that I lead them there. I'll agree of course. And that's where you come in."

It fell out as Vespa predicted. Col. Doihara summoned him and demanded to know where he had sent his family.

"My wife and children are waiting at a villa not far from the city, Colonel," said Vespa.

"Precisely where?" Doihara demanded.

"Ten miles out the Tsitsihar road," Vespa explained. "I could take you there if you insist."

Doihara called in Tanaka and a squad of soldiers. They all got into two command cars, Doihara and Vespa in the lead car, Tanaka in the second. It was bright noonday when they left Mukden.

A few miles out of the city the highway wound among low hills along a watercourse. Ten miles out the road passed through a small forest of pines. A tree had fallen across the highway; it was not a big tree and a few strong backs could move it easily enough.

But just as the soldiers were putting their backs into it, a fusillade of machine gun fire cut them down, leaving only Doihara, Tanaka and Vespa standing unhurt among the dead guards.

The colonels had their guns out, undecided what to do, for they could see no guerrillas. They were scared and looked about frantically for the enemy. They began firing blindly into the trees.

Vespa said, "Put your guns away and you'll not be hurt! But do so now, or my men will cut you down!"

They hesitated, then holstered their weapons. The guerrillas began walking out of the woods then, Ying the Bandit at their head.

With Doihara and Tanaka as hostages it was easy for Vespa to get out of Manchuria. In fact, he flew by military aircraft. When he was safely gone, the two colonels were traded to the High Command for captured guerrillas. Thus the episode ended well for everyone concerned.

Except the Greek. Ying kept his word and kidnapped him one night, bringing him to his guerrilla camp and keeping him there as his personal guest for a week, the last week of his life. At the end he begged Ying to kill him, as the Bandit had promised. Ying obliged what was left of him.

In Shanghai, safe with his family again, Vespa put his knowledge of the Japanese occupation at the disposal of League of Nations representatives. As we know, the facts of the Japanese conquest of Manchuria did not prevent World War II though the press of the world published Vespa's information.

WHEN the Japs occupied Shanghai on the eve of the war, Vespa and his family were caught in a situation almost diabolical in its irony. The Italians would not protect him, for he was not only a Chinese citizen now but anti-Japanese, and the Japs were Mussolini's allies through their good friend Hitler. The other foreign government officials would not help him because he was not one of them but a Chinese national.

Like many other refugees with no place to go the Vespas bought their way aboard a Chinese seagoing junk, hoping to reach Singapore. But before they could possibly get there Singapore, too, fell before the Japs.

The junk was shelled and sunk somewhere off the Philippines by a Japanese naval gunboat.

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Out of the Stag Bag

WARD'S WONDERFUL WAR

To the Editor:

You seem to be printing a series of Civil War articles by Messrs. Mullady and Kofoed (*"Get The Women Out—We've Got A War To Fight,"* STAG, May) and I want to express my appreciation of them. No other writer-buffs seem to draw as much color from the the War's bizarre incidents as do those two fellows. Witness that gay sightseer march to Bull Run—I got a kick out of seeing those silly ladies getting blown to pieces.

I read a brief account somewhere of some tunnel the Union built to get under a Reb fort at Petersburg. I remember it turned out to be another disaster. How about putting my boys to work on it?

Burton Ward
Bangor, Maine

▶ *We assure you it's just a coincidence, but turn to page 24 of STAG's current issue, Mr. Ward—your clairvoyance will astonish you.*

FOOD FOR FIGURES

To the Editor:

One puzzling inaccuracy marred your otherwise perfectly revolting account of the wreck of the *Peggy* (*For 10 Days They Fed On Steward Becket,* STAG, May).

Let us assume Steward Becket to have been a run-of-the-mill 150-pounder. Had he more ample girth I'm certain author John Archer would have stated that fact. Now, according to a medical tutor here, Becket would have rendered down to about 73 pounds, once the fat and certain inedible juices had been drained off. Bone, with negligible marrow, would account for 40% of this net weight, leaving 43.8 lbs. to be consumed. My medical friend further opines that optical nerves located behind the retina, as well as parts of the lower bowel and other organs, are totally indigestible—he estimated that barely more than 50% of this net weight, or 22 pounds, would pass through a human digestive tract.

These 22 pounds to sustain a crew of 24 over a period of 10 days? You will find this allows each survivor 1.44 ounces per day. I find such short rations rather hard to swallow.

John L. Keogh
Math. Dept., Johns Hopkins U.
Baltimore, Md.

▶ *Nevertheless, it's true, Mr. Keogh. And if you'll check government-printed survival manuals issued to today's GIs, you'll find that tests have proven a man can live on considerably less than an ounce of food a day for long periods.*

DAD-BLASTED TO DAVY JONES

To the Editor:

I very much enjoyed *The U-Boat That Refused To Die* in May STAG, but I'm not so sure it's an all-fired good idea to show a bad-apple Nazi like Kapitsky as a big-man hero. Didn't the U.S. have a smash-bang sub skipper of its own to write about?

Dave Donahue
Boston, Mass.

▶ *Sure—and we've done bang-up features on them too. But STAG thinks courage can be independent of nationality, and besides, didn't the rip-roaring Marines bomb hell out of that ever-loving Kapitsky at the end?*

THEIR READING EYE

To the Editor:

Thought you might like to know I have been reading aloud to blind World War II and Korean vets at many institutions in this city. Pleased to report that of the adventure magazines requested for reading, it's been STAG three to one—and I couldn't be happier for it.

Edwin Grant
Pittsburgh, Pa.

GAIN WEIGHT stop being SKINNY!

LOOK AT SKINNY! I wouldn't be seen with him!
LATER
AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE GIRLS LOOK AT YOU!

Now at last—QUICKLY—EASILY put firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

DON'T STAY SKINNY! GO FROM THIS TO THIS!

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Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or **your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **quick-acting** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a 30 day supply for only $2.98, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

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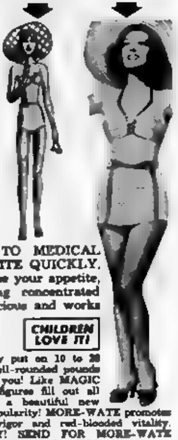

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TRUE
BOOK BONUS

THE SERGEANT WHO DECOYED THE NAZIS' FRAULEIN WEREWOLVES

continued from page [illegible]

"What are you doing here, then?" he said sharply.

She shrugged again. "I know a boy there. He promised to bring me some bread. I'm waiting for him."

"You don't worry about scarlet fever?"

The girl puffed on her cigarette. For the first time, Terranski saw her lips quiver and knew that she was not so calm after all, just extremely good at concealing her anxiety. "So much has happened already," she said. "What do I care about scarlet fever?" She glanced at the hammer in Terranski's hand and then at the stack of notices in the back of the jeep. "Listen," she said, suddenly nervous. "Take me for a drive. I show you where the people are. I show you where to put up the notes."

TERRANSKI was puzzled. "What about your buddy with the bread?"

As he spoke, he heard the sudden, sharp smack of a rifle going off twice somewhere in the dark buildings around him. Without thinking, he dove under the jeep and poked the muzzle of his BAR out in front of him. The girl ran off and disappeared.

There was silence; then the sharp smacking sound came again. Cautiously Terranski edged a little out from under the jeep and peered up the street. Suddenly a door 25 yards from him sprung open. Three men ran out and sped away. One of them carried a rifle.

Terranski started to slip the BAR forward. Then he changed his mind. Slithering out from under the jeep, he snatched the big flashlight from the seat, and turned it full on the running men. "Halt," he shouted.

As suddenly as if they had smacked into a glass wall they stopped; then the group split up. Two of them ran in terror for the corner. The third fell to the ground, spun over on his belly and pointed his rifle toward Terranski. Terranski saw the round, moon face of a young man. The black line of hair was curiously high on his head, almost as if his hair had been pulled back from behind to raise his forehead two inches above its normal spot.

Terranski tossed the flashlight to the rubble-littered sidewalk and jerked the BAR up from behind him, as the German squeezed off his shot. The erratically bouncing flashlight disturbed his aim, and the bullet skidded into the rubble and whined away. He leaped to his feet. Terranski smacked the stock of the BAR to his shoulder and jerked the trigger. The German ran on; and then as Terranski began to cut the automatic rifle into his path he disappeared around the corner and was gone. Black silence came back down again.

Terranski retrieved the flashlight, clicked it off, and climbed back into the jeep. He looked up at the house from which the three men had fled, and thought: The hell with it. If somebody had been shot up there, the MPs or the CIC could look into it. All he had to do was report. He drove through the dark streets back toward his barracks by the Zweig Canal.

It wasn't until he was out of Podbielski Strasse that he realized there was somebody in the back of the jeep. He heard the sound of a soft cough. He slammed his foot on the brake, snatched up the BAR, and swung around to look.

It was the girl. She was hunched down into her raincoat, her shoulders shaking from the brisk wind. "For Christ sake," Terranski shouted. Then the car slowed to a stop and stalled. Terranski jumped out. The girl's eyes were wide and unblinking; more than ever she looked like a ruined mouse: a frightened little beast trembling timidly under the gaze of her conqueror.

But Terranski was angry. He had been stupid, and he might have gotten himself killed for his stupidity. He took it out on the girl. "Get the hell out of there," he said. "Get out of there before I kick you out."

The girl didn't move. "Don't be angry," she whispered. "I didn't mean it. It was an accident. When the shots came I hid in here. Then you drove off before I could say anything!"

Her explanation was reasonable, but Terranski didn't care. "I don't give a damn how you got in," he said. "Get out now."

Stiff with fear, the girl swung her body across the seat and out of the jeep. For a moment she stood on the dark, rubble-littered sidewalk, then turned and started to walk away.

Suddenly Terranski thought of something. He jerked the flashlight off the front seat and shone it into the back. Immediately as the light flashed over the jeep body Terranski turned and, cursing under his breath, sprinted after the girl. She did not hear his feet thumping on the rubble until he was five feet from her; and then, when she began to run it was too late. Terranski grabbed her by the arm and swung her around. "Where is it?" he snapped.

She turned her eyes downward, and, reaching under her raincoat, drew forth the jack handle she had tucked into her belt. Silently she handed it to Terranski. A bitter, half-smile crossed her lips. "All right, mein conqueror. Let go of my arm."

Terranski took the jack handle. "What the hell did you do that for?" he said, stumped.

She shrugged. "It's a long walk home in the dark. GIs get funny ideas. I want protection."

There was some truth in that, Terranski acknowledged. He sighed. "Okay, get in the jeep. In the front. I'll drive you home."

Terranski did not like the idea very much. His first job was to report the shooting. But the girl was attractive, and as he admitted to himself, he might want to see her again, when time was not so pressing. There was no telling how long he would be in Hannover. It was an old story: duty beckoning one way and pleasure the other.

At any rate he did not have to go much out of his way to reach the girl's home. It was a half-hour drive. But she lived off Herrenhauser Strasse at the northwest end of the city, not far from his barracks. Her "home" was the cellar of a bombed out brick building. The roof was gone, and the second floor hung down onto the first. Terranski played his flashlight over it momentarily. The first floor was strewn with broken bricks and fire-charred wood. A chipped bathtub lay over on its side, pieces of plumbing pipe sticking upwards from it like the stiff legs of a dead cow. The floor was intact, however, and roofed the cellar from the rain.

The girl got out. "Thank you," she said. Terranski nodded curtly, and drove away.

When he reached the base he found Captain Wannamaker on CQ, and told his story. The Captain, chill and anxious for his coffee, did not seem concerned, but he phoned CIC and then he dismissed Terranski.

And that might have been the end of it then and there; except that when CIC men, bolstered by a squad of MP's, investigated, they discovered in the house on Podbielski Strasse two men and a woman shot to death by a German sniper. One of the men they could not identify; but the other man and the woman were well known. That same afternoon they had appeared at the base with a list of names of the ardent Nazis of Hannover. And so shortly after midnight a jeep picked his way along the Zweig Canal bank, plucked Sergeant Paul Terranski from his sleep and brought him up to Regimental for questioning.

THE CIC lieutenant wore unpressed fatigues. His name was Prince. He looked weary, and he chain-smoked while he talked to Terranski. "You saw this one guy, huh?"

Terranski nodded. "He was pretty young. Or anyway he looked it. He was kind of funny looking. He looked like he was getting bald in front, only he was too young to be bald."

The lieutenant snuffed out his cigarette and narrowed his eyes. "You figure you could recognize him?"

Terranski nodded. "I'm sure I could."

"And you didn't see anyone else?"

"No. The other two didn't stop. The only other one on the street was this girl I told you about."

Prince rubbed his eyes tiredly. "Did she seem nervous at all? Worried? Was she looking around?"

"Take me for a drive," the girl said nervously. "Take me away from here." But as she spoke, a rifle smacked sharply from somewhere in the dark building and Terranski dove under his jeep.

Terranski shrugged "A little maybe But hell, everybody in Hannover's pretty spooked anyway."

The lieutenant lit another cigarette "We could figure that she was acting as look-out, except for the fact that she let you take her home That doesn't figure We'll keep an eye on her though, if we can find her again."

Then he leaned back and looked at Terranski gravely "Let me give you the story," he said "Ordinarily we wouldn't get worked up about something like this This guy was squealing on his own, it's reasonable somebody would go after him But there's a chance it isn't so simple." He paused "You know about these Werewolves?"

Paul Terranski shrugged "I heard talk, is all."

"It's more than talk They have got an organization going They've been knocking off people left and right They got a couple of GIs down around Buckeburg yesterday, and two weeks ago they knocked off the burgomaster at Aachen But it's more than that They've got a radio operating somewhere around here They're scaring the crap out of our informers. And chances are this is only the beginning We've got to knock them out before they get well organized We suspect that some of the first-class Gestapo boys are behind it These guys know their business."

HE stopped speaking and Terranski nodded "I see," he said He didn't understand why he was being told all this

Friscoe pulled at his cigarette and snuffed it out abruptly "It figures that these guys you saw tonight are mixed up in it I'm going to get you pulled off duty You're going to take the jeep and a bunch of posters, just like you had tonight, and work your way around Hannover, keeping your eyes peeled The posters are your cover It doesn't matter where you put them up Just work your way around town And keep your eyes opened for that guy with the high hairline."

Actually, the situation was a good deal worse than the CIC outlined to Terranski In its quick leaps forward, the 9th Corps had left huge areas untouched Furthermore, whenever possible they had by-passed pockets of resistance The woods remained full of Germans Some of them were fanatic Nazis, determined to resist conquest at all costs Others were political opportunists who had informed to the Nazis on their neighbors and fled out of fear of reprisal But for the most part the loose German manpower consisted of stragglers from the Wehrmacht There were literally thousands of them, cut off from their units by the swift movement of the Allied forces Some of them were still fighting; and by this time the *rear* echelons often saw harder combat than the front line troops The Von Clausewitz Division, for example, 750 men strong, was wandering the north of Germany, scavenging, shooting and running.

These thousands of loose men were natural forces for the German Resistance Movement —the Werewolves, as they styled themselves As quickly as possible the Werewolves were knitting the miscellaneous units into a tough, fanatic corps of dedicated madmen, committed to murder and sabotage. To the Allied Military Government they represented a painfully serious problem

All of which explains why Paul Terranski found himself daily wandering the streets of Hannover in search of a man with a high forehead and some talent with a mauser rifle To Terranski it was simply a cushy assignment All he had to do was move street by street through the city, putting up notices and watch It was a good deal better than running a supply squad back at Regimental But Paul Terranski would not have been as easy in his mind had he known of the important people who were concerned with him As far back as CIC headquarters in Paris high brass worried about Paul Terranski

In Paris they had a dossier on a man named Heinrich Leopold

Paris might well have a dossier on Leopold As a shadowy figure in the Gestapo, he had seen to the torturing of an uncounted number of French resistance fighters Unfortunately, nobody was still alive to identify him But two things were known about him that he looked almost childishly young for his age, which was approaching 40; and that across his forehead he wore the proud sabre scar of the Junker dueling societies At a distance the scar gave him the appearance of a man with a receding hairline And so Paris knew about Sergeant Paul Terranski For Sergeant Terranski was all unknowingly the bait in a cat-and-mouse game Paris was playing with Heinrich Leopold

Leopold, Paris figured, would realize that Terranski had seen him Sooner or later he would come looking for Terranski The CIC would be ready

Sergeant Terranski, of course knew nothing of this Nor did he know that as he moved through the streets of Hannover shifts of CIC men, dressed in the tattered clothing of German civilians, were keeping an eye on him Later he would be extremely grateful —and not a little embarrassed For one of the things Paul Terranski did on his tour of Hannover was to seek out his little rubble-mouse

That was on the third day of his poster-hanging The job was beginning to bore him At first he had been interested It was a little like a detective story But then when he did not come across the man with the receding hairline, he decided it was all a little silly And on the third day he found himself moving along Herrenhauser Strasse He did not push himself; he simply let the tide of his work carry him to the broken cellar where he had left the girl Then, looking briefly around, he pulled the rotor from the jeep, tucked the BAR under his arm and went toward the house

THERE was a short flight of stairs running down into the basement, and at the bottom a heavy wooden door He walked down and thumped on it It squeaked open The girl was standing there

She was startled "Oh!" she said She did not move from the door

"Hello " he said He reached into his pocket and removed his cigarettes, which he offered to the girl She hesitated, then took one

"Thanks," she said

Terranski turned his head and looked uneasily up at the jeep on the street It was not smart to leave it Still, the girl was exceedingly handsome He glanced at her She had the same raincoat on, but as he looked down at the curve of her leg he could see no sign of any clothes below the coat

"I'd like to come in," he said bluntly

Her eyes darted nervously past him toward the street "Please," she said "Not now."

At Salzwedel, Nazi-imprisoned women showered kisses on their 9th Army liberators

The sergeant was vaguely suspicious of Ruth Suttner. Yet even as the Werewolf radio boomed

Terranski was not a man to give up easily. "When?" he said.

"Tonight," she said. "Come tonight."

He nodded. To make sure she kept the date he said, "I'll bring some C-rations if I can."

The expression on her face was odd; but quickly she said, "Thank you." Then she shut the door.

He came at dusk. He did not want to bring the jeep, for fear that it would be stolen, and so he walked, carrying a box of C-rations, which he had chivvied out of the mess-sergeant, under his arm. He felt a little ill at ease. [illegible] was the C-rations that bothered him. He did not like the idea of simply buying a hungry girl with a box of food that meant nothing to him. He was a decent young man, Paul Terranski. The girl was hungry, he did not think she would refuse him. It was not fair. And yet a soldier is a soldier.

She was waiting for him. She was wearing the red dress, but she had on over it a heavy blue knit-wool sweater, some sizes too big. The effect, in contrast to the seductive red dress, was ludicrous. But Terranski understood. The little ruin-mouse's cellar home was unheated.

He looked around. The walls were plastered, but in spots the plaster had broken away, leaving the stone-work bare. There was a wrack-sprung bed, a table and an ancient easy chair with sagging springs. Terranski had not expected such abject poverty, and he began to feel guilty. "You live alone?" he said.

The girl smiled lightly and shrugged. "I have nobody left. My family is . . ."

Terranski nodded, willing to drop the subject. "I don't even know your name," he said.

"Ruth," she said. "Ruth Suttner."

He offered her his hand. "Paul Terranski," he said. And then: "You don't know anything about your family [illegible] all?"

"It is not unusual," she said. Then she touched his arm. "Come. Sit. Let us not talk about the war. Let us talk about other things." She sat down on the bed, her back against the wall, her feet curled up underneath her, and gestured for Terranski to sit beside her. Terranski set the box of C-rations on the table.

"Thank you," she said gratefully. "I'll save it for tomorrow."

Terranski warmed to her. She seemed reasonable, and decent, and not a little frightened. Tentatively he took her hand. She smiled and did not resist.

"What do you do?" she asked. "Do you only put up posters?"

Terranski grinned. He knew well enough to keep his mouth shut. "I only put up posters," he said, mimicking her voice. "It's boring, but it's nice and safe."

SUDDENLY she slipped off her shoes. "Do you mind?" she said. "I'm cold." She slid her feet under the comforter, and in doing so, the hem of her dress slipped away from the fleshy curve of her legs. She did not move to cover them.

Terranski was getting cold himself. "Don't you ever have heat?" he said.

"Sometimes when I can find some wood I have a little fire. But it will be summer soon. It is not so bad to be invaded [illegible] the spring." And then suddenly she raised her arms, and cast them around his neck. The movement swelled her breasts under her sweater. "Come," she said, "it is too cold. We will get under the quilt and talk."

He took off his shoes, and together they slipped under the quilt, their arms tight about each other. Her body was warm, and he pressed her close. He slid his hand up under her sweater. She slipped her hands up under the back of his fatigue jacket. Her hands were cold; but then, as she began to move her fingers along the ridges of his spine they warmed. "Is that better?" she said.

"That's fine," he said. The soft heave of her breasts was tight against him, and then suddenly her lips were on his, warm and wet; her passion came, and fiercely they struggled [illegible] the cold, dark room to get their clothes off so that they might lie flesh to flesh. . . .

AN hour later he left. In the room he had been warm, but in the cold spring night he shivered. He pulled his flashlight from the flap pocket of his fatigues, and cast the beam about him. The streets were empty. A cold wind came up from the Maschesee, whistling hollowly through the broken buildings. He shivered again, and loosened the flap of the holster strapped to his waist. Then he began to walk forward.

He had not gone more than ten yards when a man came abruptly around the corner ahead of him. His head was down and his coat buttoned up against the wind. In this position he did not seem to notice Sergeant Terranski. The American slowed his pace, and then he snapped the light on the man. The man stopped instantly and raised his head up to stare puzzled at the light. He appeared to be an ordinary citizen of Hannover. None the less Terranski kept the light fixed on him as he moved forward. As they came abreast the civilian stepped a little aside on the rubble-strewn sidewalk, as if to let Terranski pass.

But then he halted and touched Terranski's sleeve, muttering something in German. Instinctively Terranski moved back, preparing to turn. Still muttering, the German moved with him.

"Raus!" Terranski said; and then a black pistol appeared [illegible] the man's hand.

Terranski swung the flashlight down. It cracked heavily against the fingers on the butt of the gun. The convulsing fingers jerked at the trigger. The shot echoed in the street, and the bullet slammed against the bricks on the sidewalk. Terranski smashed the light full force against the man's wrist. The pistol slithered from his hands to the ground, and grunting with the pain, the man turned to run down the street.

But Terranski was too quick. Smashing out with his heavy combat boot, he dug the toe heavily into the man's calf. The man flipped up into the air and slammed onto the sidewalk. Flipping the flashlight to his left hand, Terranski jerked his .45 from his holster. Then, out of instinct, he turned and looked across the street.

A man was standing there, turned sidewise, his pistol arm outstretched in correct shooting form. In the instant that the flashlight passed across him Terranski saw the boyish face and the high, receding hairline.

In the sudden light the man's eyes blinked, and his finger hesitated on the trigger, unsure of the target. Terranski, ducking swiftly, snapped off two erratic shots from the .45. Heinrich Leopold decided then that he had lost his man. He jumped swiftly over a broken brick wall behind him, and disappeared.

Forgetting the girl, Terranski dove to escape the bullets of his Nazi ambushers.

its hate propaganda to all Hannover, he found himself spending cold nights under her warm spell.

Quickly Terranski turned. The first time was on his feet, running head down toward the end of the street. Terranski brought up the .45 And then an odd thing happened. Two MP's stepped around the corner, snagged the man's arms behind him as he ran, and letting the man's own impetus carry him, disappeared around the corner again. Sergeant Terranski began to run. As he reholstered the gun his hands shook.

The MP's were waiting for him. "Somebody jump you, buddy?" they said, grinning. "You ought to know better than to go messing with them broads after dark." Then they drove him back to the Regimental base by the Zweig Canal.

The incident resulted in a CIC man's getting a severe chewing out. Paul Terranski had not been aware of it, but two CIC men had been standing in the cold wind at either end of the block all the time Terranski had been in the basement room with Ruth Suttner. Chilled by the wind, and suspecting that Terranski was warming himself against a woman's flesh, they may well have had cause for disliking Terranski at the moment. But that was no excuse for allowing the bait to be so nearly caught by the rat; nor any excuse for the rat's escape, either. And so an embarrassed CIC man took his chewing out as stolidly as possible, and went back about his duty cursing Terranski for his part in the whole thing.

A second result of the incident were some communications with Paris; these in turn resulted in orders to put Sergeant Terranski on detached duty, to establish him in a house somewhere in the center of Hannover. Officially Terranski was told that the move would enable him to keep a closer watch for the man with the receding hairline. Unofficially, CIC guessed that under such circumstances, Terranski would invite Ruth Suttner to move in with him. CIC was by temperament curious. They wanted to know, for example, how Heinrich Leopold knew that Terranski was going to be with Ruth Suttner at a particular time and place.

CIC knew its man. Shortly after Terranski found himself a place, he did indeed invite Ruth Suttner to join him. And Ruth Suttner accepted the invitation.

In a vague way Terranski was suspicious of Ruth Suttner. He did not know exactly why. He did not make a connection between the attempt to murder him and his visit to Ruth. There were a few simple things that bothered him about the girl. For example, Hannover was short of food; and yet Ruth's soft, curving body was well-fleshed. And she seemed to be almost too vaguely mysterious about her family and her past. Sure, many Germans were reluctant to talk to the Americans about their habits under Hitler. But Ruth seemed to carry it to an extreme.

Nonetheless, he enjoyed her. She was decent, she cooked his dinners, she warmed his bed at night, and sometimes, when he could scrounge a bottle of brandy or some beer his feelings for her grew strong, and he would wonder what kind of a wife she would make. In any case, she seemed to be happy with him. The place he had found was a single room in a half-destroyed building. But he was able to get coal for the heater, plenty of food from the mess hall, and all the cigarettes they needed.

Meanwhile authorities were growing increasingly concerned by the presence of the Werewolf transmitter. The radio voice was growing bolder. "In this fateful hour countless men, women, and boys in the enemy occupied regions have rallied to the movement of resistance using the name Werewolf. They had made an inflexible resolve, confirmed by a solemn oath, never to yield to the enemy, to resist him at all times."

At seven o'clock each evening the radio would give instructions for the next day. What bothered the authorities was the rallying point the radio provided for unreconstructed Nazis. Even more, they were bothered by a message which Radio Werewolf sent out in the middle of April. "Kill the American Jew Bernard Baruch, who wants to come to Germany," it said. This message was enough to delay Baruch's trip. Authorities did not want to take the responsibility for his life. It would take only one fanatic Nazi willing to give his life for the cause to murder the respected Baruch.

Then, on April 17th occurred an event which kept the CIC wire to Paris humming.

On that morning a GI field kitchen drove up to a rear-echelon company mess south of Hannover to provide breakfast to a supply detachment which had been working at a transport point. The detachment was established in shelter halves in a rye field; but since the unit was to move on after breakfast battalion had decided to expedite matters with the field kitchen. Assisting on the field kitchen were two German helpers. How, precisely, they managed the events which followed nobody was able to determine exactly. At any rate, the field kitchen pulled up, and some 300 GIs, mess kits in hand, formed a chowline. Because the field kitchen was backed up between a road and a barn, the chowline circled around the truck in a kind of a spiral.

As the GIs lined up, one of the German helpers climbed down from the truck, hauled off a heavy kettle and set it on the ground in the midst of the men. Then, gesturing to the cook, he wandered off around the barn, presumably looking for the latrine. Less than a minute later the kettle exploded with a tremendous roar, flinging pieces of heavy steel among the men. Sixteen were killed outright; another 30 or so suffered wounds. The German helper, of course, was never seen again.

ON investigating, the CIC determined that the cause of the explosion was an 88 time shell. They knew that some extremely clever planning, and access to heavy ammunition, had been required for the massacre. The finger pointed at the Werewolves. Especially did it point to the acute brain of Heinrich Leopold. Authorities wanted Leopold in the worst way, and they wanted him alive. And so Sergeant Paul Terranski became an object of more than ordinary value.

Terranski, of course, was still unaware of the high brass interested in his well-being. Doggedly he continued to hammer his posters into the available wood around Hannover. Watchfully, he kept his eyes open for the German whom he knew only as the man with the receding hairline.

The weather was growing warm, and in the country around Hannover the trees were budding. It seemed quite natural, therefore, that on the 21st of April, Ruth Suttner would say, "I am sick of the city, Paul. Can we not go to the country? Can you not get a day off?"

Terranski shrugged. "I doubt it. They're keeping me pretty busy." He could not, of course, tell Ruth that he was supposed to be in Hannover at all times to watch for his man. He simply let it go that it was impossible for him to get any leave.

She nodded. "It is too bad, all the same," she said wistfully. "It would be nice."

Considering this, it struck Paul Terranski very odd that the next evening the chain-smoking Frisone should actually volunteer to get him a day off. "You've been working pretty hard, Terranski," he mumbled around his cigarette. "I'll get you a day off if you want." He grinned sardonically. "Take that babe of yours off some place."

Terranski did not question further the curious timing of the lieutenant's offer. Perhaps he should have been more astute. The fact of the matter was that the CIC had planted a mike in Terranski's apartment. They knew a great deal about Sergeant Terranski. They knew something about Ruth Suttner. They knew, for example, that she had suggested a trip out into the country. They had no direct evidence that her suggestion meant anything more than that she was tired of the city. But CIC was curious by nature.

ABOUT 30 miles west of Hannover is a large lake called Steinhuder Meer. Ten miles long, it is situated in a lovely farming country. In other times, the lake was a vacation resort for the moderately well-heeled. However, as Sergeant Terranski approached it in the jeep it was plain that war had brought changes. A good many of the cottages had been destroyed by the eastward sweep of the Allied armies. Most of the rest were deserted. As they drove past the surrounding farmhouses they saw occasional signs of life: a boy driving a cow across a field, a farmer behind a plow team opening his land for spring planting. But both horses and seed were scarce; most of the farms lay empty and hopeless.

It was a warm, sunny day. Terranski parked the jeep on a piece of level ground a few feet back of the sandy shore of the lake. His pistol was strapped to his hip, and the BAR lay on the seat of the jeep. For a moment Terranski debated leaving it in the jeep. He felt foolish about carrying it down to the lake shore. A BAR was not appropriate to a rural idyl. But the CIC lieutenant had told him to keep his arms with him. "You never know what you'll run into," he had said, and so finally Terranski scooped the weapon off the seat and carried it down to the sandy beach.

Ruth Suttner was already waiting for him. She had a blanket spread on the sand, and a bottle of wine in her hands. In his fatigue pocket Terranski carried a package of hard crackers and a cake of soap he'd gotten from the supply sergeant. The water of the lake would be freezing cold; yet water was still scarce in Hannover, and both the woman Suttner and Terranski were looking forward to a bath.

"We'd better save the wine for afterwards."

Terranski said "We'll need it to warm up on."

They stripped. Shivering, they waded gingerly into the lake. The icy water brought a fresh, vivid glow to Ruth's naked skin. As she ducked herself under and rose up again, beads of water clinging to her flesh, Terranski flung her the soap. Unembarrassed, she lathered herself carefully, soaping her short-cropped blonde hair, running the slick cake over her firm, round hips and up across her belly, her firm young breasts swelling as she twisted and turned at her work. Then she ducked under again, to rinse the soap away.

Terranski was less brave. He washed hastily, dressed quickly and turned to the wine. The prospect of both the long easy day and the handsome body of the girl made him feel easy and comfortable.

Then, as he held the wine bottle in his hand, he realized that they had not brought a corkscrew. Swearing under his breath, he rose and started up the bank toward the jeep, hoping to find a tool he could pry the cork out with.

The sight before him was astonishing. Three men, crouched low as if moving from cover to cover under fire, were running through the field above the lake. Each carried a rifle in his hand, and when Terranski first saw them they were perhaps 200 yards away. Startled, he made a move toward the jeep, then remembered that the BAR was down on the blanket below. He scrambled swiftly down the bank.

The men had given no indication that they had seen him, but it was hardly likely that they had failed to. Leaping from the bank to the sandy beach, Terranski snatched the BAR from the blanket and looked hastily around him. Ruth Suttner was coming naked from the water. "Get the hell out of here," Terranski shouted. "Somebody's up there with guns."

The girl blinked, and then she began to retreat back into the icy water, a frightened look in her eyes. "No," Terranski hollered. "Go down the beach!"

OBEDIENTLY the girl turned and began to slog slowly through the waist-deep water. The BAR clutched in his hands, Terranski began to move rapidly along the bank, parallel to the edge of the lake. His thought was to flee; but as he went he saw that he was trapped. He could not go out into the lake; nor could he leap up into the field. The nearest woods were a quarter-mile away. For a few seconds he raced through the wet sand, and then suddenly he dove against the bank and pressed himself close into the dirt. His heart was pounding with fear and his palms were moist. If the three men came at him together he had a chance, but if they separated he had none at all. Further, there was no telling what side they would come from.

Twenty-five yards away the girl was backing into the water away from the bank. Her fear seemed to have spoiled her judgment entirely. Terranski did not immediately concern himself with her. Instead, he kept his eyes poised intently on the ridge of the bank running away from him. His blood was pounding in his ears, and he tried to still the sound so as to hear approaching footsteps.

Then he heard the slick shuffle, shuffle sound of a body slipping along grass. Somewhere above him, not ten yards from him, somebody was crawling toward the lake bank. Terranski waited.

Five seconds later the muzzle of a Mauser appeared over the edge of the bank. Terranski raised the BAR to his shoulder, sighting at the point where the face should appear. He waited.

Then the face came. The head was turned away from Terranski. A white, baldish patch lay in Terranski's sight. Still he waited.

Then slowly the head turned so that the cheek was visible, then the nose, and finally the eyes. Terranski pulled the trigger. The face disintegrated like a wax figure smashed with a hammer. The head rose up and disappeared out of sight on the bank.

Now Terranski moved. He charged up the slippery dirt of the bank, and flung himself flat into the field. Almost as he hit the ground his finger was pulling tight on the trigger, the muzzle of the BAR pointed at the two men standing 50 yards from him.

Then, frantically, he jerked his finger from the trigger guard and let the weapon bounce away from him. For the two men were standing with their arms held high over their heads. Behind them, running across the field, were a half-dozen GIs, their rifles in ready position.

CONFUSED, Terranski heaved himself out of the field and started toward the men. Then he remembered Ruth Suttner. He turned and trotted back to the lake. Her clothing still lay on the blanket, along with the cake of soap and the unopened bottle of wine. But she was gone. Terranski looked around. A quarter-mile away, where the woods came down to the edge of the lake, he thought he saw something flash in the sun. But he was not sure.

Then Lieutenant *Frince* was standing beside him, putting a hand on his shoulder. "You okay, Terranski?"

The sergeant nodded. "I guess so," he said. He was beginning to suspect something. "What the hell's going on?" he asked angrily.

Frince grinned. "Come on. We'll go back to Hannover and I'll cut you in." He glanced around. "Where's the girl?"

Terranski shrugged. "She took off when the shooting started, I guess. Her clothes are still down there."

Frince nodded. "Pick up her stuff. We'll leave a couple of men to wait for her, but I doubt if she shows up."

By the nature of his profession Frince was a brooding man, and as he sat in his office, the usual cigarette in his lips and his hand cupped around a mug of hot coffee, he was doing just that. Terranski sat opposite him, waiting.

Finally Frince spoke. "Okay, Terranski," he said. "I'm going to have to tell you some of this, but I don't know how much you need to know. I don't want to tell you anything I don't have to."

Terranski understood. "At least tell me what the hell that fire fight down in the field was about."

Frince narrowed his eyes and stubbed out his cigarette. "I can tell you that. Those boys with the Mausers were some of our friends, the Werewolves. They were gunning for you."

Terranski grinned. "That much of it I got. Somebody's been gunning for me for two weeks steady. Christ, I've been shot at more in Hannover than I was at the Rhine."

Frince appeared to have made a decision. "Here's the story." He reached for his cigarettes and lit one. "The reason you're it is because your buddy with the receding hairline knows you saw him. He's important. Chances are he's running the local Werewolf operation. I won't go into who he is; but you can figure this: he'll be looking for you again. We know it. That's why we were out at Steinhuder Meer this afternoon. We've been tracking you for a week. You didn't think those MP's who nailed that last cookie who took a shot at you were there by accident, did you?"

TERRANSKI was beginning to feel extremely foolish. He grinned weakly. "I guess I'm pretty dumb," he said.

Frince smiled slightly. "Never mind. We've fooled better men than you."

Then something began to dawn on Terranski. "This was all a set-up?"

Frince nodded. "We gave you leave precisely to see what would happen. We figured something would. We were right. You, my boy, were bait for Mr. Receding Hairline. Unfortunately, he didn't come personally." He sighed, and frowned down at the hands in his lap. "And I'm very much afraid that the girl was the lure."

Terranski's jaw set grimly, and then he shook his head. "I don't believe it," he said flatly.

"That's up to you," Frince said noncommittally. "I wouldn't let her get within pistol range, though." He lit another cigarette. "Look at it this way. The first time you went to see her you got shot at. And then this time. Whose idea was it to go out to the country?"

Terranski frowned. "Okay, it was her idea. But that doesn't mean anything. She's tired of the city. Christ, who wouldn't be?"

"And she picked the spot. Right?"

Terranski balked. "I don't know anything about the country around here. That's natural." "Look," he said, spreading his hands, "they could have been following me around all this time. When they got their opportunity they took it. They caught me once when like a jerk I was walking around alone at night. The next chance was when I went out to the woods. They could have followed me up there just the same as you did." He gazed at Frince belligerently. "What's wrong with that?"

Frince shrugged. "Nothing. It fits all right, and maybe it happened that way. But I can't take a chance on it."

Terranski was getting angry with Frince's cool assurance. "Listen," he said, "if you guys had tipped me off to what was going on I wouldn't have taken those chances. You can be damn sure I won't any more."

Frince's voice was sharp. "You'll do what you're told to do, Sergeant," he said.

Suddenly Terranski realized that he had been taking liberties. "I'm sorry, sir," he mumbled, red-faced.

Frince relented. "Listen. You don't have

After Terranski had been ambushed at the beach, the CIC lieutenant explained the matter calmly.

to do this if you don't want. But you'd be doing me a favor if you'd take the girl in—if she comes back."

Terranski smiled sardonically. "I thought you said she was liable to shoot me."

"It's a chance. But I don't think she will. If she's in on the game she'll know by now that we're shadowing you. She won't risk shooting you because she knows we'd nail her immediately." He paused. "But I want you to understand that it's only a guess. You can make your own choice."

But Paul Terranski could not make a choice. On the one side, he liked the girl. She seemed to him a sad, unhappy victim of the war, who ought not to be so mistrusted. Yet on the other side, what Friscoe had said had the sure ring of logic to it.

"I'll wait," he said. "I'll wait and see."

In point of fact, Friscoe had rather hoped that Terranski would take the girl back. He could not, knowing what he knew, in good conscience let Terranski take the girl blindly. But Friscoe had been studying Terranski. He knew him to be capable under pressure. He had shown that already. And he knew him to be a determined man. His prior commanding officer testified to that.

"All right," he said. "Wait and see. This is what we're going to do. You're going to forget about the poster business for awhile. You're going to have a truck and some men. At seven o'clock at night, we'll get a directional fix on the Werewolf receiver. You'll go out looking for them." Frisco paused. "You won't find them. They don't broadcast more than five minutes at a time. Then they jump. They've got a lot of country to move around in, and they can be ten miles away by the time you reach the fix-point. If I'm right about the girl, she'll get word out to her buddies as soon as you take off, letting them know where you went and when you left. We've put some men on her. Sooner or later she'll lead us to them. And we hope, to the man with the receding hairline."

Terranski raised his eyebrows quizzically. "And what happens if she isn't with them?"

Friscoe shrugged. "We'll have to think of something else, then."

RUTH SUTTNER showed up two days later. Sergeant Terranski was sitting in the room alone. He had an open bottle of brandy on the table beside him, but he had not drunk much of it.

When the soft, timid knock came on the door he slipped his .45 from the holster slung over the chair back and rose quietly to his feet. Silently cursing the squeaking floorboards under his feet, he eased himself across the room until he was standing next to the door, his back against the wall. Then suddenly he jerked the door open and shot the muzzle of the pistol into the open space.

Frightened, the girl jumped back; but then when Terranski holstered the pistol she moved forward. Terranski was relieved. "Come on in," he said. "Where've you been?"

The girl was wearing a pair of worn brown men's trousers and a faded green German army shirt. She had on no coat, and in the spring breeze sweeping the hallway she looked cold. She came into the room, put her arms around Terranski, and kissed him softly on the lips. Then she broke away. "Paul, I was so scared," she said.

"Come over here," Ruth smiled coyly. "We can talk much better, more comfortably."

"You're cold," he said. "Let me fix you a glass of brandy." He filled a glass and handed it to her.

She smiled. "Wonderful," she said, sipping at the strong liquor. Then she noticed that he was not drinking. "Won't you have one?"

"I don't feel like drinking," he said. It was a lie, and he knew it. He would not drink because this first night she was back he had to study her, had to watch her carefully for signs that might allay his suspicions, or bring them to full life.

So he asked her where she had been, and she told him. When the shooting started she had simply panicked, she told him, and fled down the beach. She had run up into the woods and hidden, and then later on, towards evening, she had worked her way around to a farmhouse where they gave her the clothes. After that it had taken her two days to walk back to Hannover. Nobody would give her help. Food was scarce; the farmers might part with a little water and a bit of bread, but that was all. All the time she had been terribly frightened. "I'm so glad to be back," she said, and from her tone Terranski could almost believe that she meant it. Still, he was not sure.

The next day, April 15th, Terranski began to put Friscoe's plan in motion. He could not bluntly come out and tell Ruth Suttner that he was going out chasing the Werewolf radio transmitter. She might suspect the trap. On the other hand he had to get her to infer it, assuming that she was playing the Werewolf game.

About five o'clock he buckled on his pistol and prepared to go out. "I'll be gone for awhile," he said.

"Oh?"

"I don't think it will be too long. If everything goes okay I'll be back around nine."

He left it at that. He figured that it wouldn't be until his nightly disappearance at five o'clock became a regular thing that she would begin to work out what he was up to.

At 6:45 he was standing in Friscoe's office. Two directional receivers, one just west of town and one five miles to the east, were set and waiting. Friscoe had a map of the area spread out before him on the table.

At seven o'clock precisely the Werewolf station went on the air. The sharp, frantic tones of the speech rang out loudly. "Loyal Germans," it began. "This is Radio Werewolf. . . ." Friscoe turned the volume down so that his own radioman could hear the report from the directional receiver stations. Outside, Terranski could hear the soft muttering of the idling engines of four weapons carriers.

Then the fixing stations reported in. Quickly Friscoe slapped a ruler over the map and drew a line, and then another. Terranski bent over his shoulders, already figuring the routes. "Go," Friscoe said. Terranski snatched up the map, ran out into the chill darkness, and leaped into the first weapons carrier in the line of four. "Let's go," he told the driver.

In the back of each weapons carrier sat a squad of heavily armed GIs. Weapons company had supplied a mortar squad and two teams of .30 calibre machine guns. Clanking noisily, the small convoy slammed through Hannover and headed out into the country.

Terranski did not expect to catch anything, and he did not. The trap was two things: a practice run for one, and perhaps

"We've needed a lure to trap a big kraut saboteur, sergeant," he said. "And you're our patsy."

As he neared the woods, a grenade suddenly exploded under Terranski's truck. "This is it,

the beginning of a lure for Ruth Sattner. When the weapons carriers reached the fix-point, the soldiers tumbled out and flung themselves into a ditch by the side of the road. They were on fairly high ground. Beside the road was a field which sloped up even higher. Terranski sought out the weapons lieutenant.

"They must have broadcast from up there," he said.

The lieutenant nodded. "Let's go up and have a look."

They moved into the field cautiously. There was nothing to be seen but a set of heavy tire tracks in the soft spring earth. The tracks rolled up into the field, made a circle, and turned out onto the road, apparently heading north. It didn't mean very much, and they went on back to Hannover.

And so, the next night Terranski went out again, and then a third night; and on the fourth night, as Terranski was buckling on his pistol Ruth asked, "Do you always go out at this time now?"

Terranski pricked up his ears. "I don't know," he said. "It's just some God damn wild goose chase." He lit a cigarette, and casually adjusted the fit of the pistol belt.

"But is it dangerous?" she asked.

Terranski shrugged. "Not so far, it isn't," he said, allowing a note of disgust to enter into his voice. "Just a lot of running around in the boondocks."

She said no more, and he left. He felt confused. Her questions had been innocent; anyone might have asked them. There was no way of telling if she were soliciting information. He fervently hoped she were not. In any case, his answers had been properly phrased. If she had suspected him of chasing Radio Werewolf on his evening jaunts she could now feel fairly sure she was correct.

He told Frisco about it. Frisco nodded. "It might not mean anything. But we'll keep a good tight watch on her from now on." Then he paused. "We'll do it differently now. You'll go out alone in the weapons carrier. The other three trucks will follow you maybe a mile behind. You see," he went on softly, "if they know you're coming, sooner or later it will occur to them to set up a trap for you."

Terranski gritted his teeth in distaste. He could not believe that Ruth Sattner would try to get him killed. "If they know . . ." he said.

Frisco shrugged. "Figure it any way you like, Terranski. Only I'd be careful if I were you."

Frisco was beginning to exasperate Terranski again. "Look, even supposing she figures I'm going after the station, how's she going to know what route I'm taking?"

Frisco laughed. He tapped his head. "Think, Terranski, think. They know where you're starting from. They know where you're going. All they have to do is figure out the route you'll take and lay for you. In fact," he added, lighting a cigarette from the short stub in his hand, "if they really play it smart they'll arrange to broadcast from a point which will lead you through a natural ambuscade.",

Chagrined, Terranski nodded. "You're right," he said.

"Furthermore," Frisco went on, "the girl knows her way around the city. She'll have plenty of time after you leave her to follow you over here, hide down by the canal, and check the route you take."

But nothing happened that night, or the next. Grimly Terranski continued his night runs; and in the meantime something happened that got the breath of Paris breathing hotter on Frisco's neck.

On the morning of April 29th two young privates were guarding a bridge over the Aller River outside of Elm. They were recent replacements and while they had been warned to suspect everybody, in their two weeks in Germany they had seen no war, nor even heard gunfire. Consequently, by 10 A.M. they were sitting on the ground by the bridge, smoking and talking. A convoy of 30 trucks was expected to cross the bridge around noon. The trucks contained men headed for rest in the rear areas, with a mixture of walking wounded scheduled to be returned to the United States.

A HAY wagon approached the bridge from the west. The soldiers paid no attention to it. It drew abreast. Suddenly a man slid out of the hay and leveled a German machine pistol at the two Americans. Apparently they surrendered without a struggle, for late that afternoon their bodies were found in the river some hundred yards from the bridge. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and their heads were nearly severed from their bodies, having been hacked away with a hatchet or small axe.

The first that anyone knew of the incident was at noon when the convoy hit the bridge. The bridge and the truck on it disintegrated with an enormous roar. Pieces of the bodies of the men in the truck were found scattered as much as 50 yards up the river. The explosion flung vast chunks of metal from the truck into the convoy behind. The two men in the cab of the following truck were instantly killed when a jagged fragment of steel tore through the windshield and smashed their faces. This truck lurched forward into the broken bridge and toppled into the river. Two more men were drowned when they were pinned under the truck. Investigation showed that the explosion had been caused by at least four 88 shells strapped under the bridge and set with pressure fuzes.

With nearly 100 witnesses to the blast in the trucks behind, the story could not be hushed up. The papers put the heat on headquarters in Paris; Paris in turn put the heat on CIC in Hannover. It was plain to all concerned, including himself, that the life of Sergeant Paul Terranski was a small thing to sacrifice for the capturing of Heinrich Leopold and his friends.

The tension stayed with Terranski day and night. He never moved out of the house without both the BAR and his 45 pistol, and as much as possible he avoided moving around in the dark.

Frisco's new plan made the situation even worse. Night after night he drove over the dark roads, his complement of soldiers in the back, his eyes glued to the woods and fields ahead of him. He had ordered the windshield pulled out of the truck, and he kept the windows down, so that he could sit with the BAR laid across the hood. For his comfort Frisco had had a .30 calibre on a tripod fixed to the truck; but both he and Terranski knew that it was going to be hard to defend against a sudden attack. Two Werewolves with a machine gun and a half-dozen grenades could destroy the truck and its crew in less than a minute. That was a much shorter time than it would take for the weapons carriers a mile behind to close in for the battle.

Furthermore, Terranski's situation with Ruth Sattner was unnerving him. He could not believe that she would connive at his death. She seemed so content to be with him, and she joined him in his bed nightly with no reluctance. But he found that he could not really trust her. He was careful to keep his .45 strapped to his waist at all times, and he slept with it under his pillow.

Thus things stood on the evening of May 1st, as Terranski drove off in the weapons carrier. Besides the driver, he had six men, including a weapons corporal, in the rear of the truck. The men were heavily armed with grenades and automatic weapons, and the tripod .30 showed its spindly legs above the back of the truck. A mile behind him came three other weapons carriers.

They drove rapidly through the city and headed east along the Mittelland Canal. Terranski sat with the radio between his feet, the earphones on his head, and the BAR poked up over the hood. He was smoking. There was little use in attempting to conceal their presence. The clanking of the truck could be heard a good mile away. He turned to the driver. "You remember what you're supposed to do now?"

The driver nodded. He was a combat veteran, and Terranski knew he could trust him. "If anything happens I give her hell."

"And keep on moving until I tell you when."

After that they rode in silence.

The first thing they knew of it was the exploding grenade. Fortunately, it hit near the front wheel and bounced under the fender before it exploded. The truck shuddered and rocked; then it lurched forward. Into the radio Terranski shouted, "This is it, Frisco." Then he flung off the earphones and began firing the BAR blindly toward the brush at the side of the road.

BUT even before the truck stopped rocking from the impact of the grenade the heavy pounding of a machine gun started. From the back there was a scream, and a scuffling. "Get that .30 going," Terranski shouted.

The driver was ducked down low, attempting to steer the truck forward. But the right front tire was blown and the wheel was damaged; the truck wobbled from side to side as it went. Now the .30 in the back began firing. A second grenade bounced across the road, and rolled into the ditch where it exploded harmlessly.

The wheel came off. The truck lurched helplessly down, flinging the men around in the back. Terranski crouched low by the door. Sweat made the BAR slippery in his hands.

They could duck under the truck, he thought, but that was no good, a couple of grenades would do them all in. Or they could take off up the road, but that was useless too; they would be cut to pieces by the machine gunners.

He knew what he had to do. He swung the

Friscoe," he yelled into the walkie-talkie, then triggered his BAR toward the underbrush.

door open, thinking, the darkness will help some. Then he roared, "Let's get 'em," and charged for the field.

For a couple of seconds the men in the rear of the truck did not understand what Sergeant Terranski wanted them to do; and then they began piling over the side of the truck, firing as they ran.

As he hit the dirt shoulder of the road Terranski could see for the first time the faint flashes of the German machine gun, an unknown distance ahead of him in the field. Rapidly he flung himself into the dirt and twisted his head to look behind him. The men from the truck were coming toward him in a bunch. "Spread out, for Christ sake," he yelled. He winced. He knew that already he had one man dead. The men dropped to the ground and began to crawl in the field.

Up ahead the machine gun was still firing. From behind Terranski could hear firing too, but the truck protected most of the men from that direction. The real danger was from grenades. He could not worry about it; there was nothing to be done. He began firing the BAR in the direction of the German machine gun, hoping that he was hitting something.

Then suddenly the machine gun before him stopped firing, and five seconds later there was the sudden crump of a mortar round exploding somewhere in the dark field. Relief swept him. "Keep down, you guys," he shouted. Raising himself into a low crouch he began to run back down the road as fast as he could toward the dark bulk of the three weapons carriers 50 yards away. Halfway there he began to shout, "Don't shoot, this is Terranski, this is Terranski." In the field to the left of him all firing had ceased. To his right there still came the brief popping of small arms fire. As he reached the convoy he slowed down. "Where's the lieutenant?" he cried.

The weapons officer materialized out of the thick gloom. "Terranski? Where the hell are they?" he said quickly.

"Both sides. They had a machine gun up there to the left," he pointed. "You want to go up after them?"

The lieutenant nodded. "We'll give a try."

Hastily Terranski reclaimed his own troops, and then with the entire force spread out in a line, they began to run across the field, keeping a steady drum of fire banging into the dark ahead of them.

They came up against woods and halted, the men falling prone on the ground. Terranski found the lieutenant.

"I'm not going to take them in there in this God damn dark," the weapons lieutenant said. "Let's get back to the trucks."

It wasn't until they were approaching Hannover that Terranski remembered Ruth Suttner, and then he felt sick. He couldn't believe it; it just wasn't possible. But try as he might to dismiss the evidence against her, he could not. Plainly she had connived at his death. The thought made him nauseous, and a general sense of disgust both with himself and the woman bloomed in him. Twenty-four hours before he had lain in her arm, feeling the soft, sweet warmth of her breasts against his bare chest, and all the while she had known that she was going to kill, that she would cause his death just as sure as if she slipped his 45 out from under the pillow and shot him dead. He could not stand the thought. He spent that night drinking a bottle of brandy that the ever-thoughtful Friscoe had provided. He got very drunk.

It wasn't until the next morning, when he drove out with Friscoe, that he had a look at the trap that had been set for him. A couple of motorpool boys had come out earlier, and already, as Friscoe and Terranski drove up, they were hooking the crippled weapons carrier to a tow-truck.

The road, Terranski could now see, ran between two gradually sloping fields. For nearly a mile it ran perfectly straight. At the back of each field was a patch of woods. "Jesus," he said as he looked around.

FRISCOE lit a cigarette. "Perfect," he said admiringly. "They had it all figured. That long stretch of straight road gave them a good two minutes to track you before they let go. Those sloping fields were supposed to make it hard for you to run. And then of course they could disappear into the woods, figuring you'd never come in after them in the dark."

"They sure'n hell figured that right," Terranski muttered. "We had three men dead. We weren't going to risk any more."

Friscoe stared up the hill. "How many did you lose?" he said.

"Two. And two wounded. The first two of them got in the first burst. The other was nailed as he hit the field." He paused. "The weapons lieutenant lost the other one. Some damn fool kid lost his head and went out into the field in front of his own fire."

After that they went up into the field and looked around. There were no dead, but in the area where a dozen or so shells lay scattered in the grass there was a good deal of dark red blood dry in the morning sun.

Terranski kicked at a shell. "That's funny," he said. "That guy put a good 150 rounds into us. They must have been policing their brass as they went along."

Friscoe nodded. "Not only that, but they hauled either dead or wounded out of here." He shook his head grimly. "They've got organization, Terranski. They wouldn't be picking up that brass unless they had enough equipment hidden around someplace to fill it. We're not playing hide-and-go-seek with babies."

On the trip home Friscoe said very little. Terranski had come to know Friscoe over the days, and he knew that Friscoe was thinking. He did not interrupt.

But then at the base Friscoe began to talk. The coffee was at his elbow and the cigarette between his lips as he spoke.

"We missed our man, Terranski. We missed our man again. It was the stretch of road they chose that did it. They had a chance to take a good long look at the convoy before the convoy saw them, and they bolted. So we've got to try something else."

Gloomily Terranski nodded. "This time how about getting another clay pigeon?"

Friscoe smiled grimly. "We'll do it differently this time," he said. "No clay pigeons." Then he dropped the smile. "What about the girl?" he said.

Terranski shook his head. "You were right," he said.

Lt. Friscoe raised his eyebrows quizzically. "Mind seeing her one more time?"

Terranski shrugged. "I guess it doesn't matter," he said.

"All right," Friscoe said. "This is it."

When the Werewolf-mined bottle exploded, 16 GIs at the field kitchen were killed.

"Do they want me?" Ruth said, worried. Terranski shrugged, and looked at the MPs.

The plan he outlined was simple, and looked good to Terranski. For one thing, it did not call for him to stick his neck out; that was a help. Terranski would go back to the woman Ruth Suttner. He would drop some kind of hint that a big move against the Werewolves was on, just enough to be informative, but not enough to be obvious. He would further give evidence that the MP's were looking for her. The latter information would make her run; and the former, so Friscoe hoped, would make her run toward the man with the receding hairline. CIC would have men ready to track her and more truckloads of combat troops stationed around Hannover to move behind them

Between them, Friscoe and Terranski worked up the stories the sergeant was to tell Ruth Suttner. Then, taking a bottle of brandy from Friscoe's seemingly inexhaustible supply, Terranski headed to the house

The hardest moment was when he had to walk in and kiss her affectionately. It was only with difficulty that he kept the distaste out of his expression. He hated her, hated her thoroughly. But he managed it; and then when they were sitting facing each other he felt a little more confident.

She looked worried. "Where were you?" she said. "I was scared."

"We got shot at last night," he said. "A bunch of men jumped us."

She frowned. "Do you know who they were?"

Terranski shrugged casually. "These Werewolves, or whatever they call themselves, I guess," he said. Then he set to pulling the cork from the brandy bottle. "Let's have a drink," he said. He wanted one himself; and it did not matter so much now if he had too many drinks His job was only to tell the story. The rest was up to the CIC boys. Besides, Friscoe had told him to get a few drinks into Ruth Suttner, enough to mar her judgment, but no more.

So they had a drink of the brandy, and then another. Deliberately Terranski let Ruth set the conversation. He wanted her asking the questions.

Finally she did. "Are you going out again tonight?"

HE grinned. "Not tonight. Just about everybody except the cook is, though. They've got a big maneuver or something going on." And he dropped it there. But he could see the look of interest on Ruth's face. Pretending to occupy herself with a cigarette, he waited.

"A lot of men?" she said finally.

He felt of his face casually. "I need a shave," he said. And then: "Yeah, a bunch of them are going out They're issuing a lot of grenades. Anytime they issue grenades I'm happy to stay out of it." Again he shut up. He'd given her enough. He rose and walked to the sink. He could feel the tension rising in her He could almost see the muscles go rigid in her body, and to appear relaxed he decided he would shave. "Is there any water in the bucket?" he said.

"Some," she said

If he had not been paying close attention he would not have noticed the curtness of her answer. But it was there; she was plainly tight as a drum Casually he began wetting his face, and then he reached for the bar of soap he used for shaving. He stood before the mirror lathering himself for a minute. Then, without turning he said abruptly, "Say, you're not in any kind of trouble, are you?"

"What do you mean?" she said swiftly.

"I happened to see your name on some kind of a list at the base this morning. You haven't been stealing stuff or anything, have you?"

There was a dead silence. Terranski went on lathering his face. Then the girl said tensely, "I haven't been stealing anything, no."

Terranski kept his face to the mirror. He thought he was lying well, but he wasn't sure, and he didn't want to give her a good look at his face. "Well listen," he said, "they're probably going to come around checking. Just tell them you're living with me. Hear?"

Again the girl was silent. Finally she said, "All right, Paul."

He patted the last of the lather on his face, and began to shave. For a moment Ruth Suttner said nothing. Then abruptly she stood and began pulling her dress off over her head. Calmly Terranski turned "What's up?" he said as pleasantly as possible.

"I'm going to get some air," she said.

Terranski turned back to the mirror. "Wait a minute," he said. "Maybe I'll go with you."

She pulled the dress off hurriedly and flung it on the bed. "I'm not going far," she said. "Don't bother. Why do you not sleep? You must be tired." Her back was turned toward him as she spoke, and he could not see her face.

"Maybe I will," was all he said. He went on shaving In the mirror he could see the girl pull her slip up and fling that on the bed beside the dress. In brassiere and panties she stood in the middle of the room hesitating. Terranski pulled at the razor, waiting.

Then there was a noise in the street. Almost by instinct he jerked the .45 from the holster as he slipped to the window. He gazed out.

Two MP's were coming casually along the street in a jeep. One of them held a piece of paper in his hand, and from time to time he glanced at the buildings, as if looking for an address. Terranski smiled grimly. The little playlet was proceeding exactly on schedule.

"What is it?" the girl said, a worried look on her face.

"MP's," Terranski said calmly. "I guess they're looking for somebody."

Instantly the girl was at the window, hiding herself in the shadows and peering downward. Silently they watched. The jeep proceeded slowly up the street past them, and into the next block. Then it stopped and pulled to the curb. The MP's got out, and began looking around them. That, Terranski thought, was exactly right. The MP's were supposed to be close enough to give Ruth Suttner a scare but far enough away so that she could slip out of the building and get away.

NOW Ruth turned back from the window. Her face was white, and she said nothing. So that he could pretend to ignore her confusion Terranski went back to the mirror and started shaving again

The girl was moving rapidly. First she slipped her legs into the borrowed men's trousers, and then she pulled the blue woolen sweater over her shoulders. She was getting ready to run, there was no doubt of it. She would have an easier time moving in the men's clothes than in the pretty red dress.

Casually Terranski turned from the mirror. "You going now?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "I will be back in a minute. You take a nap." She forced a smile.

The rifle butt smashed him to the floor. Gagging, he looked up at the scarred Heinrich Leopold.

"We'll see to the brandy when I return." Then she was gone.

Quickly Terranski wiped the lather from his face and went to the window. Across the street, in the shadows of a broken building he could see a man prowling in the rubble, as if looking for something usable. Every moment or so he glanced at Terranski's building. CIC, Terranski knew. He waited, watching to see what would happen.

And then suddenly he realized that five minutes had passed, and the girl had not appeared on the street below. Hurried as she was, she certainly could not have taken more than a minute at the outside to reach the street. Where was she?

Snatching the BAR from the table, he bolted out of the room and headed for the stairs. But instead of turning down, he turned up, his running feet smacking hard on the wooden stairs. Upward he climbed, as hard as he could run. He was surprised at his impulse; and as he came out onto the roof of the building it came to him that he wanted Ruth Suttner caught in the worst way. She had conned him; she had double-crossed him in his own bed. And so he was going after her.

He ran to the edge of the roof and looked over. The buildings behind him were mostly collapsed into rubble, and he could easily see clear through to the next street. There, in a rubbled building, he saw another CIC man, play-acting the German scavenger. Terranski swore. Plainly the girl had skipped out the back way without the CIC men noticing her. Terranski began to move rapidly along the roof. A few paces beyond him he saw a fire escape, hanging loosely from the wall of his building. It looked dangerous, but as if it might support the weight of a climber. He stepped onto it and looked down.

Then he saw it. Through a hole in the torn building below he could see all the way into the cellar. She could have climbed down the fire escape and ducked into the cellar. From there she might have found a way out. Terranski had had experience with tunneled German cities before. Sometimes old wine cellars or ancient sewage canals made a passageway under a half-dozen blocks.

HE bent and scooped up a lose half-brick from the roof-top. Swinging his arm wide, he flung it arching up over the rubbled building and into the street across. It bounced over the sidewalk. The CIC man looked up. Terranski waved wildly. The man saw him. Gesturing broadly, Terranski pointed straight toward the cellar hole. He saw the CIC man wave quickly. Then he turned and began to clamber down the rickety fire-escape.

In the cellar hole he had little trouble seeing. Shell holes in the ceiling afforded plenty of light. The cellar went off in one direction a good long way. He bent, unlaced his shoes, and took them off; he did not want Ruth to hear him coming. Carrying them over his shoulder, he ran. The girl was at least five minutes ahead of him.

The cellarway went on before him about a hundred feet, then turned a sharp corner and narrowed abruptly to a tunnel. As close as he could figure it was at this point passing under a street, though he could not be sure. A light shone at the far end of the tunnel, and without hesitating further he began to run down it. The walls were so close that his shoulders scraped as he went. He came out into another cellarway. Here he halted and looked around. The floor was spotted with debris where the house had fallen through. Then he saw another tunnel directly opposite, and he ran through this too.

But then the trail ended. He was in a smaller cellar, with no tunnels leading off. The building above was totally destroyed. Only half of the cellar was covered at all. Bricks blocked his way in all directions.

If she came this far, he thought, she had to climb up to the street. He began to clamber up over the bricks. At the street level he raised his head cautiously and almost immediately saw the girl.

She was walking rapidly away from him, perhaps three blocks down the street. He pulled himself up out of the cellar and crouched down on the sidewalk. If the CIC man had understood his gesture he should be along in a few minutes. If he had not—well, he hadn't. There was not much more to say about it than that.

He watched the girl walk steadily onward until she reached the corner and turned it.

Now Terranski had no choice. He wanted that girl badly. Hastily putting on his shoes, he ran after her. He ran three blocks, then, at a corner, stopped and peered around it.

Four people were clustered around the steps of a house: the woman Ruth Suttner; two heavily bearded Germans in cast-off army clothes; and in civilian clothes, the boyish-looking man with the receding hairline.

It was a funny meeting: at precisely the moment that Terranski peered around the corner Heinrich Leopold raised his eyes. For the fraction of a second their eyes met. Then the scene dissolved. The four Germans leaped for the cover of the doorway, and Terranski skidded back out of sight.

But now what was he going to do? They knew where he was. True, he knew where they were; but there was nothing preventing them from running through the house and coming at him from the back way, or climbing to a window and taking a shot at him from there. He turned to run across the street. A rifle exploded almost, it seemed, in his ear, and he stopped and turned around.

Heinrich Leopold was leaning out of a window of the building, a Mauser in his hands, a short, unpleasant smile on his face. "Hello there," Terranski," he said. "Why don't you just drop that machine gun like a good little boy?"

Terranski dropped it. There was no questioning the order. The two other men came running around the corner, grabbed him roughly and ran him back into the house, jabbing rifles into his back. They shoved him down a short corridor into a room almost devoid of furniture. Heinrich Leopold was waiting for him, the mauser hanging negligently from his arm. Ruth Suttner stood beside him, her arms crossed, saying nothing.

Now that he got a closer look at him Terranski could see that Leopold was no boy. His face had a curious softness to it, like a piece of well-worked leather; at a distance it would surely appear unlined. But close up, the lines were visible. Nor was the sabre scar much more noticeable. Leopold had been chopped a quarter-inch above his normal hairline. The scar was perhaps a half-inch in width. Below the scar a fine line of hair ran across his brow. It was grotesque, and Terranski guessed that Leopold kept it shaved.

The softness of Leopold's face, however, was no clue to his character. Almost before the two men ceased propelling Terranski into the room he was speaking. His voice was harsh, and his English heavily accented.

"Terranski, we have no time. I am going to ask questions and I want you to answer them immediately. For every question you hesitate on I am going to smash the butt of my rifle into your body." He smiled softly. "I will choose my spots with care."

TERRANSKI'S mind was curiously clear. He immediately saw several things, none of them good. For one, he was never going to be able to escape the beating. Even if he told the perfect truth, correct in all respects, Leopold would never believe him, simply because Terranski had so carefully implanted another story in Ruth Suttner's mind. For another, Terranski knew that Leopold would never let him get away alive, even if the CIC should arrive soon. Terranski was the one man who could connect Leopold to the murders of April 12th. That meant that if he was to be saved, he must save himself. The case did not look hopeful.

Leopold moved in close. "First," he said, almost pleasantly, "are the CIC following you?"

Terranski shrugged. "I don't know," he said truthfully.

The butt of the rifle smashed heavily into the muscle of his calf. He toppled sideways and fell to the floor, an aching pain bringing water to his eyes. Blinking, he looked up. Leopold was standing over him. "Don't bother to get up, Terranski. I can hit you as well lying down." He pursed his lips. "Now tell me. Are the CIC following you?"

Terranski leaned up on one elbow. "Look, I *don't* know."

This time Leopold jabbed for the juncture of his hip and pelvis bone. Terranski saw the blow coming, and he started to twist; but as he did so one of the other men stamped suddenly on his shoulder to hold him still, and the butt of the rifle dug solidly into his gut. A sharp, sickening pain dropped him back flat on the floor. He felt very weak. The man behind planted a foot on each of his shoulders and pinioned him to the floor.

The sweat was thick on Terranski's face. He looked for a moment at Ruth Suttner. She was standing with her arms crossed, staring at him. At his gaze she looked away. "Heinrich, I'm not going to watch this," she said. "I lived with the man, remember?"

Leopold did not look at her. "Stay," he said gruffly.

"I'm going," she said.

Leopold looked up. "I said stay. I mean stay."

Then Terranski got it. Ruth Suttner was Heinrich Leopold's lover. The thought should have cut him like a knife, but he was too weak.

"Now tell me again," the Werewolf leader said softly, "are the CIC following you?"

She turned away from Terranski and stood by the window, looking out. "I don't think he knows very much, Heinrich," she said wearily. "Why not leave him alone?"

Heinrich didn't answer. "Come, Terranski," he said, "tell us. What does the CIC know about us?"

He could be truthful in answering, but it wouldn't make any difference. "They don't know very much," he said.

Leopold's eyes narrowed. "I almost believe that, but not quite. I don't make a practice of underestimating the enemy. Answer."

TIREDLY, Terranski shook his head. This time the rifle butt slammed down on the center of his chest, shocking him violently. His body jerked convulsively and shook the man from his shoulders. Then his muscles loosened, and he gulped for air. His chest pained him terribly. He began to cough; a wrenching pain seared him. He lay still.

From the window, Ruth Suttner said in a low voice, "Heinrich, a jeep is coming. Also some men on foot."

Instantly Leopold turned toward the window. "How close are they?" he said.

"At the end of the block."

Leopold hesitated. Lying on the floor, Terranski watched him. His strength was ebbing back a little. He edged himself up on his elbows.

Leopold did not go to the window. "What are they doing now?" he said.

"They're halfway up the street. They're coming slowly." Ruth Suttner stepped back from the window a pace to conceal her face in the shadows.

The two other men were growing nervous. "Let's go, Heinrich," one of them said. "Down through the tunnel."

"Shut up," Leopold snapped. "We've got to deal with this fool." He glanced quickly at Terranski, and then away. "Where are they now?"

"There is another jeep now," she said. "Also more men. I think they are searching. They are moving slowly." Then all at once Terranski could hear American voices outside in the street. He could not make out exactly what was being said, but the voices did not seem to be moving any place. In the room complete silence fell.

And then Terranski got it. For a brief instant he examined the idea. He knew he had to be careful. He must not speak loud enough for the Americans in the street outside to hear him. He edged his body up higher. "Leopold," he hissed softly.

The man turned and eyed him.

Terranski raised himself up on his knee. Leopold made as if to move toward him, raising the butt of his rifle. "Don't move," Terranski hissed quickly. "Don't move or I'll shout."

LEOPOLD stopped abruptly. His answer was whispered. "You'll die then," he said.

Terranski winced and struggled to his feet. The other Germans were watching him nervously, flicking their eyes toward Leopold to see if a signal was forthcoming. In the street the soft American voices went on.

Now Terranski was standing. "Leopold," he whispered, "You can't shoot me. They'll hear it and come immediately. You'd have no chance to escape." He was sweating heavily, but he knew now that he had a chance, no matter how desperate. "And if you come for me with a knife, or a rope, I'll have a chance to scream before you get to me." Terranski paused, and began to back slowly toward the door. He flicked his eyes at Leopold's two flunkies. "Of course you could take off and leave one of your boys to shoot me later. But then he'd get it from the CIC." The two Germans gazed anxiously at Leopold. Terranski looked at them. "I don't think you fellows want that, do you?"

When the GI broke in, Leopold was getting ready to blow his own head off.

Nobody spoke. Outside in the street the idling motor of a jeep could be heard, covering the soft American voices. "You see," Terranski said, "I know you're going to kill me anyway. I have nothing to lose, have I, Leopold?"

Terranski continued to back toward the door. "But I'll tell you what, Leopold," he said. "I'll walk out of here. That will give you just about a minute to get started out the back way. Maybe you'll have a chance. If you shoot me, you'll have no chance at all."

Still Leopold said nothing. Terranski could not know what he was thinking. Perhaps the man would figure that he was trapped, and shoot Terranski anyway, out of anger. Perhaps he would decide to go with Terranski's bargain. In any case, Terranski knew that the Americans in the street would not stay much longer. He had to move now. He placed his hand on the door knob, and began to edge the door open a bit. Leopold neither moved nor spoke. Then suddenly Terranski slammed the door open and charged into the long corridor.

Behind him there was a sudden scrambling sound, footsteps resounding on the hall, as the Werewolves headed for the tunnel. He reached the front door, and simply dove at it, his hand twisting the knob as he went. The door swung open, and he tumbled down the steps into the street. Two astonished BAR men five feet from him stared at him for a wild minute. And then Terranski was shouting, "Out the back way. They're going out the back way."

They caught them, of course. Within two minutes the block was surrounded, and then for a time there was a gun battle. But in the end they caught them—all, that is, but the man with the receding hairline, Heinrich Leopold. They found him with the top of his head blown off, his toe still wrenched into the trigger guard of the mauser, where he had shoved it to fire the bullet against his skull.

Thereafter Lieutenant Friscoe got a frightened Ruth Suttner to inform on the Werewolves, and a detachment of troops went up into the country surrounding Hannover and cleaned out the local group. With the capture of the radio transmitter, the back of the Werewolf movement was broken.

BECAUSE of her cooperation with CIC Ruth Suttner was let off with 15 years' imprisonment. She was released from jail last January, and has disappeared from sight. The Werewolf leaders received various sentences, but the rank and file were treated as POW's, and in time, released.

Sergeant Paul Terranski was given ten days leave, which he spent in Paris, after which he was returned to his outfit. Oddly enough, he got no award for his part in the Heinrich Leopold case, except for a commendation in his service record.

"I guess," he says, "they couldn't figure out what to give me. You see, if I hadn't have been so fraulein-happy I wouldn't have got into the mess in the first place." ◆◆◆

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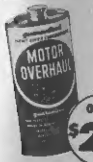

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